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SPIRITUAL RENEWAL OF WESTERN EUROPE

Obstacles and Opportunities

By J. J. VAN DER VEN

I

I WILL confine myself, as much as possible, to Western Europe in the narrow sense of the word. This is enough; it is, indeed, too much already. For if it is a part of the world which, geographically, climatologically, geologically, ethnologically and philologically, might be considered as a certain unity, it is even then a unity with very many varieties. And when we leave the aspect of space for that of time, we find that Western Europe has a history of more than twenty centuries, a history that has been the heart of world history—the soul of mankind, one might say, to such a degree that certainly Western-Europeans of today, as we all are, are in constant danger of taking this Western Europe as a fact of nature that was always a factor of outstanding importance to be reckoned with, is such today necessarily, and always will be such. And here again it is true that the unity of this history implies a world of varieties and contrasts. It is in this geographically and historically limited, but at the same time profuse, Western Europe which, in its inexhaustible many-sidedness (and its chaotic variegation), gives proof of a fecundity which can only be due to an activity of the spirit, and at the same time manifests a disorder which can only be due to the absence of the spirit—in this Western Europe we must try and look for the activity of the spirit, arrest its decline and plead for its renewal.

For the present I would like to confine diagnosis and therapy to four points, four relations of the spirit, which may be enumerated here, namely: (1) The spirit in its relation to matter. (2) The

spirit in its relation to other spirits. (3) The spirit in its relation to itself. (4) The spirit in its relation to God.

By 'spirit', it should be said, is meant the human spirit, in so far as it is tied up with human matter, the body: '*l'esprit dans sa condition charnelle*'. Our subject is the Western-European of today, but considered in his spiritual essence. Our four points are thus: (1) Man and matter. (2) Man and society. (3) Man in himself. (4) Man and God.

The order of these four points may not seem logical. The line of thought that determines that order is this: We start from that with which our spirit has looser relations, and finish up with Him to whom we may be bound by the closest contact of all. We may therefore also say that we start from that from which our heart ought to be most free, namely matter, in order to climb up, by way of human society and ourselves, to God '*qui laetificat juventutem meam*'.

II

Not only has the human spirit been bound to matter from the time of the Garden of Eden, and thenceforth been situated in the midst of matter, but it also has relations to all matter which carries on an existence of its own, independent of the human spirit.

For it is written that God gave order to man to subdue the earth and rule over all living creatures that move upon the earth. (Gen. i, 28.)

The realm of matter, therefore, is in its entirety subjected to the human spirit—and this human spirit is always, has always been, and will always be, faced by the task laid upon it by this divine commandment. That is why man is fulfilling his duty when his spirit is engaged on matter, trying to reveal its mysteries and to press its powers into his service.

Generation after generation—and here we can see how much the spirit is indeed dependent upon time—man has fulfilled this laborious duty. In communication with each other through time and space, from generation to generation and from people to people, men have ever worked and toiled in order to subdue the earth and to rule over all things material. The laws of man's social nature simply do not allow that a man subdues matter exclusively to himself, and that one man has dominion 'over every living

thing that moveth about the earth' without the rest profiting by it. What is found or discovered in matter, is a conquest by all mankind. The victory of one man means reward also for others.

From the perennality of philosophy—nay, we may perhaps even, in this perspective, see the tradition in the Divine Revelation—to the preservation of the smallest invention, this tradition runs like a golden thread through the spiritual history of mankind; and that history might itself be written as the story of the spirit's struggle with matter, the tale of man's obedience to the divine command to subdue the whole earth to his power.

A history of man's obedience, but also of man's disobedience: for the human spirit did not keep strictly within the limits of this commandment, namely to subdue matter and to rule it. The spirit lost sight of its own supremacy, implied so clearly in that command, and often enough debased itself to serve matter and even to become its slave. The Golden Calf is of all time: it is not a 'living thing that moveth about the earth' and must be subdued by the human spirit, but a living thing carved out in dead matter and therefore raised so high above man, that man falls down before this thing of his own making and worships it. The Golden Calf shows itself nowadays mainly under three forms which sometimes appear separately, but are mostly found together, for they suit each other very well; they may be represented by the following three M's: Matter—all things material; Mammon or money; Machinery—technics.

The spirit has occupied itself so much with material things, has lost itself so much in matter, that in the end it has even adopted a philosophical doctrine which, no matter what the system in which it is incorporated, can always be branded as materialism.

In matter the spirit put so much faith, that it lost all faith in itself. Only that which material perception, i.e. the perception of the senses, could teach man about material phenomena, was real and true: all the rest was delusion, deception of himself and of others. Such a doctrine could only end up in the denial of the spirit itself, in a 'self-negation of the spirit'; a negation which in its boldest expression has gone out of fashion, but which still lingers on, all the more dangerously, in the subtle arguments of the modern marxist dialectic, and no less dangerously, perhaps, in the phenomenological tendencies that endanger the supremacy of the spirit by a reckless faith in experiments and too great a distrust of the activities of the spirit.

By the side of this doctrine (and partly out of it) materialism developed not as a metaphysical but as an ethical system—if we may apply these words here—namely the materialism of mammon, Mammonism and Capitalism. We find this theoretically in every positivist economic system, and practically in the capitalistic formations of power, in all strivers-for and possessors-of power-through-money. But it has also found its way into the lower layers of society and it has permeated great masses in their craving for so-called 'modern comforts', and by making all sorts of conveniences, entertainments and securities into first necessities of life.

But the most impressive conflict of the human spirit with matter is in technics. And here we find the third M, on which the spirit has thrown itself away and to which it has sold and betrayed itself, the Machine. This Machine has fundamentally interfered with one of man's first activities, to wit, his labour, his mastery over matter; and thus it has impaired man himself in his spiritual essence and fatally wounded him in his personality.

'Technical civilization,' Nicholas Berdyaev wrote in *Man and Machine*, 'is fundamentally impersonal. It asks from man . . . some sort of activity, but it opposes his becoming a personality—the world, mankind, dehumanizes itself. That is the main point of the problem put before us by the monstrous power of technics.'

One might say that only in appearance has the struggle of the human spirit with matter and its mysterious forces been ended by the triumph of the spirit in the machine. In reality, those material forces have been gathered by man himself—could anything be more tragic?—and co-ordinated into a domination of matter over man and his labour. The fault, however, lies not with the spirit which is the maker of the machine, but with those who so use and allow the machine to be so used. Their spirit has not found mastery over the machine but slavery to it.

In these three points, Matter, Mammon and Machine, we have the first of the spirit's deficiencies, its deficiencies as regards matter. It is a deficiency brought about by the ageing of the spirit—and therefore, if possible, it is to be removed by the renewal of the spirit. For this deficiency has really arisen during a time when the spirit went further and further on its way towards interest, respect and even awe as regards matter, and thus lost much of its lawful supremacy over matter, a supremacy granted to the spirit by God Himself.

We now come to the ageing of the spirit in regard to the other spirits, the problem of Man and Society.

III

We have already touched on the social nature of man. This nature we must now define and specify. What is the nature of the relation between men, here and now? Is it determined by greed and covetousness, so clearly expressed by Hobbes's words '*homo homini lupus*', or is it determined by justice, which, according to the old classical Latin wisdom, gives to every man his due and which—as the Psalmist sings—embraces peace? Is Sartre right when he says that between men all doors are closed, or is the Christian commandment of charity a reality?

Here, growing out of its false relation to matter, the spirit has known all those evil consequences which prove how right were the Fathers of the Church in saying that it is matter which separates and divides. Because of its wrong attitude towards matter, the human spirit has not been able to see the other spirits as his fellow-creatures, but has learned to see them as his enemies. In this way men have spiritually grown away from one another, despite the growth of the material ties that link them.

Human society, trying in vain by way of rationalistic experiments to reach a safety adapted to the high standard of material possibilities, moved further and further away from the natural relations between man. Human society, international as well as national, in its local and even domestic sense, became more and more individualized (atomized, one might say); and now artificial efforts are made to put these human atoms together again. In vain, of course. 'Natural organic ties are broken or loosened; in their stead effective mechanical bands cut violent and wounding rings in man', says Welty in his masterpiece *Gemeinschaft und Einzelmensch* (Community and Individual).

And despite the objections one can make against the doctrine of the contrast between 'Community and Society' (a doctrine introduced by Tonnies in 1887 and ever since a sociological commonplace) one cannot possibly deny that there is such a contrast between the 'personal' and the 'impersonal social reality'. In this field, 'organization' forms the soul-destroying counterpart of what technics is in its own field already mentioned. The community

of labour which we call business is governed by mammonism, and so man's labour, that high, typically human, typically spiritual-material activity of man, has been sold and enslaved to mammonism and all this stands for. This mammonism has not only taken possession of the money-magnate, who pulls the financial, and therefore the conclusive and decisive, strings of the enterprise, but also of the labourer, who values his working-power and his labour as a means of making money. 'Labour considered as merchandise', is not only a view taken by the capitalists, but also by the labourers themselves.

The idea of a community, of co-operation between employer and labourers with one common object in view, has been too much pushed aside by this. The only thing that matters is to grab the biggest possible share in the produce of the combined, but not the communal, effort. In this sphere one man has really become a wolf towards the other. Communism, as we know it here and now, is still careful to dress one of the parties in sheep's clothes—but that is no solution to the problem.

The family, too, is disintegrated. Its foundation, marriage, has been desecrated and profaned; and the sacramental tie of love has been replaced by a legally regulated juridical tie; and it is the breaking of this which, to lawyers and sociologists, is the most interesting thing about marriage. The consequences of this development upon the relations between parents and children have not failed to appear. Here too we see the family pushing on along the road from the state of a living community to that of a rationalized society.

The consequences for the whole of human society, of which the family is the most important kernel, are also clear. When those social relations which, because founded on love, should be the closest of all, are loosened, naturally the repercussion of this on the larger human society is as inevitable as it is disastrous.

So, here too, the spirit has aged in its social relations, and needs renewal; it has grown old in spite of, and yet because of, the material way in which it has multiplied and narrowed the relations between men without uniting men or making them more intimate. The fratricide described in the first pages of the Bible is no longer a particular single occurrence; it is repeated on a great scale by the destruction of war and, in a more underhand manner, but one that cries to Heaven no less loudly, in the injustice and uncharitableness of social life.

IV

Through its intense, overstrained interest in material things and through the blurring effect of the flight from itself to the wide, wide world around it, the human spirit has become more and more estranged from itself. It has no longer time for *γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν*—‘know yourself’—nor interest in it. The Western-European of today would consider introspection a loss of precious time. It yields no profit because no money, and it yields no pleasure because no diversion. And why should one do anything unless for profit or pleasure?

The neglect or rejection of self-knowledge does not, however, run parallel with the activity of the other faculty of the spirit, the will. Here we are faced by that ‘revaluation of all values’, *Umwertung aller Werte*, of which the consequence is that while the intellect rejects self-knowledge, the will pursues self-interest; for, indeed, a true knowledge of himself urges man not to seek himself.

Let us now diagnose these two mental faculties of knowing and willing in their relation to the spirit itself.

Does man still know himself, does he dare to know himself? Does he dare confess to himself who he is, what he is doing and where he is failing? The modern psychologist will answer these questions in the affirmative. He will argue that now, if ever, is the age when man knows himself; that never before has psychology, the knowledge of the soul, the spirit, the ‘psyche’, so held man’s attention: the knowledge not only of the spirit (soul) of others, but also of one’s own spirit (soul). Psychology, it will moreover be asserted, is being helped along by the still more modern psychoanalysis. And this psycho-analysis triumphantly reaches its summit in auto-analysis, the analysis of oneself. Whatever results psychology may have yielded for good, this suggestion it has certainly raised—and many people have yielded to it—that its experimental methods suffice to arrive at a knowledge of the human spirit. The theological, the revealed anthropology and psychology which God has given to man have been put aside, in order to lay bare the inner man by means that are human. And however relentless psychology may seem in handling its dissecting knife, it has yet so carefully spared the human soul, that it has nowhere come upon the huge realities of sin and grace.

We could not very well expect any other result from this

purely human method, this purely human observation with its purely human means of investigation and experiment. A method that is confined to human means of investigation only, must of necessity be limited in its results as regards the infra-natural reality of sin and the supernatural reality of grace. Modern psychology, then, can examine the inner man: it cannot, however, discover either sinners or saints. What man then did it find? *Tertii non dantur!* It found the fictive man who must not be conscious of sin, and who has no use for grace. Modern psychology has denied the realities of sin and grace, and so it has denaturalized human nature, which is either in a state of sin or in a state of grace. The mirror it holds before man is wrongly ground, and so it reflects a distorted image. Mostly, man sees himself flattered in it and idealized, and then he laughs in recklessness at the preacher of penitence and at the dispenser of the sacraments. Sometimes he sees himself in it entirely and hopelessly denigrated, and then too he laughs, but now from disgust and despair.

The notion of himself that a false psychology has made familiar to modern man, is entirely fallacious, because it leaves out sin and grace. 'The sense of sin is dead in this world, we have become so intelligent', Daniel-Rops complains, when representing Rimbaud to us as a 'drama of the spiritual'. And that exact savant Alexis Carrel, who more than anyone else was moved by the mystery of 'Man the unknown', saw that not only 'the sense of sin', but also 'the sense of the Holy' had been lost in this world, when he did not hesitate to publish from his medical experience some pages about prayer.

Not human experience, but Divine Revelation alone, can teach us the truth of the three cardinal points concerning man: his creation in the image and likeness of God, his fall in Adam, his redemption in Christ.

And modern man being so much at fault in his knowledge of himself, his will which should be controlled by his intellect cannot but remain wrongly directed. With some, indeed, the will is entirely out of control and completely at the mercy of the passions and of circumstances; it is swayed by the capricious whims of the moment, restlessly driving and swinging man over the surface of the shoreless ocean of life. Following in the wake of vitalistic psychologists, of whom L. Klages is the exponent, man can even make himself believe that in this way he does no harm to his soul, but on the contrary rightly silences its wretched adversary, the

mind. But with others the will will be guided by the false knowledge of man's inner self, which we described above; and, deceived by the feeling that all is known that there is to know, the will is brought into the wrong harbour, finding there the deceptive quietude of the man who believes that his knowing everything, or what he thinks is everything, automatically forgives him everything. *Tout savoir c'est tout pardonner.*

Here too we find an ageing of the human spirit. Some long course of time was necessary for that spirit to gather so much knowledge that it lost its conscience. After all, the first sin gave to man the knowledge of right and wrong. The later sins of a profaned science wiped out this knowledge. Slowly, little by little, we have now reached the deepest relation of the human spirit, its relation to God.

V

In a book that is visionary in form and content, in thought and in style, Max Picard describes how man nowadays in all his acts finds himself in a constant and mad 'flight from God'. In this flight he drags along with himself everything he meets, so that Picard comes upon traces of this terrible, fatal and decisive flight not only in man's appearance, in his behaviour, in his cultural and industrial products, in his towns and factories, but even in the very landscape. And yet man will not be able to escape God in this way. 'Man cannot escape God', G. Thibon puts these words right at the beginning of his aphorisms about the destination of man. God, who is man's Creator, Redeemer and Saviour, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life of Man, is no longer considered a reality, although He is Reality itself, both in his eternal omnipresence and in his unique historical revelation, in the Word of God made flesh.

That man has gone so far, is a process it has taken centuries to accomplish. God's keen opponent, Satan, has used the tactic of genius in that he never tried to impart to man notions about God more false than the man could stand. He was clever enough in the Garden of Eden not to attempt to seduce Eve with the assertion that there was no God. And in the first centuries of Christianity he messes about cautiously with one doctrine, one article of faith, at a time; only with the divinity of Jesus, only with His true humanity, only with the continuous necessity of grace. There was, as yet, no

question of a brazen denial of the reality of Jesus, let alone of a rejection of the very existence of God.

In this, too, the human spirit had to grow older; it had for centuries to pile up error upon error before it arrived at the present point where it has worn away Christ to an idealist who has failed in his task, or to a clumsy impostor, or to the phantom of a legend; where it has hollowed out Christianity until it is an interesting cultural phenomenon, an out-of-date superstition or 'opium for the people'; where it rejects God as a nasty bogey man, or as a superfluous creator, or as an unreal comforter. And in this society which has forsaken God to what have we come? Let us not be amazed that it is a seeker of God, who is yet an atheist, who can answer us, Nietzsche. Just as Caiaphas, to whom Christ was a scandal, spoke the truth in a much deeper sense than he himself knew, when he said that it would be for the benefit of the people when this one man died; and just as Pilate, to whom Christ was only a fool, also in a sense much deeper than he himself understood, truly and verily testified that Christ is king; just so, Nietzsche could put these deep thoughts into the mouth of the man gone mad, who cried that he killed his God:

What did we do when we loosened the earth from its sun? Where is it going now? Where are we going? Away from all suns? Are we not falling continuously, backwards, and sideways, forwards, to all sides? Is there still an above and a below? Are we not wandering about as in an infinite nothing? Does not empty space breathe upon our faces? Has it not become colder? Is not night coming steadily, always more night?

These alarming questions all suggest man's shudder at being God-forsaken, and this diagnoses to its lowest depth the crisis of Western-European civilization.

So we have come now to the therapeutics for these four spiritual symptoms of old age in Western-European man. In considering them I should like to go the other way round, and talk first about the spirit in its relation to God, and end up with its relation to matter. Why? Well, because this time I need not start from the symptoms to arrive at the causes, as I had to do in the diagnosis; I can now first attack the causes, in order to end up with the expectation that, once these are overcome, the symptoms of the illness will disappear.

VI

As man is called to the most intimate relation with the highest good, his union with God in Christ, all his groping for any apparent good outside God has failed. Whether man looked for it in the beauty and wisdom of a classical but heathen past, in the wonderful laws of nature, in the ingenious application of natural forces, in the industrious devotion to letters and art, in social activities—whenever he acted with his back turned upon God, although he had some worldly gain at first, he has always found that the damage done to his spirit has proved, in the end, to be damage done to human society as well.

Back to God! therefore, should be the raw material of any remedy that is to bring about the spiritual renewal. This means also: Back to Christianity. For in Christ, and in Christ only, God has spoken and communicated Himself to man. Between God and man Christ is the only, but also the abundant, Mediator.

So we shall have to look for spiritual renewal in these two directions above all: regaining the neo-heathen masses of Western Europe for Christianity, and rousing the Christians to an integral and thorough-going practising of their holy Faith; our activity must spread Christianity the world over, and it must deepen it by making the Christian people into better Christians. The Christian Apostolate takes the horizontal direction. This apostolate must no longer confine its activity to the people and countries outside Europe: in these European lands, too, it needs to develop a fruitful activity.

France—ah, that eldest daughter of the Church—already shows most hopeful signs that this is understood in its *Mission de France* and *Mission de Paris*, and its *Missionnaires de Campagne*, bodies of priests who devote themselves especially to the propagation of our holy Faith among the industrial workers, the deserted parishes and the population of the great towns. The laity, taking their part in the hierarchic apostolate, organized already in most countries in Pope Pius XI's creation, Catholic Action, may play an important part too, so long as one does not expect too much from an all-too-rigid—I venture to say, all-too-perfect—organization. Catholic Action, however—and it is the same with several other movements; I am thinking here for instance of 'The Newman Association' in England, of several smaller movements and groups

in France, even in reformatory circles (the monastery of Cluny), of various interconfessional contacts in different countries—Catholic Action aims at the bettering of Christian life in two ways.

Firstly by way of narrowing or even—please God—healing the cleavage between the Catholic Church and those many fragments of the Christian Confession which are piled up in the Protestant denominations; and secondly by our own more consistent following of the Way, our more loyal propagation of the Truth, our more intense practice of the Life which is Christ.

These are inner-Christian movements; the aim of both is the fullness of the Church realized in every one of its members. Our task here is clear. We must help and take part in such movements, and all that they hope to bring about. We must modernize our notions of present-day religious needs, and adjust our methods accordingly. Christianity has never been well served by the negative activities of warning, keeping off, rejecting, lamenting and accusing. More than ever before, it is necessary to seek contacts, to build bridges, and to make a positive statement of our own truth and all its consequences. It is not a question of so-called 'broader thinking', but one of 'deeper and intenser living'. Therefore it can only be done from an awareness of love. And this fails if it is not constantly fed by a spiritual, inner life, which has been called by wise men 'the soul of all Apostolates'. 'If you do not repent . . .' is not the word we must speak to others in well-meant apostolic zeal, but the word with which we must daily search our own hearts. Our own closer contact with God—to be reached only in Christ and safeguarded by Him—will give us the power to regain others for God.

And that will lay the foundations of the spiritual renewal in the three other spheres.

VII

First, then, the sphere of the spirit in its relation to itself, in its knowledge of itself and in its awareness of ethical rules and standards. Man's spiritual health depends mainly on his self-knowledge. Self-knowledge, that is to say, not as modern psycho-analysis understands this, but, according to the well-tried doctrine of the spiritual writers, the knowledge of self in God. In the cell of this self-knowledge in God, as St. Catherine of Siena expresses it, we find humility.

'To be humble means to have a sense of reality'—the phrase is the Abbot of Douay's. With humility also, or with that sense of reality—it is the same thing—we can arm ourselves against those 'verba malitiae, ad excusandas excusationes in peccatis', those 'evil words with which we try to excuse our sins', and against which the Church teaches us to pray, a very old prayer also against the errors of modern science.

Does this imply a condemnation of psychology? Not at all. Nothing acquired by human experience and human thought is entirely unusable. But it does imply something about the true nature of psychology, its place and its aim.

Psychology, if it is to contribute its part towards the solution of the problem of man's nature, will need constantly to be guided by the light of Revelation. For psychology is a part—a very important part—of anthropology, which purposes to answer the question: 'What is man?' And this question—as we have already pointed out—can only be satisfyingly answered if one takes into account the fundamental facts of man's creation in the image of God, of his fall and of his Redemption. And without Revelation one can never arrive at these facts. Our anthropology, and therefore our psychology also, must be christian in the sense that it should not be afraid to build on these facts that are supplied by supra-human, supernatural, Divine sources.

If psychology begins with these, it will also effect the design which it now frustrates; for it will then not only search man, it will also shape man, his inner life.

This knowledge of man's inner life must have a pre-eminent influence on the shaping of man's conscience, for this knowledge is a matter of conscience; this 'scientia' is a matter of 'conscientia'.

However much profit a priest, who has a cure of souls, may derive from psychologists and psychiatrists, a priest is indispensable for them, as even a Dutch Protestant psychiatrist has asserted. And anyone who thinks that Léon Bloy exaggerates when he complains that priests have lost their faith in exorcisms and so also the use of them, which means that the so-called mental patients are left irremediably to their worst enemy, may be reminded of Chesterton's remark 'Curing a lunatic is not disputing with a philosopher; it is casting out a devil' (*Orthodoxy*). If psychology ventures to apply itself to the forming of the personal conscience, it will no longer starve man's awareness of ethical rules and standards, but on the contrary build it up. In the christianization of man, this

rediscovery of his right relation to God will bring man to rediscover his true relation to himself. Here, among us university people especially, it may be stated that anthropology in general and psychology in particular will be able to make decisive contributions to this aim, just as now they are often a decisive hindrance.

VIII

Spiritual renewal through re-christianization, horizontal and vertical, as we have explained it, is bound to have profound results upon the relations between man and man, and so upon the relations between man and society. Christianity has a reality of its own, such that by it we can know the disciples of Christ. This reality is the activity of charity, dictated by and guaranteed in the reality of the christian life, for this life finds its source in God, therefore in charity; 'Ubi Deus, ibi amor'.

Thus it should be, nay rather, thus it is: for where charity is wanting we may draw the conclusion that there is a deficiency in the reality of the divine life, of the life of Christ in us.

Let us now consider what love means with regard to the two social institutions we talked about before: the family and business. Love can nowhere show itself with more intensity than in the family. Why? Because in the family, in marriage, love has been sanctified and made a sacrament. This means that love is not only a fruit of this new Christian life, but is chosen and exalted to be itself the vehicle of this new life. The great 'yes' of love has become the visible sign, which signifies and gives grace, that is to say an increase of the divine life. Such a sacrosanct foundation is a guarantee for the family as a community of love, not only of love between the parents, but also of the parents' love for the children. The strong sacramental love introduces them first of all into the life with Christ, but it also produces a slowly growing and deepening love of the children for their parents with whom they are in closest union in Christ. Thus man can make grateful use of natural inclinations, but he does not build on them exclusively. In this way the family will again consist of father, mother and children—and no longer of a bread-winner, a house-keeper and some (paying) guests; the institution to which, nowadays, the family is often rationalized.

Only thus can the family again become the vital root of all the

wider social relations. When in human society the family resumes its high function of being the kernel of love, we shall see that even the social relations receive their best vital forces from a grace that is sacramental, yes, those same social relations which, in a mistaken separation of the natural from the supernatural, have more than once been proclaimed to be simply and solely of this world, and therefore autonomous absolutely.

The sacramental grace of the sacrament of matrimony is received only by the husband and the wife, but in them it works further—for the good of the whole family; and through the family, through parents and children, it spreads for the good of the whole society. Can this be actually beneficial to society? Certainly, for society labours under a need that is religious, as we saw, under its lack of the revealed God. Only through the Christian in person, working from the christian family, can society find God again. The 'social problem', with which the fermenting workings of more than a century have crammed and puffed up society, is in its deepest roots a question of God, of religion and godlessness. 'It is beyond all doubt that the social problem is in the first place a moral and religious problem' (Enc. *Singulari quadam*). Its final solution, therefore, is not to be found in any social law or legislation whatever.

For such things as these do not suffice to fulfil the definite commandment 'to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice' (Matt. vi. 33). The justice of the Kingdom of God cannot be legally formulated—though there are indeed laws that are intolerant of it; it is not found through mere indifference to one's lot on earth, nor through giving up the things that are positively superfluous; it is essentially determined by love, by love as its foundation and its content. 'Il n'y a qu'une manière d'être juste,' Thibon wrote, 'c'est d'être charitable.'

This justice does not try to level down all social oppositions, but it transforms them from being a fatal point at issue into a necessary differentiation that is in fact an integrating factor of society. The class-struggle between capital and labour, the mistrust between employer and employee, the conflict of interest between producer and consumer, the power crisis between authority and subject, are finally overcome only by this justice and by no other.

The spiritual renewal, postulated by this, should be brought about by the activity of every member of society—it is a matter therefore of personal, not of legal efforts—but especially by the activity of politicians, legislators, judges, heads of big industrial

enterprises, leaders of the working people. So that not the formation of power—the outcome of our overstrung craving for organization—is primary, with any of these, but the personal reach for this justice of the Kingdom of God, always, and in all circumstances.

IX

The spiritual renewal in and through Christianity, as we have advocated it, does not only affect human society; it also has a bearing upon our spiritual attitude towards matter. I have already touched upon technics and capital, the machine and mammon. The spiritual renewal frees from the slavery to the machine both the employer, who uses technics as a modern form of slavery, and the worker, of whom technics has made a slave. The worker will be allowed to be aware of his human superiority over the machine; he will come to realize afresh that a material economical standard is not the right one by which human labour should be measured, and that his endlessly repeated, simple activity lies on quite a different and much higher level than the perfect motion of any machine, however complicated.

The employer will be able to discover and appreciate the fundamental and irreducible difference between the machine and the man who tends it, notwithstanding all economical equalization between these two 'means of production'.

But neither in the first nor in the last resort is this a matter where legislation can be effective; it is matter for a higher justice which man should have made the property of his personality, and by which man should have renewed his own spirit, if he wishes to express it in his legal formulas and so attempt the transformation of these into 'living laws'. The same applies on a small scale, individually, to all of us; with regard to our mental attitude towards Mammon; on a bigger scale, socially, it applies to the social relations, especially those between capital and labour; on a still larger scale it applies, internationally, to the relations in big politics, which are trying in vain—because from outside only and without any inner renewal—to rebuild the Temple of Peace. Peace is nothing but the 'tranquillitas ordinis', the 'tranquillity of order', and for this tranquillity the first thing needed is that all things get into their proper places. 'Order demands that all things are in their place. The first place belongs to God,' thus a Belgian essayist

(H. Colleye) some time ago ended up his 'History of the Devil'. No, he put down another little sentence: 'In the modern world the first place falls to money.' Spiritual renewal alone can put this verdict to shame, and so open up a perspective of real peace; of a social peace between the branches of society, as well as of an international peace between nations or their leaders.

And what about the spirit in regard to matter in general? It may have become clear already that we do not in any way plead for the rejection of that which the spirit has achieved in the field of natural knowledge, the knowledge of matter and how to apply its forces. But here, too, the renewal of the spirit is bound to lead to the integral recovery of the scale of values, to the rediscovery and restoration of the right place for everything. There is no opposition between the renewal of the spirit and material progress; the two are in harmony, if only the spirit will see first to its own progress, and to material progress only in the second place.

True progress—this was written in the last century, which gazed on material progress till it was blind—is progress which liberates us from the moral evil that violates in us the purity of the image of God; and again: True civilization does not lie in gas or steam . . . but in the diminution of the traces of original sin. These words did not come from any edifying popular preacher, but from Charles Baudelaire.

Let us now survey the texture, as the threads of our argument have woven it, and as it now lies spread before us.

Through the warp of the actual circumstances of the time we proposed to weave the woof of Christianity, and now we see the following cloth unrolled. The warp consisted of four kinds of threads, all of them of the same quality. *The spirit in its relation to matter*: enslaved to matter, mammon and the machine. *The spirit in its relation to other spirits*: involved by material and rationalistic ties in manifold relations with them, but without any true communal sense, without any 'inner participation', either in the family, in business, or in the national society. *The spirit in its relation to itself*: blurred or rationalized ('so intelligent'); in the one case indifferent, in the other case proud, in both cases arrogant and reckless. It was *γνώσῃ σέαυτον* that guarded against this *ὑβρις*. *The spirit in its relation to God*: estranged from God, and even in mad flight from Him.

Through the warp of this reality we put the woof of the following postulates, ideals . . . if you like. First of all the red thread of

Christianity, but of an intense and more comprehensive Christianity. With the help of this guiding principle we put together the following pattern: The spirit put all things again in their proper places, not rejecting or neglecting anything, and yet not classifying anything higher than its nature merits, linking up all things in that decisive relation to which itself belongs, the thing's relation to God.

The spirit then sets itself the task; the re-christianization of Western Europe, whose great masses have lost God and His Revelation; the steadying and deepening of the ties through which our Anglican or Reformed fellow-Christians still form, even visibly—one need only think of their baptism and of their Creed in so far as it is orthodox—part of the Mystical Body of Christ: the deepening of man's individual religious life, by making it consistent with the 'root of life'.

Spiritual interest, knowledge of one's own spirit (or soul) and hence a reform of psychology and the whole of an anthropology on a Christian basis—that is to say a basis which is *not* autonomous-philosophical, but Christian-theological—is then indispensable. In the social sphere, spiritual renewal should not start from the externals of a few legal regulations, from orders and prohibitions issued by the legislative authority, but from the revaluation of marriage as a sacrament, and the consequent revaluation of the family, which by means of its love must support and steady human society and its justice.

Finally, the spirit thus renewed will also find again the right place for matter, and find again its own attitude towards it; it will conquer materialism, capitalism, and, what in France has been called, 'machinism'.

METTERNICH AND DONOSO CORTÉS

Christian and Conservative Thought in the European Revolution

By BÉLA MENCZER

Les rêves passent, la vérité reste, c'est ce qui deviendra clair à nos arrière-neveux.

METTERNICH

I

THE name of the Imperial Chancellor of Austria is synonymous with the whole European era which came to an end with the Revolution of 1848. A reputation for which he has his opponents largely to thank made him already in his lifetime the very symbol of historic Europe. It is an exaggeration to think that at any moment Metternich was the all-powerful master of Europe's destinies, as some of his liberal opponents alleged; it is near enough to truth that for many years after Napoleon's fall he was the adviser of many governments and that his personal influence and authority extended far beyond the borders of the Hapsburg Empire. After his fall on 13 March, 1848, Metternich retired for two and a half years to a sort of voluntary exile in England and Belgium. He did this at the beginning in order to avoid one more difficult problem for his successors, the protection of his personal security amidst the Austrian troubles of 1848-49. He prolonged this exile until 1851, not wishing to return except at the express personal wish of the young Emperor, whose government as a result of the counter-revolution no longer formed part of the 'Metternichian system'. Controversies concerning the past the old statesman preferred to avoid and he considered his probably unwanted presence in Vienna—which could so easily have over-

shadowed men of less historical stature—as a possible source of embarrassment.

In these years of voluntary exile, Metternich was the oracle of all those who thought the very foundations of Christian civilization shaken by the outbreak of violent and revolutionary nationalism and of revolutionary socialism, the two dominating features of the year 1848 and of the whole European evolution ever since then. At his villa in Brighton and his house in Brussels he received the visit of most of the younger conservative statesmen and thinkers of Europe. Nay, even many English Liberals and not a few foreign Radicals were eager for a personal conversation with that piece of living history which was Metternich, including Robert Owen, whom Metternich described as 'the old Socialist fool who for twenty years persecuted me with his one-sided sympathy', and Louis Blanc, leading spokesman and publicist of early French Socialism, to whom Metternich did not listen, thinking himself 'too old to be convinced by any novelty', and not a few sectarians of Henri de Saint-Simon, who never abandoned hope of initiating the old statesman to their new lights, feeling quite rightly that whatever else the ex-Chancellor was, he was a man of ideas, with a mind and heart hostile to the materialistic pettiness and egotism of the age of easy enterprise and money-making.

Among the many foreign visitors to Brighton and Brussels, only one, though that one was the most frequent, belonged to Metternich's own generation and bore a name as closely associated with history as his—the Duke of Wellington. Few people were left in 1849 who had any personal recollection of Napoleon. As important a European figure as Thiers at the time, was not old enough to know the story of Napoleon's rise and fall at first hand. Metternich's oral testimony in Brussels was invaluable for Thiers' *Consulat et Empire*. Disraeli—no more the youngest of London's social and literary lions yet very far from being the senior statesman, the patriarch of Toryism and the grey-bearded, faithful intimate of the ageing and widowed Queen Victoria—spent the most inspired hours of the year in listening to the oracle of Brighton; Metternich confirmed his reputation of being the wittiest man in England and the most trustworthy and faithful servant of England's Crown. Louis Veuillot went personally to Brussels and sent some of his friends there to offer to the old Chancellor the leadership of the European party of militant secular Catholicism, but met with rather a cold reception; Metternich, as we shall see later in his own

words, disliked all 'isms' including the Catholic constitutionalism of Charles de Montalambert, with whom Veuillot was strongly associated in those years previous to his separation from the Catholic Liberals. Every state has a constitution, just as every individual has, Metternich used to say when giving fatherly advice to the various princes of Italy and of Germany, and to 'grant' a constitution meant to change the natural reality for a paper fiction.

Among the many pilgrims to Brussels, Metternich, who thought himself too old and too experienced both in the knowledge of human nature and of European history, in which he was for more than a generation so much of a factor, found naturally enough more listeners than speakers. The conversation of a statesman in his late seventies often becomes a monologue and this was hardly unexpected by those who had travelled far to see the greatest living curiosity in his own home. To travel in a railway coach from London and Paris stations which still exist today and on arrival to see a nobleman of the Holy Roman Empire who had taken part in the Coronation of the last two Emperors with the Crown of Charlemagne, in the Imperial city of Frankfurt to live in the age of steam and the electric telegraph and to hear the voice of the Chancellor whose despatch-riders had carried the secrets of the European Coalition against Napoleon; to live in the age of the industrial middle-class and to see with one's own eyes the President of the Congress of Vienna, in his youth the most elegant aristocrat of the first monarchical Court in Europe; to live in the age of growing and noisy nationalism and to meet an old gentleman who, even in his family circle, preferred to talk the language of the *Grand Monarque* instead of his native German and who, in the age of nationalism, united in the same person a Roman Count, an Austrian Prince, a Peer of Hungary and Bohemia and a Duke of Spain; to see an old gentleman in the ruling fashion of the day, the black coat of a city worker, and to know that for him at least this uniform of the new ruling class was but a disguise, for he was more himself in an embroidered uniform with an ornamented sword at his side and with the Golden Fleece round his neck; to live in the age of Wagner and Verdi and to hear an old amateur musician tell stories about Mozart at the piano—this was an experience, to hear this world judged by another world, the present by the past and nobody hoped for anything better than a long, long monologue.

Metternich found, however, one listener who made him stop in

his monologue and for whom he cared almost more than all the other younger ones. This was the Marquis of Valdegamas, Ambassador of Spain, *le célèbre Donoso Cortés*, as Princess Melanie called him in her Brussels diary. In Donoso Cortés, Metternich recognized an echo of his own thought, the philosopher of his politics. The old Prince was too much of a *grand seigneur* and had been an active statesman far too long to care for style and writing. He wrote when he had to; he wrote instructions to his Ambassadors and personal letters to almost all the Kings of Europe and, to be quite frank, not a few passionate love-letters before his late marriage to the beautiful Hungarian Countess Melanie de Zichy-Ferraris made him convincingly monogamous and before this 'perfectly angelic creature', thirty-two years his junior, changed his formerly somewhat ironical Catholicism—he considered his religion sound social common sense necessary for the discipline of the world, but cared little for it personally—into a deep spiritual life. Metternich wrote in order to act. Never did he understand that anyone could write in order to please. In his youth his favourite subject had been geometry, for his great passion was always for precision. Every inch a practical man, his favourite art was architecture, which he would probably have chosen as a career, if a career had been allowed to young gentlemen of his birth in the late eighteenth century. His even and always perfectly symmetrical handwriting he disliked practising to such a degree that he insisted on daily Cabinet meetings, convinced that writing and administration were the greatest enemies of acting and government. The beauties of Oriental poetry discussed at the Chancellor's evening receptions by Hammer-Purgstall and his famous Vienna group of Orientalist scholars were only endurable at an age when advancing deafness made him miss most of the conversation. Of real amateur talent as a violinist, he liked concerts in his own salon at the Rennweg to be short and restricted to the lighter compositions of his favourite trio Mozart—Hayden—Schubert, with possibly a little Beethoven every now and then. As for novels, he scandalized and offended Balzac by confessing that he had never even read the novels of this distinguished admirer and he took pride in repeatedly defining his own vocation as '*faire de l'histoire et non pas de romans*'.

How was it then that Donoso met with such a different reception from that usually accorded to literary celebrities at Metternich's house? The Marquis of Valdegamas was after all a

literary celebrity. If on Metternich's back the black middle-class coat was a disguise, the golden embroidery on the Ambassador's coat was also a disguise for Donoso. Donoso's real costume was the mantle of the philosopher, great writer and moralist which had been transferred from the shoulders of Joseph de Maistre to those of the Spanish master by the judgement of the Republic of Letters—by Ranke in Berlin, by Veuillot and Barbey d'Aureville in Paris. But in 1850, Metternich in retirement was no longer the 'old Chancellor' in every respect. After having made history, more history than almost all his contemporaries, age only prevented him from writing one. After a lifetime of action, he was longing for quiet thought, for a phase of his life to be spent in meditation. His former life had been thought in action and indeed he was never very far removed from the conception of the philosopher-statesman. He certainly hated the phrase 'Metternich system', which only his worst enemies attributed to him. It had been the firm and mature thought of an active man, sure of the eternal validity of moral and religious and ultimately of social and political truth—for him a political philosophy. The very opposite of a philosopher, if we understand by this term a mind composed of systems, a life-long enemy of the European party referred to as the 'philosophers' in the eighteenth century (whose contempt for the established order and whose proud and daring intellectual abstractions have been the chief promoters of all the revolutions since 1789), Metternich was a philosopher by temperament, whom Marcus Aurelius, founder of Vienna, would have appreciated.

From 13 March, 1848, Metternich had no more Ambassadors, plenipotentiaries, diplomatic agents or junior Cabinet colleagues to instruct and, apart from the devoted Princess Melanie, he had nobody around him to note his daily comments on events. Yet his correspondence grew tremendously in the remaining eleven years of his life. Letters and advice to his successor, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, on current affairs, advice and confidences to those few members of the Imperial diplomatic service who, after the Revolution, remained as faithful to him as in the days when he still had the right to send them instructions—the Imperial plenipotentiary Minister in Tuscany, Baron von Hügel (father of the Anglicized philosopher of mysticism), Count Prokesch-Osten, a remarkable Orientalist scholar by reason of his various diplomatic and military missions to Greece, Turkey and Persia and who in the most critical years of the Frankfurt Assembly and the Olmütz

crisis was Imperial Ambassador to Prussia and Austria's most influential representative in German affairs. As well as engaging in a wide correspondence, full of relevant historical information concerning his period of almost fifty years in important offices of state and full also of remarkable maxims and aphorisms on statecraft, Metternich was in the habit of noting on separate sheets all sorts of thoughts which occurred to him as he read the world Press, pamphlets on contemporary events and English, French and German reviews.

The ex-Chancellor seems to have devoted more attention than to anything else to the French version of the *Essayo* and to the various speeches which Donoso made in the Spanish Parliament on the revolutionary crisis in Europe.

There was, one would think, little in common between the two characters. They did not belong to the same generation. Metternich was Austrian Ambassador to the Court of Napoleon before Donoso was born and became Chancellor and Foreign Minister of the Imperial House in the year when the future Marquis of Valdegamas saw the light in the Convent of Maria La Salud, where his mother had taken refuge from the invading forces of Napoleon. Astonishing and rapid as was the rise in Donoso Cortés' career, at no moment did he rise above the leadership of a small faction in Parliament, a junior Cabinet post or an Ambassadorial mission of some importance abroad, and he thought himself organically unfit to exercise greater power; two things he could never do: condemn every sort of dictatorship absolutely or exercise any dictatorship, he says in his speech on exceptional powers on 4 January, 1849. Metternich was principal Minister of his Emperor and his state for thirty-nine years although his influence on world affairs was often much greater than on the internal administration of the Empire, and as some contemporary opponents and some modern critics agree in pointing out,¹ the little understanding he had of the necessity for internal administrative reforms and for new economic conditions brought about by the great changes in transport and production in the first half of the nineteenth century was probably the shortcoming of his European policy. Metternich liked to refer to himself as 'prose incarnate', with no poetic vision; Donoso was above all a

¹ Heinrich von Srbik: *Metternich, Vienna*, 1927. Victor Bibl: *Metternich, der Dämon Österreich's Vienna*, 1929. Maurice Paléologue: *Talleyrand—Metternich—Chateaubriand*, Paris, 1931. L. Woodward: *Metternich and Guizot. A Study in Conservatism*, Oxford, 1929. Algernon Cecil: *Metternich*, London, 1933, etc.

mystic, full of poetic vision, and although his youthful rhyming is now forgotten and negligible in a study of his spiritual formation, he always remained—at a later stage somewhat despite himself—a man of high artistic expression, a conscious master of style.

Yet these dissimilarities—to which we should add perhaps an even more striking one: the kind and optimistic temperament of the Austrian dandy, once so handsome and elegant in his youth, and the austere and visionary nature of the Spanish mystic—only hide deeper affinities. Metternich's aversion to abstract classification of any sort could only delight in an author who defied classification. For Donoso was not a philosopher, if we understand the word in the strict scholastic sense. Despite his enormous historical erudition, he was not exactly a historian either and despite the considerable part he played in his country's politics, he was not a politician, neither a mere publicist. He was a prophet and, like all the prophets of the Old Testament, his times saw desecrated crowns and the deepest falls into apostasy of nations chosen by Grace. He was undoubtedly a mystic. But at the same time, he saw in theology *la luz de la historia*, the key to human affairs and the path to the best worldly wisdom which comes from theology and preferably from mystical theology. As we said before, Metternich always saw sound social common sense in his religion and in his later life took a full share in the deep spiritual life of Princess Melanie, whose outward appearance of a great lady of aristocratic society only hid a firmness of character and almost heroic devotion to deep mystical truth.

The commonest ground on which Metternich and Donoso met was the fear of a reversion of European mankind to barbarism, if supernatural and mystical devotions should no longer be able to play the same part in international relations and social life as formerly in the centuries of the Christian monarchy. The Austrian statesman and the Spanish thinker were both convinced that Revolution was essentially a full negation. A negation of God in the metaphysical, a negation of authority in the political order, a negation of glory in history and thus ultimately—and this undoubtedly was the most concrete and immediate peril—a negation of personality and of personal rights in the social order. They were both certain that between full negation in Revolution and full affirmation in the Catholic faith there is no middle way. The legalism of the Liberal schools which envisages as good and right order any principles which it may please an electorate to establish

in a legal way is the same aberration as that of the monarchical absolutism and legitimism which considers anything right that is the will of the legitimate Prince.

This is why at present, on the ruins left by revolutions and wars of a revolutionary character—the first World War was revolutionary in its conclusion, the second revolutionary in its origin—we see many initiated political minds turn towards Metternich and Donoso Cortés, who are more and more considered as prophets of the present, though it may be hard to find in their thought the remedies for all our present evils.

We shall deal in a third part of this essay with the influence of Metternich's and Donoso's thought since their day and the revival of interest in it in our day. But let us first see the relations between the two men in their lifetime, the affinity of their thought; let us see Donoso as an echo in distant Spain of Metternich's political philosophy, as a summary and improvement of the European doctrine formed by the experience of what is not unjustly called the Metternich era in European history.

II

It was after reading Donoso's *Ensayo* that Metternich arrived at one of the most concise and clearest formulae of his political philosophy in one of the wittiest letters he ever wrote. It was addressed to the author of the *Ensayo*:¹

My observation on your work is confined strictly to the one word 'Catholicism'. Let me explain my reason for it. I have a great dislike, which appears to me to be validly established, of these 'isms', when I see them attached to some substantive that expresses a quality or a right. In my opinion, they distort the objects which they are intended to signify. To prove my point I will quote only the substantives: God, reason, philosophy, sentiment, constitution, society, community, and omit very many other nouns that occur to me. Do you see what happens to these terms and how they are at once altered, as soon as the ending 'ism' is added to them? They become: Deism, Rationalism, Philosophism, Sentimentalism, Constitutionalism, Socialism and Communism. Doesn't it appear to you that, by means of this simple grammatical alteration, the sense of these terms is entirely changed? Don't you agree with me that,

¹ Reproduced in *Obras Completas de Don Juan Donoso Cortés, Marques de Valdegamas*, Biblioteca de Autores Cristianos, Tomo II, pp. 559-60. Madrid, 1946.

through this apparently quite trivial addition, in itself so seemingly harmless, a very dangerous change has been brought about because of the elasticity these terms have now acquired?

These 'isms' I find so objectionable, as I am conscious of the latitude they allow to radicals in their use, that I cannot easily bring myself to tolerate them even in connection with other words, which appear less susceptible to distortion, such as king, monarchy, country. Yet even in these instances I have come across some very doubtful advocates and partisans of 'Royalism' and 'Patriotism'.

I would say the same about the term 'Catholicism'. The Catholic Church is an institution capable of being clearly designated and is therefore perfectly comprehensible. But the term 'Catholicism' could be made to include persons and things more catholic than the Catholic Church, or even catholic in a very different manner, just as in 'Royalism' there can be found Royalists, more or even less royalist than kings and monarchies.

This use of 'isms' suits Protestantism, but it does not suit the Catholic Church; their bases have nothing in common. That of the Catholic Church is the principle of authority, resting upon faith; that of Protestantism has only the value, nothing more or less, of questions that have been submitted to private judgement.

In this question of 'isms', what do you imagine is the value of Gallicanism, which is the road to schism?

This aversion to the 'isms' is the counterpart to the aversion to 'ideologies' of Metternich's great antagonist. One can often find traces in Metternich of his high appreciation of Napoleon as a force which might have been capable—and only he could have been capable—of subduing the 'social evils' of Europe, had he not by misfortune become himself a 'political evil'. Metternich's judgement on Napoleon shows one more of the affinities he had with Donoso Cortés. The Austrian Chancellor made an emphatic distinction between the social, political and administrative domain and he considered the first to be the most important. The principles on which society is built have primacy over every merely political question such as territorial contests between states or governing and legislative institutions. 'Society above all, not legality above all' is the quintessence of Donoso's *Discurso sobre la dictadura*.¹ Quite in Metternich's spirit, Donoso contrasts that between revolutionary Socialism and Parliamentary Liberalism the struggle could not last long nor could the outcome of the struggle be doubtful—it would be in favour of the Revolution, which is social, or rather anti-social, in its essence, while Parliamentary Liberalism is 'mere politics'. Yet, unlike many of their contempo-

¹ Ibid., T. II, p. 187 sq.

raries, Metternich and Donoso thought that the doctrine whereby the social principle rightly precedes the political is only to be found in that of the Church. In 1851, Metternich notes in commenting on the thoughts of the German historian and publicist Joseph Görres, who may be considered the founder of the modern German Catholic doctrine on state and society and more or less as the founder of German Catholicism as a modern political force:

L'église catholique . . . ne réclame pas a coté d'elle pour l'ordre social extérieur une forme de gouvernement déterminée, République, Monarchie absolue ou constitutionnelle. Tout lui est indifférent, pourvu qu'une seule vérité, soit reconnue et maintenue dans toutes ses formes. Cette vérité, c'est que toute autonomie tient sa puissance d'en haut, que cette autorité ne dérive ni de la volonté, d'un individu ni de celle de la multitude, qu'elle ne fait pas conséquent que représenter une volonté supérieure. C'est sur cette base que repose la puissance de toute autorité séculière.

C'est dans l'idée énoncée ci-dessus que repose la véritable théorie des droits formulés dans les mots souveraineté du peuple et droit divin; pris dans le sens des légitimistes français, ils paraissent de véritables caricatures.

Dans tout le cours de ma vie, j'ai défendu cette idée . . . contre la conception naturaliste des partis de l'extrême-gauche et de l'extrême-droite. En assurant le point de départ de tout droit, elle implique l'obligation pour les dépositaires du pouvoir d'accomplir leurs devoirs et par conséquent elle fournit la meilleure garantie contre l'idée foncièrement fautive de l'absolutisme.

In his political testament, Metternich wishes to emphasize the difference between real (that is to say personal and individual) liberty and what is promised as liberty by revolutions:¹

J'ai toujours regardé le despotisme quel qu'il fut, comme un système de faiblesse. Là où il se montre, il est un mal qui trouve en lui-même sa punition; mais il est funeste surtout quand il se masque du nom de progrès . . . 'La toute-puissance de l'état de ce corps idéal, résulte des doctrines du constitutionalisme moderne comme l'effet de la cause; or, sa conséquence est la restriction aussi grande que possible de la liberté individuelle sacrifiée à l'idée de la plénitude d'une idée matérialisée.

¹ Metternich: *Mémoires*, Vol. VIII, p. 569. Let us notice, by the way, that Baron Hubner, who had an intimate knowledge of Metternich's thought and was a close friend of Donoso in the years when he was Austrian colleague of this latter in Paris, attributes in his 'Neuf ans de souvenirs' the re-conversion of Donoso to the influence of Görres which he underwent in Germany. This is hardly confirmed by Donoso's biographer or by Donoso's own writings, where there is almost no mention of the German Catholics in the Frankfurt Assembly. As we know, Donoso knew no German and his knowledge of German authors was gained from translations and by the interpretations of French critics. Metternich may, however, be the link between Görres and Donoso, as the Austrian Chancellor owed the application of Catholic doctrine to social problems largely to Görres and, as we try to show in this essay, Donoso's philosophy was largely an echo of Metternich's thought.

² *Ibid.*, Vol. VIII, p. 555.

We know only too well that the Chancellor never suffered from false modesty and less than ever towards the close of his long life. He always enjoyed and often encouraged the expression of what seemed to him the right principles by others, by publicists like Adam Müller and Friedrich von Gentz, by Austrian diplomats and statesmen like Prokesch-Osten, Hübner, Kuebeck or Hügel, but he was rather inclined to consider as his own original discoveries axioms and aphorisms expressed by others, even if they appeared in speeches and writings of foreign statesmen of a standing officially—if not historically—equal to his own, such as Guizot, his fellow protagonist in the European drama of his time, whom in the conversation with Donoso at Brussels, Metternich claimed as his convert and pupil.¹ Biographers of the Chancellor are often inclined to reprove such vanities, or at least to smile at them. They prove at least that Metternich was exempt from personal jealousy and also that far from suppressing thought, science and philosophy (as he was so often accused by Radical opponents of doing, who called him an 'obscurantist' and the arch-enemy of intellectual freedom) he promoted them, not for political ends or for the momentary needs of the state, but for the sake of truth. Metternich was above all a man of principles. His diplomatic notes, or instructions to Ambassadors, are almost never given without some principle or axiom of universal significance, independent of the question of the moment:²

Ce qu'on appelle le système Metternich n'était pas un système, mais l'application des lois qui règlent le monde.

The 'law which governs the world' was Metternich's constant concern and it was his deep spiritual and moral concern for the eternal law which elevates him above many of those who in his century—and perhaps in any century—governed the destinies of states.

Metternich's anxiety lest nationalism and revolution should prevail was an anxiety for the laws of universal significance which cannot be violated without bringing a terrible retribution. Nationalism, especially in Germany, 'is not an end but a means',³ he thought, a means to procure the ends of egalitarian revolution. And

¹ Donoso Cortés, Vol. II, pp. 583-6. Letter to Gabino Tejedo from Paris, 1 May, 1851.

² Mémoires, Vol. VII, p. 630.

³ Prokesch-Osten: Briefwechsel mit Fürst Metternich und Friedrich von Gentz, Vol. II, p. 357. Leipzig, 1862.

Equality, Donoso would say, is the false expression of the fundamental problem of politics—the struggle between good and evil in social existence—every step which creates history follows either from the will of ambitious men who want to become superior to other men, or from the heroic determination of saints to become other men's servants. Ambition and humility are the two motive forces of history; they appear sometimes in a synthesis, but more often in hard conflict.

Proclaim Equality and you will see Liberty disappearing at that very moment and Fraternity breathing its last . . . God never willed it that the human heart should conceive of Equality . . . Men have never pretended to be in every way equal.¹

Donoso expected the worst effects of egalitarian mysticism to appear only in the future. Equality in wealth and liberty being impossible, the envious may prefer to have it in the slavery and misery which Russian invasion may bring to Europe—a Russian invasion which will be easy as soon as Socialism has deprived the European peasant of his property and Revolution has dissolved the armies of Europe.² Already before the Revolution of 1848 Donoso's mind was haunted by the Russian peril. In his speech in the debate on foreign affairs on 4 March, 1847, he declared³—in yet another passage that reads like a prophecy today—that only three Powers in the world had a foreign policy: Britain, Russia and America, the first trying to preserve what she had got and trying to expand along commercial lines only, the second doing everything for aggrandizement, for territorial aggrandizement belongs to its very nature, and the third maintaining in self-defence the principle of the freedom of the seas, which means in practice that any European Power which may threaten the new continent directly must be kept away from her shores.

In 1847 Donoso considered that Austria and Prussia were obliged to submit to the influence of Russia and might have to suffer Russia's drive towards the West passively. As we know today from too many sources to be enumerated here, this fear was not absent from Metternich's mind. The Hungarian Liberal reformers, the only parliamentary opponents of the Chancellor,

¹ *Pensamientos Varios*, ch. VIII, in op. cit., Vol. II, p. 827.

² *Discurso sobre Europa*. Donoso's speech in the Spanish Parliament on 30 January, 1850, op. cit., Vol. II, pp. 299–315.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 61.

reproached him in the debates at Pressburg with submitting too readily to Russian influence,¹ and his more impartial historians all insist that Metternich's suspicions about the constitutional principles for foreign countries proclaimed by the 'Jacobine Czar' Alexander I, was almost the principal cause of the Chancellor's stiff opposition to constitutional innovations.² This may explain why Donoso Cortés was for several years in favour of the plan put forward by Lord Palmerston in 1834, which envisaged a Western alliance between Great Britain, France, Spain and Portugal as a balance against Russia; Metternich considered this a dangerous partition of Europe and one which greatly disturbed Austrian diplomacy in the French capital.³ It also explains his often-reiterated and high personal appreciation of Louis Philippe; his frequent regret at the instability of the French; his active part in the negotiation of the memorable 'Spanish marriages' which was not so wrongly interpreted as a step towards a Hispano-French alliance; his enthusiastic siding in 1847 with Pope Pius IX's initiative over Italian unity, which at the time greatly displeased Metternich. Donoso even went so far as to accept in his 'Pio IX' the usual Liberal argument that Austria is an 'artificial unity' while the national states are 'natural'.

Only the Revolution of 1848 brought Donoso fully round to Metternich's school of thought. In the *Ensayo* and in his speeches on the European crisis in the Spanish Parliament in 1849 and 1850, Donoso Cortés insisted with great emphasis on the favourite discrimination of Metternich between the 'social', the 'political' (or territorial) and the 'administrative' (or economic) domain, reiterating that the defence of a common civilization has an absolute primacy over territorial disputes or economic and administrative reforms:

Society is in its agony, it is dying; only salvation is open to man if he desires it. That is the final result of the civilization begun three centuries ago and ending now. Divine civilization, Catholic civilization would have given Europe eternal youth instead of this shameful and precarious death.⁴

¹ Bartholomeus von Szemere: *Politische Charakterskizzen*, Hamburg, 1853. Ch. I quotes at length Count Louis Batthiány's speech to this effect at the Diet of Hungary of 1847-48.

² Cf. the article 'Metternich' in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1912.

³ *Vingt-Cinq ans à Paris. Journal du comte Rodolphe Apponyi*. Ernest Daudet, Paris, 1910.

⁴ Donoso Cortés' Ambassadorial report from Berlin, 23 May, 1849, in op. cit., Vol. II, p. 269.

As we said elsewhere, it was mainly during his diplomatic mission to Berlin in 1849 that Donoso foresaw a European cataclysm 'greater than any previous one' and his diagnosis of the evils of Germany largely coincided with views Metternich had been putting forward ever since 1813. The revolutionary formula of national unity and of nationality which was put above the law, above treaties and established historical rights could have in Metternich's opinion but one result—that both the Great Powers Austria and Prussia would be weakened if not destroyed, first in exchange for a German unity which would face an increased pressure from Russia as a result—and probably a coalition of West and East against an unconsolidated German unity. Austria had since 1814 (the year in which the philosopher Fichte foresaw in his *Vermächtniss*¹ a conflict between Britain and Russia, the two strongest partners in the coalition against Napoleon, and advised his countrymen to increase their strength by remaining neutral in the coming conflict) carried out the policy of a Great Power who was the indispensable ally of Britain in any attempt at preventing a Russian drive to the West. At the same time, Austria was bound by the Holy Alliance to assist Russia in case of a revolutionary drive against her from the West, and if Metternich often exaggerated the revolutionary danger he did so in order to reassure Russia, or even to hide the fact that Austria was Britain's tacit ally in case of an attack by Russia, an ally who would have intervened only in the last decisive moment, as she did in 1813. A unified German power would have destroyed Austria's chance of practising this elastic policy and of preventing what the most clear-sighted minds of post-Napoleonic Europe considered as the great potential conflict. This may explain Donoso's aversion to the idea of German unity which would have had neither historic authority nor solidity nor strength, except that dangerous strength which the dynamic force of Revolutions temporarily provide, and it explains too Metternich's faithfulness to a German unity which would take the form of a confederation but would leave Austria and Prussia a free hand in European affairs, to a synthesis in which Austria and Prussia—but mainly the former—would remain German as well as European and which Jacques Maritain would probably call a 'pluralist' system:

Pour l'Allemagne, il n'y a qu'une seule manière pratique de garantir sa nationalité, c'est de former une confédération d'États. Peu importe que la

¹ J. G. Fichte: *Samtliche Werke*, Vol. VII, p. 546. Berlin, 1845.

forme de cette confédération soit monarchique ou républicaine. Le temps ne saurait altérer cette vérité fondamentale et personne ne saurait en être convaincu plus intimement que moi, parce que ma conviction est le résultat d'une étude qui a formé la base des déclarations faites par la Cour impériale en 1813, base qui s'est trouvée pleinement confirmée par tout ce qui s'est passé dans le cours des trente-quatre années de paix et particulièrement des deux dernières années.¹

Un autre mal qui dans la situation telle que je viens de l'indiquer, vient en aide à l'élément démocratique, c'est l'ambition prussienne, cette ambition qui ne recule pas devant la violation des principes de droit les plus vulgaires, ni même les dangers qui menacent l'existence de l'État prussien lui-même.²

The subsequent decades marked by the formidable turn of events at Sadowa and Sedan and finally by the world conflagration at the exact centenary year of the Vienna Congress presided over by Metternich; then the revolutionary nationalism and socialism which followed the First World War and led up in the shortest possible space of time to the Second World War, have amply justified much of Metternich's foresight. Yet for a very long time the growth of Prussia-Germany, and subsequently even the expansion of Russia which Donoso Cortés indicated would be the inevitable consequence of the revolutionary unity of Germany and the temporary achievement of a German hegemony which would revolutionize the consecrated bases of the European system, was readily accepted as the triumph of progress over conservative forces.

With Russia established in the midst of Europe and in the name of those revolutionary principles which she proposes to spread over the rest of the Continent, historical judgements begin to be revised and it is almost a nostalgia which many Europeans begin to feel for a past irrevocably gone. Metternich from the present perspective often appears as a tragic and heroic defender of values the loss of which is deplored. But Metternich belonged to his century, to the tragedy of his century, in which, as Barbey d'Aurevilly thought, God had 'prepared famine and massacre for the peoples in revolt' as He had prepared the guillotine in the previous century for the Kings who had forfeited their mission by sin and by weakness. Donoso Cortés belonged to his century which he characterized as 'the condemned times', but just because he saw no hope for his own times, he belongs to this and the coming centuries. He indicated the root of the evil more adequately and

¹ *Mémoires*, Vol. VIII, p. 502.

² *Ibid.*, p. 508.

more clearly than those thinkers who, from a different angle, diagnosed too the same era of apparent cultural prosperity and almost unlimited expansion as the era of approaching catastrophes: Burckhardt, Nietzsche or Kierkegaard.

All rational law of expansion and progress leads to annihilation except for 'the personal sovereign and direct' intervention of Grace. With the philosophy of history summed up in this formula, Donoso Cortés should take a central place in the history of the Catholic renaissance which began as a reply to the French Revolution.

Thus in the concluding chapter of this essay, we try to show and define the historical position of Donoso Cortés, admitting in advance that outside Spain few thinkers who made variations on the themes of Donoso Cortés were under his consciously accepted influence.

III

The best part of the political literature of the last two decades has shown a redeeming although much too belated return to sanity. At a late, a much too late, date, the whole image of political and social reality, such as the masters of the new order of 1919 had planned it—the later 'new order' of 1940 was no order at all and was immediately submerged with the ephemeral usurpers who had proclaimed it and who, without the previous new order of 1919, would never have had the chance of coming into existence—was weighed by a whole generation of critics and was found wanting. It is somewhat facile to denounce as 'materialism' (as is often done) the philosophy underlying the last and ill-fated attempt at Peace by means of a new order of international relations and a new social organization. The classics of materialist philosophy La Mettrie or Helvetius have only a remote connexion with this. The philosophy explaining the existence of the mind and the emotions of man as functions of matter was much too one-sided and rudimentary to inspire historic evolution in any age. History is above all personal action and drama. The essential element of drama is surprise. If politics could ever be reduced to a scientific application of the material law, nothing unexpected would ever occur and history would be at an end. Materialist philosophy could never set an aim to human action, for by its very essence it is a negation of aims. The chief failure of a strictly materialist philosophy is in the

ethical field, as Jacques Maritain would say, that this philosophy is *ininvitable*.

On the other hand, to take the word 'materialism' in its current popular meaning rather than in its strictly philosophical sense, and to see in the recent crises and catastrophes a 'punishment' of mankind for preferring material advantages and neglecting with contempt its spiritual good is too much of a simplification; it suggests a moral self-righteousness which is somewhat suspect and shows an implausible and preposterous familiarity with divine intentions.

It is much nearer the truth to characterize the trend beginning with the eighteenth century—against which a sound reaction is noticeable in the political and social thought of most countries in our generation, a generation so unfortunate as to be rich in experience—as being pantheistic in religion, experimental and positivist in the moral field.

Pantheism: a vague, impersonal Deity everywhere present in a harmonious natural order which is its only proof, a Deity without graces, favours or privileges granted for Love's sake, a Deity equal in all its creations, immobile in its steadfast progress (only accidentally interrupted by human ignorance or bad will), a Deity with no personal manifestations and no solidarity with human suffering, which is just a superfluous and meaningless accident to be eliminated by universal security; such is the real spiritual root of the various political religions formulated a hundred years ago by Lamartine and mainly by Mazzini. Nations are allowed to reach their fullest natural growth for Nature, equally divine in all its components, must be synonomous with Peace—this is the Mazzinian concept of 1848, codified by belated and only half-conscious disciples of Mazzini after the First World War. Astonishingly enough, unlike his contemporary Marx, Mazzini is very seldom if ever quoted by his belated disciples, although his concept of natural harmony through unhindered growth underlies more political actions and emotions of a later age than the theories of Marx.

'Positivist' and 'experimental' could be the other adjectives to characterize the same period of historical action. If its theological and philosophical basis was naturalistic, not reaching further, higher or deeper than a vague Deity in nature, it renounced natural law in favour of positive law, which was codified in individual sovereign nations and was not subject to any universal rule, except some vaguely defined representative body 'of their own

choice', which, being an expression of their own sovereign will, was free to legislate without any *a priori* accepted rule, aim or foundation. The government of this naturalistic society is mainly by legislation. It rejects government by authority and authority by consecration or inheritance. It does not wish to be governed by men who have their fixed principles and their limited but clearly defined responsibilities; it wishes to be governed by a popular will, sovereignly competent to fix principles according to its own lights and unlimited in its sovereignty by any revealed truth or by any maxims which are above discussion. In the end, legislation will not be needed to set limits which the individual may not trespass against. Men may not do everything the law does not forbid, they will have to do everything the law orders, for the law—expression of the only uncontested authority, of the unlimited sovereign will—will have to replace tradition, inherited principles, every convention and rule, nothing being safe and nothing being sure except through majority votes. Mankind's past is *tabula rasa*; the harmony of nature can only prevail after we have made *tabula rasa* of it. Historic rights thus go by the board and all other rights with them. Logically enough, the mirage of harmonious natural order in which Nature is supposed to exclude automatically every conflict, risk or suffering, leads sooner or later to over-legislation and a superabundance of executive power, for if everything is to be done by legislation, the majority-will being the only uncontested certainty, the all-pervading legislation will have to possess an all-powerful executive machinery.

It is fairly easy to realize this latter consequence of the naturalistic, positivist and experimental doctrine—incompletely called 'modern democracy'—at present. It is also only too natural, with over a third of Europe and some of Europe's most famous cities being cut off from the West, to feel a nostalgia for the time when a solid power, strengthened by the authority of centuries-old tradition and experience, was successfully holding the balance in the middle of Europe, when one Power at least in Europe represented the principle of uncontested legitimate succession, when there was one Power at least which owed its reality, its size and its extent not to conquests and not to revolutions but to treaties and historic legitimacy alone, the legitimacy of crowns consecrated by the Church and freely federated for the defence of Christendom.

A great many writers, from economists to statesmen, from strategists to intellectuals mainly concerned for culture, are con-

scious of the blank left by the Habsburg Monarchy, and nobody more eloquently than Mr. Winston Churchill, the man who, in 1940, together with his own country, saved Europe and who now takes the initiative in uniting the remnants of it in order to repair the losses of Teheran and Yalta. In his *Memoirs of the Second World War*, Mr. Winston Churchill puts among the most important causes of the new catastrophe the handling of the national problems of the Danubian lands at the Peace Conference of 1919-20 and the dissolution of the Habsburg Monarchy.

Much before Churchill's *Memoirs* and the war to which they relate, the contrast between the peacemaking of Metternich and Talleyrand in 1814-15 and the peacemaking of 1920 in favour of the latter was a permanent and only slightly varied theme of political literature. Francesco Nitti began the process in his *Europa senza Pace* written under the immediate impression of the Peace Conference at Versailles, where he represented Italy as her Prime Minister; Duff Cooper's *Talleyrand* continued it in company with a great number of English books by outstanding publicists between the two wars among which Harold Nicholson's *Vienna Congress* was the most read and Algernon Cecil's *Metternich* was perhaps the best written, though this convinced apologist of the Austrian Chancellor of the Holy Alliance did little original research and mainly followed in the footsteps of the Austrian historian Heinrich von Srbik who, through his detailed study of the evidence found in the Imperial archives which were thrown open after the collapse of 1918, reached conclusions which not only qualified and revised, but in many points upset and demolished the conventional picture of the European era symbolized by the statesmanship of Metternich. This conventional picture propagated mainly by the early pamphleteers of German and Italian unity was that of an Austria hostile to 'natural progress', of a Metternich fighting the new lights of the European spirit by means of Imperial despotism, oppressing every kind of 'enlightenment' and keeping the nations under his rule in artificial obscurity of the mind.

We owe this conventional picture more than anything else to Treitschke's *Deutsche Geschichte*. The ascendancy of the Hohenzollerns and of Prussia produced this simplified and popular Prussian version of history which was certainly no improvement on the earlier Prussian school of historians, the school of Mommsen and Ranke, of Dahlmann and Niebuhr, inspired in its concept of

'the Germanic mission in history' by its admiration of the universalism of Roman civilization, we may even say by the nostalgia of separated brethren for Rome and its universal principle.

Treitschke's horizon and perspectives were provincial. He measured political achievement and thought by the standard of success and failure. The aim of statecraft in his eyes is greater power and nothing else. Problems of universal human relevance are unknown to Treitschke and admiring as he does Frederick II of Prussia as the great model of statecraft, free from moral and legal considerations and impediments, he finds hardly any developments, analogies or evolutions worth analysing previous to the Prusso-German rising of 1813. The ascendancy of Prussia, the victory of enlightened Prussia over Austria who was benighted enough to side against Luther and the 'emancipation' of Germanism from the fetters of Rome and the (inferior) Latin-Mediterranean world organization, is presented by Treitschke as the accomplishment of the very sense of human history. On the whole, the historical school of the Prussian Reich was a sturdier, more massive and more plebeian copy of the Roman history of Titus Livius. The Hohenzollerns were its Julian dynasty, Bismarck its Caesar, William II its Divus Augustus.

Nobody, or almost nobody, reads *Deutsche Geschichte* today. What seemed not only success but a historical climax, the very aim and end of history and human progress to Treitschke after Koenigraetz and Sedan, is today a sad and fading memory to the Germans themselves. Barely a generation separated the amazing success of 1871 Treitschke so extolled from the total failure of 1914-18, the great failure of 1918 from the material and spiritual catastrophe of Germany's Second World War—as yet the greatest spiritual and material catastrophe which ever befell any people which once had a share in the glories of Christian Europe.

Treitschke may be forgotten and Prussian Germany may have no more admirers and partisans abroad and very few people even in Germany may feel any loyalty and traditional devotion to the former House of Prussia, but the simplified and popular equation 'Protestant-Progressive' and 'Catholic-Backward' has not yet been entirely removed from people's minds. Treitschke's parallels, Carlyle in England and Michelet in France, spread it and made it take deep root. It became the very foundation of popular ideologies. This popular and summary judgement is still repeated and those who hold it are hardly disturbed even by the fact that 'pro-

gressive' Germany is today in ruins and 'backward' Latin America in the present period of history is perhaps the only prosperous and materially still progressing civilization, while the Powers and states of the Protestant North, in Europe as well as in America, have visibly reached their apogee or are already beyond it, though to speak of a 'decline' would again be one of those summary verdicts which it is the task of true historical thinking to avoid.

Widespread as the prejudices of the historical school of national self-justification and of naturalist theories of unlimited progress still are, there are signs that the tide is turning. The successes of Bismarck offer today no lesson and no principles worth studying, except perhaps the one frightful lesson of the unmitigated catastrophes nations may be led into if ambitious demagogues, self-dramatizing dilettanti or possessed maniacs and fanatics attempt to imitate an astute politician to whom a unique situation offered unique chances of limited and temporary success, prolonged for some time by intelligent self-control and extreme prudence. How different is the position of Metternich today who is being rediscovered, at least by the most initiated and the most intelligent political thinkers, as the statesman of valid principles and universal social wisdom!

Prussia has disappeared from the map and it may be that her disappearance, unlike that of the nations of Eastern Europe, will not be a merely temporary one. Strictly speaking, Prussia never was a nation; it was much less of a nation even than Austria. Though racially less mixed than this latter and unlike Austria, linguistically almost one, the size of this state, the power and strength of Prussia was only and exclusively due to conquest and never to any voluntary union or autonomous units, never to any consecrated voluntary union, never to any treaty and hardly to any lawful inheritance. It was often said, sometimes in praise, sometimes in criticism, that Prussia was more than a state, it was a school of thought, a school of discipline and a sort of politico-military sect ruling over a submissive and mixed Germano-Slav population, which was, however, in no sense part of the state.

In Austria the various nationalisms which arose in the Revolutions of 1848 voiced grievances, sometimes real, more often exaggerated or imaginary ones. Czech, Tyrolese, Hungarian, Croat or Styrian, Catholic and Orthodox communities, or even Protestant or Jewish minorities gave, however, their own colour to one or other of the institutions of the state, one or other branches of the life of an Empire made coherent by geography and economy.

No similar coherence could ever be argued in favour of Prussia and no autonomous historic units, national, regional or religious, have enriched Prussian institutions or Prussia's tradition.

Prussia is at present materially in ruins and politically dismembered. We are not claiming any prophetic familiarity with divine intentions and we do not present this fact as a case of 'accomplished justice'. We simply state that with the now accomplished disintegration of Prussia which may be beyond repair, a new importance is given to Austria, which preserved in the catastrophe of the German peoples a national conscience and a state which, though much reduced survives, and may become the nucleus of a new German unity.

One of the most profound thinkers on the German problem in our days, the French scholar Edmond Vermeil, has repeatedly emphasized that the fate of Germany is in many respects symbolical of the fate of Europe which, both in its excesses and in the consequences of these excesses, has been spared only a little more than Germany herself. M. Vermeil considers that the failure of the German synthesis, the failure of creating unity in diversity, was the failure of a European synthesis—on a somewhat reduced scale. We may truly say with M. Vermeil that modern German historical experience has been symbolical in more than one respect of the whole European evolution.

The German problem of the near past was the problem of Europe's present and future, the problem of synthesis and unity. Synthesis and unity with some Germanic contribution has definitely succeeded (as far as we can see at present) outside Germany proper, in the Low Countries and Switzerland. It worked for four centuries in the Habsburg Empire. The most lucid political thinkers and statesmen of Prussia—Bismarck's main literary and political opponent Constantin Frantz or his Catholic predecessor von Radowitz—could hope a century ago that Prussia's ascendancy through Frederick II and the Napoleonic Wars would be the beginning of a supranational synthesis of German and Slav in those regions of the North-East where the German-Roman Empire of the Habsburgs, which created the synthesis in the West and South-East of Europe had never penetrated. This was the great concept, more or less precisely and elaborately formulated by all those who, born outside the frontiers of Prussia, believed in the destiny of this state and with faith in their own personal mission, became masters of Prussia's mind and conscience: Vom Stein and

Fichte, Hegel and Ranke as well as Theodor von Bernhardi and Hans von Delbrück, the Prussian historians looking East, towards the attractive prospect of a new Germano-Slav civilization reaching to Asia across the great Sarmatic steppes and beginning with the Russo-Prussian alliance of 1813.

It is a fairly common fallacy in historical writing to attribute results to conscious, preconceived and meditated intentions. We often meet the fallacy of *post hoc ergo hoc* which makes no allowance for more or less accidental results. We often fail to see problems from the contemporary perspective and we all too often forget that men in action were much more often concerned to prevent a peril than to achieve a result, or to realize an idea or a project, that defence against the unknown was more often the motive of action in the destinies of states and of statesmen than a conscious drive towards clearly seen and foreseen aims and objectives. Thus, we are naturally inclined to see Prussia's destiny in terms of Prussia's intentions and to think that her wars and political actions were always steps towards the achievement of a Prussian programme, and we make perhaps too little allowance for Prussian fears, for instance, the fear of a repetition of the Napoleonic situation, when the chief Power of the West, France, and the chief Power of the East, Russia, clashed over the weak and almost defenceless body of a powerless Prussia; the Prussian fear in Napoleon III's time of a great continental alliance uniting France and Austria and leaving to Prussia the unenviable rôle of a simple satellite of St. Petersburg, defending the Russian colossus against the united power of the West or accepting the rôle of a Russian spearhead against the West, including the German West to which Prussia felt herself akin by language and tradition.

If we commit this fallacy of *post hoc ergo hoc* too often with reference to Prussia, the great quantity of elaborate theoretical statements on Prussia's 'mission' is to blame, which the more rudimentary and primitive minds inclined towards fanaticism (the German annexationists of the First World War and Hitler's followers in the inter-war period) took very literally and made the basis of their planned action.

Metternich's or Napoleon's era—or for that matter any period of modern or ancient history—can be misinterpreted in the same way. Partly accidental results, seen not from the contemporary perspective but from that of a later period which already sees consequences and effects hardly foreseen in the midst of the action itself,

may lead to uncritical praise of a genius or unwarranted blame for the failings and failures of statesmen. In spite of this it is legitimate and correct to consider certain names of men and states symbolical enough to express a principle. The names of Prussia and Bismarck stand in German history for unity through conquest (though a detailed study of Prussian history may compel historians to qualify this statement) while the names of Austria and of Metternich stand for historical legitimacies and rights. At present the problem of European unity may be considered not only as open, but as urgent. It had indeed been open for a century and a half. An attempt to bring it about came from the German Army, most certainly not from Hitler's Army, whose whole rôle is perhaps more the concern of the pathologist than the historian—but that German Army which had been built up by von Seeckt and von Schleicher after the defeat of 1918 and which inherited Clausewitz's doctrine of war and added to it the 'Geopolitik' of Haushofer and which fought its last battle in the conspiracy against Hitler in July 1944, the conspiracy of Stauffenberg and von Witzleben. This Army failed more tragically than Napoleon, and once more the victors are facing the task in which their conquered opponent failed.

As the chief motive for historical studies has always been research on an important sidelight on actual issues, on problems which in our own time seem urgent or even overwhelming, renewed interest in Metternich is amply justified. Barbey d'Aureville, the great French conservative polemist, the wittiest and most splendid pen of militant Catholicism in the nineteenth century, who gave a mystical and prophetic note to modern French prose and the all-pervading light of poetic vision to historical criticism, contrasted Metternich, '*le grand penseur debout*', the great thinker in action representing one side with Joseph de Maistre, '*le grand penseur assis*', the thinker quietly judging both sides of the trials of the century.¹

Barbey d'Aureville, more than a historian and more than a critic, a poet of thought in action, called Joseph de Maistre, de Bonald and Donoso Cortés the three 'lay Fathers of the Church', the three thinkers who were rejuvenating Catholic thought in a world faced by Revolution. Who can deny that without revolutions and revolutionaries the world would die of petrified stability? This is an often-repeated commonplace and like many commonplaces it contains a fundamental truth. But what is a revolution

¹ Jules Barbey d'Aureville: *Les prophètes du passé*. Paris, 1857.

if it is not the upsetting of a stable order leading to a complete change of perspective, a change which in turn leads to more and more surprise, action and drama. The discovery of the 'lay fathers of the Church', who were doctors of the Church, not in theology, not in law, not in morals, but in the principles and action of politics and society, in the principles and action of universal history—was that they opposed to the superficial, merely political revolution, the profound one, the monotheist revolution which upset and changed every human perspective by the light of the theocentric vision. Revolutions are inevitable and necessary, but there can be no salutary revolution without an eternally valid and solid hierarchical order of values, for the ultimate meaning and justification of historic change is the re-establishment and integral restoration of principles which have been neglected or falsified, or which have sunk into oblivion through long misuse. Without death, no life, and without sacrifice, no peace.

What raises Donoso Cortés almost above de Maistre and de Bonald, what brings him at any rate nearer to us, is his more positive and above all more historical approach to the era of revolutions. The two French thinkers were first of all defenders of the tradition. They were still too near the eighteenth century and its rationalist philosophy and saw in the French Revolution a result of mere human error, of mere bad reasoning on politics and society and a passing aberration, undoubtedly of great consequence for all the other states of Europe, but of little or no mystical or symbolical relevance.

The mystical and symbolic interpretation of history was to be the achievement not of the French but of the Spanish genius. Donoso Cortés—we quote here again Barbey d'Aurevilly¹—was to de Maistre and de Bonald, what in the previous century and for the opposite philosophy Franklin was in relation to Voltaire and Rousseau: the foreign light added to the splendours of French intelligence. As far as methodic thought, solid and precise reasoning, concise definition and intellectual power go, nobody can surpass the French thinkers. Nothing equals their courage in tackling the most hidden and complex problems nor the perfection and elegance of their style. Under the pen of de Bonald, the historical period opened up by the French Revolution becomes a Racinian

¹ Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly: *Les oeuvres et les hommes. Écrivains politiques et religieux*. Paris, 1862. The essay on Donoso Cortés is a reprint of the review by Barbey d'Aurevilly of the French edition of the collected works of Donoso Cortés.

drama, sharp in its conflict, but full of restraint in its language and expression. With Joseph de Maistre it receives a passionate note of Corneille, but it was Donoso who surpassed in historic vision and political philosophy the somewhat narrow Aristotelian framework of the tradition. It is with Donoso that contemporary history broadens into a truly Shakespearean stage, where there is no limit to unexpected conclusions, no limit to surprise and no forgetting for a moment of the divine plane which makes words, events and actions transcendental manifestations of a superior will. Donoso Cortés transformed and revolutionized the vision of contemporary history and political philosophy as Shakespeare transformed and revolutionized the rules of historical drama. And Donoso's fate, like Shakespeare's, was to be rediscovered and fully appreciated much after his own time and at first in Germany, after having excited admiration in France, not without being accused by Barbey d'Aurevilly of a certain excess and difformity of style, just as Voltaire did not spare Shakespeare.

Donoso awakened in the French a true nostalgia for Spanish spirituality. It is sufficient to recall Guizot's and Montalambert's correspondence with the author of the *Ensayo* and Louis Veuillot's relation to him. Without Louis Veuillot, the *Ensayo*—as Donoso's biographers agree—might never have been written. Without Donoso Cortés, Louis Veuillot might never have written some of his best reflections on the contemporary French scene, his defence of Spain and the monastic life in answer to Victor Hugo's attacks, his *A propos de la guerre* in 1866, in which he calls Donoso Cortés 'one of the rare men of real genius' the nineteenth century had seen—*hélas! il l'a à peine vu!* What would Louis Veuillot be without Donoso? Perhaps nothing more than a facile and clever commentator on daily events, pleasant to read and finding favour with the crowd of pious readers, the politician of Church interests in secular affairs, the well-trained and clever Parisian journalist, deaf to deeper accents and blind to greater spectacles than those offered him day by day in the noisy and tumultuous Paris of his time—in other words nothing more than what his younger rivals, Ernest Hello and Léon Bloy (who surpassed him in metaphysical and poetic sensibility), reduced him to be—Léon Bloy with his usual violent exaggeration and avowed bias. It was through Donoso Cortés that Louis Veuillot at his best became infinitely more—a prophet of a people 'in the desert without its kings and sacrificers' (Nehemias), author of some of the best pages of solid

ethical and political reasoning, author of some of the most beautiful modern Christian pages on death and the hope of resurrection and a deep voice crying the horror of the decadence of modern life, the horror of the apostasy of once Christian nations.

The central thesis of the whole critical work of Barbey d'Aurevilly was most successfully applied in his essay on Donoso Cortés. No biographer of Barbey d'Aurevilly hints at this; we dare, however, to submit that the reading of the *Ensayo* and of the speeches of Donoso Cortés on the European crisis of 1848-49 seem to mark a turning point in Barbey d'Aurevilly's spiritual evolution. The history of the Catholic renaissance in France since the Revolution has not yet been written. When it is, it may be that this will prove to be the true history of modern French literature, for much of this literature which caused a passing enthusiasm amongst contemporaries in France and abroad may fade away and the whole historical period may be characterized—from a *post hoc* perspective—as the era of the secular Catholic renaissance, secular or 'profane', if we prefer the word of Jacques Maritain, who believes that modern Catholicism differs from mediaeval Catholicism in that its chief concern rests with the profane and not the sacred domain. And when we see the French spirit of the past century in its true perspective as the gradual emergence of a secular Catholic spirituality, we shall very likely choose as our guide to values Barbey d'Aurevilly rather than Taine or Faguet or even Ste. Beuve; we shall give greater consideration to the spiritual relevance of works of art and works of the mind than to the psychological key to personality given by style, to historical perspective rather than to new subjective and aesthetic possibilities opened up by personal style and way of expression. A high rank will then be accorded in the history of the French mind to Donoso Cortés, the rank given him by Barbey d'Aurevilly, who saw in him the equal of de Maistre and de Bonald. And this is very much to say. For without de Maistre and de Bonald there would have been no Balzac, and without Balzac perhaps no French novel, no art of social analysis, no inquiry into the nature of man and society in the novel of any literature.

There will never be an end to new discoveries in Catholic apologetics, to new arms employed in the defence of the universal religion which synthesizes universal human experience. As recently as the generation preceding our own, Chesterton showed that outside the wise humility of Christians there is no humour and that

humour and paradox are the best confirmation of Faith. The great discovery of Barbey d'Aurevilly—a discovery he made in his analysis of Donoso Cortés and applied in the *Prophètes du passé* in his criticism of Chateaubriand and especially of Lamennais was that outside Catholicism there is no refuge from mediocrity. What would Donoso be apart from his faith? Barbey d'Aurevilly asks. A learned politician capable of a few judicious observations on world affairs, capable of a documented analysis of his own times and of the historical origin of topical problems, something between M. Thiers and M. Guizot, the solemn and learned academic speakers forgotten by posterity (except that they are about the only authors to whom posterity thinks it necessary to add the courtesy title *Monsieur*, so much are they the ministerial top hats and solemn black redingotes in the historic and now destroyed realm of the bourgeoisie). If Donoso is capable of answering truly relevant and burning questions otherwise than by pleasant rhetoric and complacent optimism, it is because his faith raises him high above mediocrity. For there is no remedy against mediocrity except absolute affirmation, except the total perspective on the whole human fate since the Fall of man, except total and absolute partaking in the suffering of Christ and the joy of the Resurrection. For lack of these graces, Barbey d'Aurevilly will say later, Leopardi falls from the supreme heights of poetry to the petty egotisms of a learned pedant and Goethe has 'of marble mainly the coldness', the historical and political thought of an Alexis de Tocqueville loses itself in an inconclusive intellectual game of contradictions and an escape from relevant conclusions and positive affirmations.

Donoso Cortés represented for the French the courage of the Absolute, of daring affirmation. He awoke in the French a nostalgia for their own past of Christian chivalry, a nostalgia for the knightly and graceful genius of his native Spain, the country most contemptuous of scientific pedantry and bourgeois complacency. Léon Bloy, pupil of Barbey d'Aurevilly, liberated by this latter from the revolutionary disorders and violent negations of his youth and changed under his influence into a Christian and eschatological poet and the *Pèlerin de l'Absolu*, made his first spiritual pilgrimage to Spain and round the world in company of the Spanish genius in his *Explorateur du Globe* where he pleads for the canonization of Christopher Columbus. At the end of his life Léon Bloy sees in Spain God's instrument for the destruction of

Napoleon. The Emperor of the French had received the divine mission to break the rule of unworthy Kings over Europe, to unite Europe by the blessed sword and offer it to God, but he was hostile to poverty and humility, he attempted the 'suppression of pauperism' instead of a self-sanctification through poverty and humility and he was in the end defeated and conquered by the humble, by God's beggars in Spain. The only uncompromising resistance he had found on the continent whose mightiest princes he had conquered was that of Spain. This one uncompromising resistance had allied itself to the other one outside the continent, to harsh and frugal England, of an ascetic morality despite its theological aberrations, which God had created to be at the same time a living antithesis and a perfect complement to His graceful France.

Again, the proper philological proof is lacking, but is it going too far to detect behind this symbolistic interpretation of modern history which we find in Léon Bloy's *L'Âme de Napoléon*, something of Donoso Cortés, especially if we recall that Léon Bloy was a convert, a pupil and a literary discovery of Barbey d'Aurevilly, who could never forget Donoso Cortés and who found a great deal of contemporary French historical and political thought wanting in comparison with the great Spaniard. Léon Bloy analysing himself attributes much to his own 'Spanish soul':

*Ce seul mot de malheur me transportait d'enthousiasme. Je pense que je tenais cela de ma mère dont l'âme espagnole était à la fois si ardente et si sombre, et le principal attrait du christianisme a été pour moi l'immensité des douleurs du Christ, la grandiose, la transcendante horreur de sa Passion.*¹

Suffering is the central problem that Léon Bloy sees in history and his interpretation of the century as a dramatic evolution towards catastrophe follows the path of Joseph de Maistre and—perhaps unconsciously—of Donoso Cortés:

Joseph de Maistre disait, il y a près d'un siècle, que l'homme est trop méchant pour mériter d'être libre.

Ce Voyant était un contemporain de la Révolution dont il contemplait en prophète la grandiose horreur et lui parlait face à face.

*Il mourut dans l'épouvante et le mépris de ce colloque en prononçant l'oraison funèbre de l'Europe civilisée.*²

¹ Léon Bloy: *Lettres à sa Fiancée*. Paris, 21 November, 1889.

² Léon Bloy: *Le Désespéré*, ch. XLV, p. 291.

adding that the 'incontestable genius' of the author of *Les Soirées de St. Petersbourg* had the shortcoming of being 'merely traditionalist', not aware that in 1789 God began 'to change the face of the world', a criticism which could hardly, like the rest of this appreciation, be applied to Donoso, whose thought was overwhelmed by the consciousness of apocalyptic signs, by the consciousness of approaching doom, the conviction that rebirth out of catastrophe is the inevitable destiny of mankind.

It was this trend in Donoso's thought which prepared for him the fate of being posthumously discovered by the Germans. As we saw above, the *Ensayo* was not unnoticed in France, far from it. As a foreigner who considered France 'the home of his intelligence', he is the link in style and thought between the early authors of the early secular Catholic renaissance, de Maistre, de Bonald and Chateaubriand (the Chateaubriand of the *Réflexions*), and the next phase in the same evolution, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Léon Bloy and Charles Péguy (though this latter probably knew nothing about Donoso Cortés and never even avowed his debt to Barbey d'Aurevilly or Léon Bloy), between the rationalist phase of the Catholic analysis of modern secular principles and the poetic, subjective vision of the proofs of Revelation in the apocalyptic signs and phenomena of the time. But for various reasons we do not attempt to analyse here how and why Donoso sank into oblivion in France; the Catholic revival of secular thought went on and goes on, but the landmarks which are now recognized, the Christian revolution in style, thought, emotion and expression dates for some Catholics today from the infinite charm of Péguy's poetry, from the formidable personality of Léon Bloy and from the new forms in prose and poetry introduced by Claudel. Few care to go back to de Maistre and de Bonald, to whom Donoso is near, while quite unjustly Louis Veuillot is classed by many as a simple 'journalist', a personality who is not 'literary' enough to lend interest to his friends and discoveries.

It was in Germany that Donoso was truly discovered and very significantly on the eve of Germany's recent catastrophes. As a source of nineteenth-century German history, Donoso is less rewarding than for French history of the same period. His ambassadorial mission to Berlin lasted only six months and the events he witnessed there were only the epilogue to the German revolution of 1848, an event itself much surpassed by those of the following

decades in Germany. Donoso never spoke any German and his information on German politics, philosophy and literature was obviously acquired at second-hand and his personal relations were short-lived or insignificant. In France he spent years under Louis Philippe and then again he spent the most critical years of the early part of Napoleon III's era there. His French culture was as complete as that of a highly literary foreigner can ever be, he wrote and spoke French almost as his mother tongue and some of the most decisive personal friendships and relations of his life were French; in addition an Ambassador of Spain in Paris was already on account of his official position much nearer to the centre of important political decisions than an Ambassador of Spain in Berlin, especially between the time of the 'mariages espagnols' of Louis Philippe's dynasty and the marriage of Napoleon III and Eugénie, at the time when the strictly internal political problem of France and Spain, the problem of the legitimacy of the new dynasty was analogous to both countries, while one of the topical questions of foreign policy, the question of North Africa, was common to both countries.

But it was in Berlin, rather than in Paris, that Donoso sensed the deeper and greater problem of the century. Prussia was a 'Protestant glory', which was approaching its end with the coming end of Protestantism. It was also the 'Kingdom of Philosophy', which ever since Voltaire's stay with Frederick II and the numerous visits of the French Encyclopedists to Potsdam had been reputed to be the state of the philosophers—let us recall for a moment that Chateaubriand in his *Itinéraire* meditates in the Holy City on the news of the battle of Jena which reached him there, comparing the fall of the 'Kingdom of Philosophers' which had just taken place to the Kingdom, 'not of this earth', proclaimed in Jerusalem and which survives in eternity the fall of any of its earthly counterparts. Berlin was politically speaking in 1849 an ante-room of St. Petersburg (Donoso is not alone in this judgement among his contemporaries, though his interpretation is somewhat one-sided and exaggerated) and Russia was for many years the source of great anxiety to Donoso. Since his *Oriental Question*, written in 1834, Donoso believed that every spiritual, moral and political crisis in Europe was a further step towards Russian conquest, Russia being the only Power—so Donoso writes in 1834 and again in 1847—whose history is a systematic expansion and whose consistent policy has turned towards more and

more conquest and more and more expansion, even under the kind-hearted and sympathetic ruler Alexander I.

The full significance of the conflict between Austria and Prussia Donoso understood amidst the revolutionary convulsions in Berlin in 1849, seventeen years before the decisive battle in this conflict at Koeniggraetz and twenty-one years before German unity under Prussian leadership had been proclaimed by Bismarck. After the fall of Prussian Germany, in the 1920s when Bismarck's prestige suffered from the downfall of his achievement and when amidst the internal crisis of authority after the First World War Germany's very place in Europe and Germany's right to be amongst the nations became so problematic, a German élite of Catholic thinkers began to turn back from Bismarck to Metternich. Not from one 'policy' to another, for the foreign policy of the last decades of the nineteenth century was as little applicable and had as little 'practical' importance as the foreign policy of the first decades of the past century—but from the Prussian concept of Europe, which envisaged the continent in terms of permanent crisis which offered ever more 'opportunities' for an increase of power, to the Austrian concept of Europe, which envisaged the mission of Germany as one of European synthesis, which, instead of 'opportunities for the stronger', sought for principles of stability which the more firmly established and more ancient legitimacy was able to provide.

As we said before, personalities considered as symbolical of principles in one or other phase of history are always in danger not only of being misinterpreted but especially of being over-interpreted. The two German statesmen were after Napoleon the most symbolical figures of modern Europe. Their achievements lasted until the First World War, which meant the fall and dissolution of the historic legitimacies of Europe—replaced in 1919 by a somewhat vague new legitimacy of ethnic, racial and naturalistic law, with the result that it furnished a formidable new moral weapon to the vanquished Germans who were, whatever else they might be, the most compact and numerous ethnic, racial and linguistic unit.

Once more after 1919 Metternich was defeated by the German mass movement, by an immensely harsher and more formidable revolution than that of 1848. As we know, Germany went the way of the racial and naturalistic law or rather lawlessness (we know more too now of where this has led Germany) and only a

small élite of German Catholics, who hoped through the revival of Catholic Austria for a European Germany which would overcome its Lutheran and Prussian 'provincialism' (Theodor Haecker), has discovered Metternich and the great Spanish thinker who formulated in unforgettable words the essence of Metternich's philosophy. For it is fairly easy to see—and this is what we have attempted to show in these pages—that Donoso's vision of Revolution and Donoso's fears of nationalism allying itself to Democracy were the fears of Metternich, that his prophecies of approaching barbarism were those of the Chancellor of the Holy Alliance, the defender to the last of the now destroyed glories of an age over which he towers as 'le grand penseur debout'.

THE POSITION OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH TODAY AND HER FUTURE PROSPECTS

By VALENTIN TOMBERG

IT is a striking historical fact that Greek Orthodox Christianity should have had to submit to the rule both of the Mahommedan nations and of militant atheistic communism.

The Greek Orthodox Church once wished to preserve her sovereignty against Rome and she insisted upon her independence of the Holy See, basing her claims upon the higher purity of her tradition and upon the assertion that, just as her bishops were not bound to obey the bishops of the West, neither were her patriarchs bound by any allegiance to the 'patriarch of the West'.

Greek national pride and the consciousness of 'the rights of the first-born' of Eastern Christendom and culture pervaded the clergy and laity of the East to such a degree that a schism became inevitable. But what national and cultural pride proposed was disposed of by history in a different way. Though the Eastern Church was too proud to accept the spiritual supremacy of Rome, she had to submit to the physical supremacy of the Turks and Arabs, whose faith was hostile and whose cultural claims were of much later date than those of the hated 'Latins'.

That was the fate of the Byzantine Church in her very home; in Palestine and Syria, Egypt and Asia Minor, and eventually even in Constantinople and the Balkans. Outside her home-land, however, the Eastern Church had succeeded in winning a vast missionary area before the schism took place. Russia had become Christian in the tenth century. There the Byzantine tradition could remain alive at its best, but also at its worst; there Eastern Christendom was given the opportunity to start again. For it had at its disposal a healthy and unsophisticated population and it was

able to exercise its influence for centuries without rivalry and without interference from the rulers of the country who, so far from being hostile, were never even indifferent.

In this way the Eastern liturgy, the lawful succession of the clergy, monastic life, the mystical traditions and many other virtues of the Byzantine Church, were not only transplanted to Russian soil but took deep root there and flourished. Unfortunately, however, not only the virtues of the Byzantine tradition were transplanted but also its prejudices and vices. Along with the Byzantine Rite, theology, mysticism and art came Byzantine spiritual nationalism as well. The anti-Roman prejudice came to Russia as part of Byzantine Christianity and was as readily absorbed as anything else.

The initial contours of a myth then gradually began to take shape in the minds of that child-like people; it was a myth which was to find its ultimate shape in *The Tale of The Grand Inquisitor* by Dostoevsky. Beginning with the tales told by the Greek priests and monks from *Zargrad* (Constantinople) and Athos in the middle of the eleventh century, and up to the publication of *The Brothers Karamazov* in the second half of the nineteenth century, there lived and grew and developed the myth of a big secret Usurpation in the West. Once the seed of such a formidable suspicion had been sown by the Greek missionaries in the hearts of a simple, trusting people it grew and, throughout the following centuries, haunted the dark corners of the Russian soul, until finally it emerged into broad daylight with Dostoevsky's great spiritual indictment of the West. The essence of his indictment was this: 'Whatever rebellions there may be in the West, the heart of the West is the Roman Catholic Church. That heart made its choice when confronted by the three temptations in the wilderness. It sided once and for all not with Christ, but with the Other One.'

That, and no less than that, had Dostoevsky, the mouthpiece of Eastern Christendom, to say against Western Christendom: that it had sided with Antichrist. It is the supreme accusation which mortal lips can utter on earth. Moreover the accusation was framed and launched by a genius; it was launched with all the passion of a noble heart, with all the eloquence of true conviction and with all the lucidity of argument and brilliance of style of one who was both a literary and religious genius. It was an event in the spiritual history of mankind which cannot be undone. It would be useless to disregard it, still worse to ignore it.

The climax had to come at last. The thunder-clouds of vague suspicion had grown so heavy throughout the centuries that the storm broke with lightning as bright, as startling and as unexpected as it always is. *The Tale of The Grand Inquisitor* can indeed be compared with lightning, for it was not only startling, but also purifying and clarifying in its effect. Now it was clear what had lain behind those strange suspicions and aversions of the Christian East towards the Christian West. It had always been the myth of the Grand Inquisitor secretly at work behind the dogmatic disputes and ritualistic quarrels of the theologians and the whispered suspicions and fears of the laity. Dostoevsky had managed to state in plain language what others had hitherto only felt.

In vain there arose another solitary Russian genius, Vladimir Soloviev, who urged his Church, his people, and his government that it was their duty to reconsider the fatal schism and to restore the unity of the traditional Church of Christ. In vain he proved by cogent arguments of history, philosophy and theology that there cannot be two parallel Churches and that the Russian Church was bound to reconsider and to answer the questions: 'Is there a succession of St. Peter?'; 'Is the succession of St. Peter in Rome legitimate?'; 'Should not any claims of secondary importance be sacrificed for the sake of the unity of Christendom?' His voice proved to be weaker than the deep-rooted suspicion, and the Myth of the Grand Inquisitor prevailed with the faithful.

It is true that there was a great deal of dissatisfaction in Russia at the end of the nineteenth century. Many people who were not atheists and did not wish to reject Christianity were seeking for an escape from the Byzantine isolationism of the Orthodox Church and longed for a full participation in universal christian culture. But these people, with a few exceptions, did not follow Soloviev in turning to the spiritual riches of the christian tradition of the West. Instead they followed a third Russian spiritual giant of that time, Leo Tolstoy. Whilst Dostoevsky opposed the cause of reunion, which was Soloviev's life-effort, Tolstoy introduced and carried into effect a third attitude towards the Church. In opposition to Dostoevsky's orthodox Byzantine attitude and Soloviev's catholic one, he launched a protestant approach towards Christianity. His was a private unecclesiastical Christianity to be based on the authority of one's own personal judgement and experience.

Thus, on the eve of Bolshevik ascendancy, Russian religious life was divided into three movements: self-asserting messianic Byzan-

tism according to Dostoevsky, Tolstoy's rationalistic unecclesiastical protestantism, and Soloviev's small following of 'westernizing' Orthodox Christians and Crypto-Catholics. But the second act of the tragedy of the Eastern Church was nearing its end. The chance of restoring religious unity, which had arisen from the thesis of Soloviev, combined with the urge towards free judgement and a reconsideration of the whole religious tradition inspired by Tolstoy, was rejected again.

Russian Christianity, like the Greek before it, was considered to be morally and spiritually superior to Western Christianity and it chose to preserve the independence of the Church against Papal claims. It was conscious of the messianic task of the Eastern Church; she would redeem and save the West and lead it to repentance. 'The Light cometh from the East,' they believed, and they felt that the Eastern Church had a great deal to teach the West, but nothing, at least nothing essential, to learn from it.

But again history spoke with the powerful language of events. The Russian Church, which had not wished to have any dealings with the Catholic Church, was compelled not only to deal with the Bolshevik rulers of Russia, but also to obey them. First she was reduced to obedience and then, when any germs of resistance had been exterminated, she became a tool in the hands of her atheistic masters. The victors could afford to tolerate her existence, now that she had been rendered harmless, provided that she would serve their aims. The Russian Church today is adapting herself to her masters' policy of Panslav nationalism as faithfully as are the 'people's democracy' socialists who serve the same masters in the name of the international working-class movement. For the Kremlin is using two weapons in its effort to gain control over Europe; one is the Panslav nationalist movement and the other is social and economic dissatisfaction which it exploits in order to gain the support of the working masses for its aims. The Church of Russia has become a willing tool to increase Slav self-assertion and to help raise the iron curtain to Heaven itself.

The other national Eastern churches are heading towards the same end. Their countries are under communist control and there is no reason to hope that their fate will be any different. The only exception is the Church of Greece, thanks to the aid of the non-orthodox countries of the West.

The present position of the Orthodox Church in Russia today is familiar enough, I feel, to the average reader in this country and

he will be more interested in the unofficial side of her existence, that is to say, what part she plays in the life of the population. What does the Church mean to the people today, and what is her outlook for the future? That would perhaps be a more interesting question than a detailed statement about the juridical and political relationship between the Soviet State and the Soviet Church.

I would like to relate, from my own experience, stories of facts which seem to me to be of considerable significance, and which may help to answer that question.

In 1945 (when there were still hundreds of thousands of Russians in Germany awaiting repatriation) I was asked by a priest, who knew that I spoke Russian, to help him as interpreter for a Russian patient in hospital. The patient turned out to be a Russian working man of about thirty-five, not seriously ill, but expecting to die at any moment, as he was a normally very healthy man and, at such, had no experience of illness. His wish was to receive Holy Communion before he died, for, he said, he was a believer.

The chaplain's first and inevitable question was, 'Are you a Catholic?' 'Oh, yes,' was the reply. 'I am orthodox. I have always been good orthodox. My parents are too.' 'I see,' said the priest. 'You are orthodox, but do you belong to the *Roman Catholic Church*?' 'Of course I do,' said the man. 'Because when I was eight years old, which was the last time I went to church, I remember receiving Holy Communion. I never forgot that. Many times since I would have liked to receive it, but it was impossible, as the nearest church was a hundred and twenty-five miles away.' 'I see, but tell me, was the church you visited when you were eight years old a *Roman Catholic Church*?' 'Certainly it was, a real orthodox church with a proper priest, a good choir and holy Icons on the walls.' 'With Icons on the walls? Perhaps it was a *Uniate Church*, that is to say a Catholic church of the Eastern Rite?' 'That's it,' said the man eagerly. 'It was certainly a church of the *Uniate Rite*, as you say. A proper, orderly, orthodox church, not a sectarian one.' 'Do you realize,' the priest asked in despair, 'that the Church is split into two, the *Roman Catholic Church* and the *Greek Orthodox Church*?' The man looked astonished and, after some thought, said, 'No, I did not know that. In fact I can hardly believe it. It is the Church of Christ, isn't it? How can the Church of Christ be two Churches? Please explain to me, Father. I am an ignorant man and I cannot realize how there can be two Churches of Christ.'

The chaplain explained. He told him all about the schism and how it had taken place about nine hundred years ago. The man listened attentively and remained silent for a while after the chaplain had finished speaking.

'Well,' he said at length; 'I did not know that, and in my country none of us peasants and workers know that. If they did, I would have heard about it. So there is a split. But, Father, that is the affair of the Big Gentlemen (*bolshyie gospodá*), not ours. I have never left the Church Universal and I do not want the split. I am not too proud to recognize the Pope in Rome as the head of the Universal Church. I have lost everything; I have nothing in the world and I come to you as a beggar and beg you as a christian to give the Holy Communion of Christ to a christian.'

The priest cut short any further discussion by saying, 'Then come to confession at four o'clock.'

That is how things are in Russia today. The patriarch in Moscow has plenty to say against the Catholic Church, and his Bishops are bound to say the same: some of the priests still have recollections about the *filioque* in the Credo and vague points of controversy with the Catholic Church. The emigrés abroad have a great deal to say about why they never did and never could join the Catholic Church; Mereshkorsky, Berdyaev and Frank, in turn, made their stand against the Catholic Church. But the average Russian layman, who grew up under the Soviet regime, has no resentment left and no claims whatever. If he has preserved the undying flame of piety in his innermost heart, he would stand there with his hand outstretched begging for anything that the Church might bestow on him.

The Russian people have lost their religious tradition. Though private practices of prayer and thought are still alive, the traditional religious culture is dead. The Cult as a national concern, with its annual sequence of feasts and fasts, mass pilgrimages to places of worship, the monasteries with their perpetual reminder of the vanities of the world and the traditional sacred art of iconography, all are gone. There is no national Greek orthodox or Byzantine culture left in Russia, nor anti-Roman prejudice either. There is either militant atheism or private sectarianism confined to those corners of public life where the State has seen fit to allow them; or there is a general undenominational Christianity.

The Russian Orthodox Church is reduced, from the point of view of what she really means in cultural and public life in Russia

today, to the rôle of a mere sect, though a larger one than the competitive sects of Evangelists, Baptists, Duhorbortsy, etc. The majority of the non-communist population, however, has preserved a private non-denominational Christianity, which consists of some Bible reading, the practice of the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary (in a shorter form than in the West), the Jesus Prayer¹ and occasionally some knowledge of the life of this or that Saint.

I met hundreds of young Russians and Ukrainians who had never had any religious instruction and had lost all connexion with the Orthodox Church, but the overwhelming majority of them would cross themselves and whisper short prayers when air-raids (in 1944 and 1945) brought home to them the reality of death. They were all of them non-denominational Christians without religious education, but also without religious prejudices. The millennial impact of the Orthodox Church upon them has lost its power; at the same time the Great Suspicion, sown by the Byzantine missionaries and crystallized by Dostoevsky, is gone as well. 'Come to confession at four o'clock' might be said to any one of them who asked for Holy Communion, provided that he had received the necessary instruction.

Another significant fact about which I can speak from personal experience illustrates the life of an orthodox community in a Russian D.P. camp with 9,500 inmates. Part of a large hut was arranged and used as a church. A priest of the old school with a long grey beard and mane officiated there daily. As the administration of the camp was under British supervision, church-going did not entail any disadvantages for the inmates; in fact they were quite free to do as they pleased. In spite of this the number of church-goers was extremely small. It never exceeded two per cent of the population of the camp. At the same time one was struck by the almost entire absence of young people among the church-goers; apart from a few young girls, the bulk of them consisted of elderly people. Occasionally young people would come in and would stand gazing around with expressions of undisguised curiosity. Then after a few minutes they would go away again with a look on their faces which said quite clearly 'This is not for me.'

One might raise the objection that these were not the normal population of Russia but the sort of people (known as Displaced Persons) who had undergone a certain degradation under the German Hitlerite system. The normal population of Russia might

¹ 'Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me, a sinner.'

be different. But in a Polish D.P. camp the number of churchgoers was proportionately at least ten times higher.

The Poles were also not the normal home-population, but might be said to have undergone the same 'degradation' as the Russians. Moreover the church in the Polish camp was crowded with young people, who had not come out of curiosity, but who knelt down and prayed fervently.

I was told by the priest in the Russian camp (after the camp had been in existence two months) that he had not the liturgical means of celebrating Holy Communion and that there was, therefore, 'no regular and complete celebration of the Holy Liturgy'. 'But,' he added, 'it is not worth while getting them as repatriation will soon take place.' (As I have mentioned, the camp held 9,500 people, some of whom were old and sick.) In the Polish camp the three officiating priests were not only equipped with everything necessary for their daily services, but they even thought it worth while rebuilding the church hut, and for this work hundreds of men and women formed a chain and by this means bricks from a nearby ruin were moved to the spot, where the building work was in progress, with amazing speed.

Sundays and holidays were public events shaping the whole sequence of life in the Polish camp, whereas in the Russian camp they meant very little more than an increase in the number of naked sun-bathers lying in the meadows.

And yet, incredible though it may seem, it is a fact that the majority of these young Russians, who do not go to church, believe in God. It is not owing to fear or intimidation that they have so little concern for the Orthodox Church. Had it been worth while fighting for they would have shown the same heroism in its defence as they showed against the Nazis. They are neither atheists nor cowards. The reason for their indifference must be sought elsewhere. I tried to find it out by means of personal contact with many different men and women. A detailed record of my experiences would fill a whole book, so I must merely record the final outcome. I found that the reason why people who are neither atheists nor cowards have become so indifferent to the Church of their forefathers is this: the Orthodox Church has forfeited her prestige with the younger generation in Russia. She no longer imposes her leadership either by her moral strength or by her cultural pre-eminence. Russian youth demands a religious life in

which both faith and knowledge, and revelation and culture, are in harmony. They long for that kind of Christian culture, which can be realized only by a cultural Christendom; a Christendom which has accepted, assimilated and made its own concern all things that human knowledge, art and ability can create—what we call Humanism, in fact. Christian Humanism or Humanistic Christianity is the real deep-rooted longing of the new generation in Russia. They are as dissatisfied with a Christianity which rejects intellectual development as a whole, as they are with materialistic and agnostic civilization based on natural science.

The Orthodox Church in Russia, unlike the Catholic Church, is as little humanistic as it is possible to be these days. She took no part in that intellectual endeavour of the West, known as Scholasticism, in which the human intellectual faculties underwent a highly qualified training in lucidity, subtlety and consistency of thought. Nor did the Russian Church share in that movement of the West, known as the counter-reformation, the core of which was the gradual assimilation of secularist humanism by rejection of its heretical elements and by the assumption and further development of all that was noble and acceptable in it. Nor did the Russian Church ever imitate the social and educational efforts of the Catholic Church during the second half of the nineteenth century. In other words the Orthodox Church of the East never ventured to take an active part in the birth and growth of post-mediaeval civilization. She rejected the intellect as such and remained faithful, in the main, to the standpoint of the eleventh century. Thus the Orthodox Church never inspired or carried into effect any improvement in education,¹ any betterment of social conditions or any major movement or school of thought. There are no religious orders which concern themselves with education, charity, or missionary work. The monasteries were centres of self-sufficient contemplative life and did not, like the Benedictines, spread culture and contribute to a higher standard of living. The priests of the Orthodox Church were, as a rule, but poorly educated, their knowledge hardly extending beyond the immediate requirements of the liturgy, the administration of the Sacraments and the Catechism. Being encumbered by large families² they all too often became dependent on fees for the performance of rites, a situation

¹ The foundation of the Academy at Kiev in the seventeenth century was due to the efforts of the Jesuits, sponsored by the Polish State.

² A secular priest was bound to be married.

which entailed a loss of dignity both for the rite and for its minister.

This attitude of the Church towards Humanism made her weak and helpless to combat the problems and trials of the twentieth century. When the Bolshevik authorities started to spread 'enlightenment' among the Russian population by means of cheap pamphlets imparting so-called 'true knowledge' (consisting of the now obsolete doctrines and hypotheses of nineteenth-century popular science) the Orthodox Church could not offer any resistance. Her priests could only condemn the 'new' teachings but they had no arguments at their disposal, nor sufficient knowledge to show up the cheapness and superficiality of that enlightenment. She was too weak to be a match for communism. Though communism is by no means humanistic (since Humanism means the free development of the human personality) it borrowed in its early stages humanistic arguments in its fight against the Church. Now, at a time when the average Russian has had plenty of time to find out that communist humanism is a sham, there remains a void to be filled. Communist humanism was inhuman, Orthodox Christianity was not humanistic. That void can only be filled by humanistic Christianity.

At this stage there is a tendency to fill in the void by eager learning (Russian youth today has a passion for learning anything and everything) and by telling stories of recent miracles and revelations. There was for example a story, and many believed it, of how a church in Eastern Ukraine was turned into a cinema by the communists. The first performance had to be abandoned because of the panic-stricken flight of the audience. Instead of the film, they had all seen on the screen the Mother of God weeping bitterly. The local Soviet tried twice to resume the performances, but failed because the same revelation was repeated each time. The attempt to show films in that church was abandoned. One heard, too, stories of crosses removed from church towers by communists, reappearing in the form of a shining light by night. There were always many eye-witnesses, as for instance in the case of the Virgin of the Cinema.

These stories prove that there is a sense of mystery whether based or not on actual experience, just as there is a passionate desire for education.

The missionary who could appeal to both would win the hearts of all the better Russian youth. At the same time I do not believe that he would be justified in restoring the Oriental Byzantine Rite

where it is already forgotten and has lost its impact. Why provincialize Russia again, now that she has not only lost her traditions but has also got rid of the nationalistic anti-Roman prejudice of Byzantism? Why not smooth those paths which lead into the family circle of Western Christian Culture? If the Poles (who are also Slavs) are content with the Roman Catholic Rite, likewise the Czechs, Slovaks, Croats and Slovenes, why should the Russians not be able to share in the truly international and universal rite?

I shall never forget a married Russian couple with two children, both of them being faithful orthodox Christians, who asked that the Catholic Church should receive their children. 'The orthodox Church is not a Church of the world,' they explained. 'She has no future. Our children must live in the world and they have lost their country. What can we offer them as a new country, except the Catholic Church? There, wherever there is a church and a priest, they will be at home.' So they let their two sons be received into the Catholic Church and had them sent to a Catholic school.

Why should one treat the millions of children in Russia, whose parents have likewise lost their faith in the catholicity of their national Church, in any manner different from the way along which parental love guided that Russian couple? For Russia has lost her national religious traditional culture; she has become a vast field for missionary activity, and will no doubt prove to be a fertile field as soon as the iron curtain is lifted.

THE CHRISTIAN MINORITIES OF THE MIDDLE EAST

By J. W. R. F.

Catholics in the Arab League

IN the days of the old Turkish Empire the periodic massacre of Armenians and other unfortunates served to remind public opinion in England and elsewhere that certain age-old Christian minorities were still in existence throughout the vast domain of the Sultan. But with the collapse of Ottoman rule after the First World War and the gradual emergence of the Arab League, the predominantly Muslim character of the latter appears to have been taken so much for granted that many otherwise intelligent English and American Christians are now surprised to learn that all Arabs are not necessarily followers of Islam. In actual fact the Christian minorities inhabiting lands of the Arab League, including Egypt, number about three million and it is unfortunate that so many Western Catholics ignore the existence here of an appreciable percentage of their co-religionists who follow various of the Eastern Rites. The Christian minorities of the Middle East, both Catholic and Orthodox, are indeed of peculiar interest not only *vis-à-vis* their internal relationship with each other but as regards the predominantly Muslim states of which they form a part.

Early in the present century, the Church of England directed some attention on the existence of Eastern Christians, by the dispatch of the then Archbishop of Canterbury's 'Assyrian Mission' to the Nestorians who inhabit territories now forming parts of Iraq and Syria. The Missioners, however, achieved little as the Nestorians were no more willing to desert their ancient Heresy for the tenets of Lambeth, than they had been to join into either the

Catholic or Orthodox Churches. The outbreak of War in 1914 caused the withdrawal of the Mission and the Nestorians subsequently fell victims to a series of massacres directed against them by their hereditary enemies the Kurds. They vainly pleaded for the grant of Political Independence at various Peace Conferences following the War and are now a pitiable folk of negligible importance, whose Patriarchal head is said to be a youth living in America.

A similar fate seemed likely to overtake their Catholic cousins, the Chaldeans, dwelling round Mosul, where massacres and deportations also took place. But the Chaldean Patriarch, Emmanuel Thomas II of Babylon, was possessed of more political wisdom than the misguided Nestorians. Wisely persuading his people to opt for inclusion in the Kingdom of Iraq, he thus secured for them the protection of King Feisal. He himself actually became one of the Royal Councillors and died only last year, esteemed and respected by all, at the great age of ninety-four.

In Syria, and especially in Lebanon, the number and variety of indigenous Christian communities calls for some detailed comment. There are to be found Syrian Jacobites, Syrian Catholics, Maronites, Greek and Armenian Orthodox, Armenian Catholics and Greek Catholics or Melkites. The latter have actually no Hellenic connexion but are referred to as 'Greek Catholics' because they use the Byzantine Liturgy, similar in almost every way to that of the Greek Orthodox, save that the language employed is Arabic. They are amongst the most influential of the Eastern-Rite Catholics and are particularly close in outlook to the Greek Orthodox communities, especially where direct Hellenic influence amongst the latter is weak. Actually reunited with Rome in the eighteenth century the Greek Catholics look, in the first instance, for spiritual guidance to their own Patriarch, who is the direct successor of St. Peter in the See of Antioch. His Beatitude is accorded a reverence and devotion surpassing anything comparable in the West, save that to the Pope in person, whilst his imposing titles proclaim him Patriarch of Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and all the East of the Melkites, 13th Apostle, Father of Fathers and Bishop of Bishops. The late Patriarch, Cyril IX, who died last year aged ninety-one, was particularly fitted for such high office and was greatly beloved not only in Egypt and the Levant, but also held in high esteem in many parts of Europe and the Americas, where he had travelled widely.

His successor, Maximus IV, seems likely to enhance further the prestige of the Patriarchal throne and has already been received in state by the Presidents of the Syrian and Lebanese Republics. Good wishes and congratulations on his election came not only from Catholic and Orthodox notables, but from such leaders of Islam as the King of Egypt, the Royal Transjordan Government and the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem.

In the Lebanon itself, the Christian population is actually in a slight majority and of this the greater part are Maronites, who are some 300,000 strong. These people are the descendants of those redoubtable Catholics who maintained their loyalty to Rome for centuries, though at times entirely surrounded by Islam. Sturdy and independent, they regard St. Maroun as the founder of their 'nation' and proudly boast that there has never been a heretical or schismatical Maronite! Their present Patriarch is the venerable Beatitude Arida, whose views cannot be ignored by the Lebanese Government, the President of which is actually a Catholic. The Government has, however, on occasion suggested that the Patriarch's great age makes him at times a little out of touch with the complexities of modern politics, this being particularly so as regards termination of the French mandate. The old Maronite qualities of a robust fighting spirit and a refusal to compromise are today displayed by another Prelate, the famous Archbishop Mobarak, who has frequently castigated the Government on a variety of local political matters. Unfortunately, however, His Grace is peculiar among Christians of Arab race in that he favours the establishment of Zionist rule in Palestine, considering that this would provide useful support for an entirely Christian state in the Lebanon. Coupled with his general attack on the Government, this pro-Zionist policy has caused a good deal of commotion and it is understood that, Government efforts to suppress His Grace having failed, he went on a 'rest-cure' to France. This, it was stated, had been arranged by the Vatican, with which the Lebanese Government was the first Arab state to open diplomatic relations.

Whilst the Maronite Patriarch officially resides in the country outside Beirut, the Lebanese capital is itself the seat of the Syrian Catholic and Armenian Catholic Patriarchs, on both of whom the Pope has conferred the rank of Cardinal. This distinction is greatly appreciated by Catholics of the Eastern Rites, but locally it is considered merely as an appendage to the dignity

already enjoyed by the Prelates concerned, in their rôle as Patriarchs.

As in the case of the Greek Catholics, the reason for this extraordinary devotion to the person of their Patriarch by members of each community is to be found in historical development, both religious and political. On the religious side, the old Eastern Patriarchates, particularly of Antioch and Alexandria, were established before Rome acquired its predominant position. Rome certainly gave Christianity to the West, but it did not do so to the Near East. There the Faithful had always looked for spiritual guidance to their Patriarchs and this they continue to do today. Politically the Muslim conquests enhanced the position of the Patriarchs, as the Ottoman Empire used them to control members of the faithful. Thus 'Firmans' issued by the Sultan recognizing the election of various Patriarchs, gave the latter rights of jurisdiction over their Communities to which were attached considerable temporal powers, including that of imprisonment, etc. Traces of this remain today in the Patriarchal Courts where judgements concerning wills, marriages and similar matters are binding on the faithful and are normally enforced by the Civil Power.

Turning to Palestine, the Christian minority there is found to number approximately 140,000, divided into some three-fifths Orthodox and two-fifths Catholic, with a negligible 5,000 Protestants. In Northern Palestine, the Catholic population is mainly of the Greek Catholic Rite and the closest harmony exists between it and the Orthodox. The Greek Catholic Archbishop Hakim of Haifa and Galilee is indeed regarded by both communities as their spiritual leader and protector. His Grace is also recognized by all Arabs as one of the leading Anti-Zionists and thus directs attention to the political views of the indigenous Catholics who are to a man fully co-operating with their Muslim compatriots in endeavours to achieve an 'Arab' Palestine. Similar remarks apply as regards the Orthodox, one of whom in the person of Issa Nachleh Effendi has been most active on behalf of the Arab cause at U.N.O. Meetings in the U.S.A. where he went as official Legal Adviser to the Arab Higher Committee. Actually in and around Jerusalem the local Catholics mostly follow the Latin Rite, being dependant on the Latin Patriarchate, whilst the Greek Orthodox are 'Hellenic' in outlook. This makes for friction over religious matters of which the notorious case of the

Jaffa Excommunications early last year is a regrettable example.¹ Disputes and jealousies over the Holy Places, though mainly affecting clergy of the 'Foreign' Missions, have some repercussion amongst the local Christians. A Catholic Arab Union founded some two years ago, under the direction of the Rev. Ibrahim Ayad, is doing useful work, whilst in Jerusalem itself the Catholic Arabs have their own social club, with a charming club house set in pleasant grounds, at one end of which a garage has been skilfully converted into a chapel, served by the Franciscans from the Terra Sancta College. Some mention, too, must be made of the Armenian Orthodox, whose Patriarch, Cyril, also resides in Jerusalem and who was made much of by the Anglican Moral Leadership School for Protestant members of the Forces, prior to the latter's evacuation.

Across the frontier in Transjordan, some 50,000 Christians are divided into four-fifths Orthodox and one-fifth Catholic. These latter are in turn almost evenly sub-divided into 'Latins' and Greek Catholics. The 'Latin' mission, depending on the Jerusalem Patriarch, has been in existence since the 1870s, but it was only during the lifetime of the late Cyril IX that the Greek Catholics were separated from the control of the former and given their own Diocese. Results have more than justified this step, as the Greek Catholics already equal their Latin brothers in numbers and are continuing to expand. This proves an example of the greater suitability of the Oriental Rites to the indigenous population of the Middle East and bears out the oft-expressed hope of the Holy See that it will be by means of Catholics of the Eastern Rites that the Orthodox will return to Rome. Politically, the Melkite Bishop—the late Mgr. Bulos Saalman—testified before the U.N.O. Commission of Enquiry on Palestine that, as regards Transjordan, his flock enjoyed perfect equality of treatment with their Muslim compatriots, under the wise rule of King Abdullah.

¹ Early in the summer of 1947 the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, the late Mgr Barlassina, publicly excommunicated an Arab-Catholic girl and her mother in Jaffa, following on the girl's marriage with an Arab of the Greek Orthodox faith. This was done only after the bride and her mother had refused to abide by the rulings of the Church and the Patriarch's personal decision on the girl's application. The Greek Orthodox—particularly the 'Hellenic' clique—took great offence. The story became magnified and it was said the Service of Excommunication had been accompanied by all the mediaeval ritual of tolling bells, draped coffin, etc. An appeal had been addressed to the Greek Catholic community in Cairo as to how in charity the Latins could thus behave, when the bride and her mother suddenly made abject submission and returned to their obedience.

In Saudi Arabia and the Yemen no Christian minorities are recorded, but in Egypt there are to be found representatives of all the communities already mentioned. Numerically, there range from 3,000 Syrian Catholics to 25,000 Greek Catholics, or 125,000 Greek Orthodox. The latter are centred on the historic Patriarchate of Alexandria, but are mostly of Greek or Cypriot origin, with only some 10,000 Arab stock. The Patriarchate itself has long been Hellenic in outlook, with all that that implies as regards jealousy and suspicion of Rome. The Catholics themselves total a quarter of a million, but are almost evenly divided between followers of the various Oriental rites and Latins. The latter (French, Italians and Maltese), being of foreign extraction, in many cases do not possess Egyptian nationality and so, like the majority of the Anglican and Protestant communities, are outside the scope of this article. The original Christian inhabitants of the Nile Valley still survive in number, exceeding a million. Known as Copts, they have for centuries adhered to the Copt Orthodox Church, which broke away from the rest of Christendom after the Council of Chalcedon. The Coptic Patriarch also takes his title from Alexandria and the faithful are entirely integrated in the life of the country, in the Government of which many Copt notables hold high office and official positions. The Church is possessed of great wealth, but the Christian 'Fellahin' in the villages of upper Egypt live a primitive life of the greatest poverty. In the eighteenth century a small minority returned to Communion with Rome and just recently the Copt Catholic hierarchy has been reorganized with the reappointment of their own Patriarch. Conversions from Copt Orthodox to Copt Catholic appear to be increasing, the number of Catholics having been 30,000 ten years ago now exceeds 80,000, and which is to some extent due to the great work being done by the Catholic Free Schools Association in the towns and villages of upper Egypt. With 122 schools and 80 dispensaries, the Association is not only ensuring the spiritual rehabilitation of the Copt Catholic villages, but it is co-operating from the social welfare angle with the official Government drive to end poverty, ignorance and disease. In this effort the King, H.M. Farouk I, is playing a prominent part and recently expressed approval of the Association's work by a generous donation to its funds. At present, the 11,000 pupils attending the Catholic Free Schools include many Copt Orthodox, and it is interesting to note that the susceptibilities

of Converts were recently given special consideration by the Copt Catholic Patriarch, who celebrated Easter twice over, according to the Gregorian Calendar in the Delta, and again later in upper Egypt according to the Julian reckoning, which is still followed by the Orthodox.

Some indigenous Protestants exist in and around Assiout, but depend on the American University in that city, and it is doubtful if they would continue indefinitely were all outside contact to be cut off. Politically all the Christian Communities have equal rights before the State and they possess their own Courts for jurisdiction in Matrimonial Cases, Wills, etc. At the present time they are in negotiation with the Government over the whole question of personal status and there have recently been several gratifying signs of mutual co-operation, not only in this matter, but as regards joint celebration in honour of the sixteenth centenary of St. Pachonius and meetings studying Religion and World Order. The Egyptian Government itself established diplomatic relations with the Vatican last year, since when the Papal Internuncio has paid visits not only to the Orthodox Patriarchs, but to Muslim and Jewish religious leaders. Some grounds exist for hoping that a common front may be established between all such 'men of goodwill' who believe in Religion as against the evils of a materialistic and atheistical communism. This, if achieved in such a world centre as Cairo, would be of great benefit all over the Middle East, where some sort of 'rapprochement' between the ideals of the Holy See and Islam seems in progress.

In conclusion, some brief mention must be made of the transfer of Arab Christian culture overseas to the new world of the Americas, both North and South. There emigrants have been numerous, the Melkites alone claim 40,000 in the U.S.A. and there are far more in Brazil and the Argentine. Thus the oldest forms of Christianity not only survive in their original habitat, the age-old lands of the Middle East, but they are proving vigorous and adaptable to conditions in the most up-to-date surroundings of the Western Hemisphere.

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With the individual exception of the Maronite Mgr. Mobarak in the Lebanon, to whom reference has been made above,

the Christian Communities in the Lands of the Arab League are wholeheartedly opposed to the establishment of a Zionist state in Palestine. They have from the start been uneasy as to what the position of their co-religionists in such a state would be if it was established, and unfortunately the course of recent hostilities has done little to remove such fears.

According to the joint statement issued early in the summer by the various Christian Ecclesiastical Authorities in Jerusalem, the main damage inflicted on Churches and Convents there was the work of Zionist forces. Although the latter appear to have behaved in an irreproachable manner as regards Christian establishments in Nazareth, August saw an attack by a Zionist gang on the Greek Catholic (Melkite) Church in Jaffa, from which, according to the protest made by the Melkite Authorities, the Sacred Host was actually removed during the looting of the Altar.

A statement by the Israeli Government ordering sympathetic treatment of Christians and an investigation into Catholic complaints has since been issued.

It also appears that among the hundreds of thousands of refugees fleeing from territory under the control of Israel are at least 40,000 Christian Arabs, whose plight is particularly concerning the Holy See. These people include not only the very poor but many well-to-do Catholic families on whose charitable donations the Holy Places had in the past largely depended for their upkeep. The attempt by Zionist forces to occupy the Apostolic Delegation and the building of the Pontifical School of Biblical Studies in Jerusalem, although both were flying the Papal flag, caused much disquiet, whilst prior to the commencement of hostilities it is considered illuminating to note that the Jewish Agency was conspicuous by being the only Governmental Body of a local nature that did not send congratulations to the Greek Catholic Patriarch, H. B. Maximus IV, upon his election. Felicitations were received from the Arab Governments of Syria, the Lebanon, Transjordan, and from H.M. King Farouk of Egypt, also from the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. In addition a particularly cordial telegram came from the Grand Rabbi of Cairo. This latter serves to draw attention to the absence of any hostility between the Christian Communities and the Jewish Minorities long established in certain of the Arab States.

Unfortunately Zionist successes in Palestine are rendering

the Jews unpopular in the countries round about, and it is no secret that high-ranking Catholic ecclesiastics have pointed out to the Vatican the possibly very grave dangers of this situation should the position deteriorate. The distinction between Jews as such and Zionists has to date been most carefully emphasized and on more than one occasion the writer has heard Christians among leaders of the Arab cause stop to correct a speaker who inadvertently used the word 'Jew' and not 'Zionist' in an hostile sense.

At the present time the Catholic element in the Christian minorities is hoping to rouse the interest of their co-religionists the world over as to the views and the plight of those Catholics who dwell (or dwelt until recently) in Palestine. To these latter the idea that the Land made Holy by the Life and Death of the Saviour of Mankind should be handed over to the descendants of those who crucified Him and who said 'On us and on our children be this responsibility' is anathema. Again and again this view is discussed and repeated in Christian circles, not only by Catholics and indeed not only by Christians, since leading Muslims also have queried as to how the Christian world can in conscience contemplate such a proceeding. That no pronouncement has been made on this point by the Holy See has been a source of profound disappointment to the Catholic minorities, whilst the Greek Orthodox viewpoint is exemplified by the telegram sent at the time of the Lambeth Conference, to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Patriarch of Alexandria, in which His Beatitude expressed his horror at the idea of the establishment of a Zionist State in the Holy Land. The Copt Orthodox Church presumably shares this view as one of its leading ecclesiastics was present at the anti-Zionist meeting organized earlier in the year under the auspices of the great Muslim University of Al-Azhar in Cairo, where on another occasion the writer actually heard an anti-Israel demonstration chanting 'The Cross and the Crescent against the Zionists', which aptly summarizes the position as regards the local Christian minorities.

CAIRO, Sept. 1948.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

By MARTIN TURNELL

'A good criticism is as much a work of art as a good poem; its author deserves his reward in reputation as well as in money.'

J. Middleton Murry in *Countries of the Mind*, I.

I. THE POET AND HIS CRITICS

‘**N**OTHING is less capable of affecting a work of art than criticism. It simply produces a series of more or less happy misunderstandings.’

These words from Rilke’s *Letters to a Young Poet* point to a tension which has long existed between the poet and his critics. Literary criticism as a profession came into being in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and its appearance was the signal for open warfare against the critic. We detect already a touch of paranoia in the violent denunciation of critics in the prefaces to the poems and plays of the period. The violence may have diminished with the passing of time; but when we study their pronouncements with care, we find that poets who were not themselves professional critics have often tried, directly or indirectly, to bring criticism into discredit, to suggest that the critic is no more than a ‘parasite’ who battens on the work of the artist; who, being incapable of writing directly about ‘life’, is condemned to write about it at second hand and to produce ‘books about books’ which at best are ‘more or less happy misunderstandings’ and at worst a dangerous impertinence.

The problem is primarily a psychological one which has not perhaps received as much consideration as it deserves. No one cares for unfavourable criticism, but the poet is in an extremely vulnerable position. If I write a biography or an essay which is condemned as bad, I am naturally annoyed. The fact that I took the trouble to write and publish it shows that I have a better opinion of it than my detractors; but a poem springs from a deeper level, and when it is subjected to unfavourable criticism

the poet feels, very understandably, that he has been attacked in his innermost being.

Yet his attitude towards his critics is often arbitrary and paradoxical. It is arbitrary because he associates unfavourable criticism with the stupidity and excesses of the general public which is always hostile to the really original writer because he disturbs its complacency. It is paradoxical because he must always depend to some extent on public favour. For even the most esoteric writer does not write entirely for himself. He always has an audience, however small and remote, in view.

The act of writing is natural to the poet; it is natural to communicate his vision to others or to another; but he wants to do so on his own terms. He does not care for the indifferent reader, but he cares still less for the critical reader, which means for him the hostile reader, and his defence-mechanism at once comes into play. He cannot admit that his work is without value. If the critic does not like it, it must be because he cannot understand it or has no taste. Why after all should anyone who is not himself a poet presume to criticize him, to lay down the conditions on which he should write or to suggest that his technique might be improved? Why should anyone want to write criticism at all?

Why indeed should anyone want to write criticism at all? At one time or another in his career nearly every critic must have echoed the poet's question. He knows that the poet has his answer ready. 'He writes criticism because he has failed to make the grade as a poet.' Some men have certainly become critics after failing as poets or novelists—Sainte-Beuve is the classic example—but there have been many creative writers who have been distinguished critics as well. The truth is that poetry and criticism are different modes of expression and satisfy different impulses. The critic possesses a dual personality. He is at once an 'artist' and a 'thinker', the 'man of feeling' and the 'intellectual'. He has a speculative mind and is interested in ideas. It is not enough to see and feel; he wants to know why he sees and feels as he does, why certain forms of seeing and feeling are more important than others. He is an artist, but a special kind of artist. I hesitate to use the word 'normal'. It is ambiguous and psychologists have expressed a doubt whether anyone can strictly be described as normal. There is, however, a sense in which most artists are 'abnormal'. They have experiences which are outside

the range of the 'average man' and this gives their work its value. It seems to me that the critic is not simply an interpreter, but a filter between the artist and the public. He is able to project himself into the artist's 'abnormal' experiences, but his reactions are controlled by his intelligence. This enables him to see them in perspective and to relate them to our common experience or, in some cases, to reject them because there can be no relation between the two.

That is one answer, but there is another. If it is natural for the poet to write, it is no less natural for the reader to say what he thinks of his work, to give a reasoned account of his likes and dislikes. Criticism in this sense existed long before it became a special branch of literature, is indeed as old as literature itself. The critic is first and foremost the expert reader and he feels as little inclined as the poet to make concessions, to allow anyone to dictate to him. He has his own integrity to safeguard and his own duties towards the public. The fact that he has set up as a critic, as one whose gifts, taste and training enable him to *judge* literature, places him in a privileged position. Since the poet has published his work, he has automatically invited criticism and the critic will not listen to cries of 'Hands off!' or be deterred from telling the public whether he considers it good or not. This determination and single-mindedness are the real source of the friction between the poet and his critics.

The critic is not merely an expert reader; he is the expert reader who has become articulate and is therefore able in some degree to influence public opinion about poetry. It is sometimes argued that his function is superfluous, that he is only doing what the ordinary reader is too lazy to do for himself. Now this argument will not bear examination. The genuine critic is a highly trained specialist who has devoted years to the study of poetry and whose gifts enable him to understand it better than 'the common reader'. He does not write in order to save the ordinary reader trouble or to do his work for him. His aim is to educate the public, to turn them into expert readers too. He has a duty towards the poet and a duty towards the public. He helps the good poet to communicate his vision to the public and he prevents the public from being taken in by the bad poet.

For this reason, when we embark on the study of a great writer, we should always begin by reading the best book that has been written about him in order to have the benefit of the expert's

perceptions and to avoid missing what the writer has to offer. They are not, or should not be, a substitute for our own perceptions; the good critic is a guide who leads us to make our own discoveries, to find out what a particular writer means for *us*. At a time when the gulf between the artist and the public is wider than it has ever been before, when there is no consensus of informed opinion as there was in the age of Dryden or the age of Johnson, the critic is very far from being the poet's enemy. He is himself one of a minority whose services are indispensable to the poet.

In the pages that follow I shall try to describe the critic's aims and the way in which his mind works. The subject is complicated and controversial and what I have to say will necessarily appear disjointed. But an 'essay' does not pretend to be exhaustive. It can only draw attention to a few aspects of the subject and stimulate further discussion.

II. THE EDUCATION OF A CRITIC

The touchstone is emotion, not reason [said D. H. Lawrence]. We judge a work of art by its effect on our sincere and vital emotion and nothing else. . . . A critic must be able to *feel* the impact of a work of art in all its complexity and all its force. To do so, he must be a man of force and complexity himself, which few critics are. A man with a paltry, impudent nature will never write anything but paltry, impudent criticism. And a man who is emotionally educated is as rare as a phoenix.¹

The education of the critic and the relation between what Lawrence calls 'reason' and 'emotion' are two of the most difficult problems in criticism. I shall begin by saying something about the critic's education and then go on to discuss in greater detail the nature of his sensibility.

When I speak of the literary critic, I am using the term in a restricted sense. I exclude the academic critic, whose choice of author or period is determined by the fact that 'not much work has been done on it', and the professional critic—the man of taste who 'drifts into criticism through unemployability'—whose choice of authors is settled by the review books which form the staple of his weekly article. The critic, properly speaking, is the man for whom criticism is a vocation and who is free to write about the authors he likes without any economic compulsion.

¹ *Phoenix*, London, 1936, p. 539.

We are inclined to assume that criticism is a deliberate act and that our choice of author is a reasoned one. Nothing could be further from the truth. The critic can of course explain the peculiar excellence of the authors whom he writes about, but when he asks himself why he chose an author who possessed those particular excellences he finds himself in difficulties. For the 'reasons' which make us prefer one literature to another, choose a particular period in that literature and write about certain authors in that period are largely determined by unconscious factors, by heredity and environment and by equations which in the last resort turn out to be personal. We may be able to explain why we are particularly attracted by the English literature of the seventeenth century at the present time and why the works of the Metaphysical Poets have a special fascination for us. We can explain, as Johnson could not, why he took the view that he did of Donne's achievement. No doubt other writers will come who will be able to explain even more clearly than we ourselves the nature of our own fascination; but in many cases, perhaps in the majority, we cannot give a purely rational explanation of our preferences. Any account of the critic's education must therefore be personal and, indeed, autobiographical.

I may, for example, be a student doing a course in English literature at the university. I am told that in order to obtain a better understanding of dramatic theory I should look at one or two plays of Racine's. I start to read him, but at first he does not register. I am bewildered by his abstractions, by the absence of the concrete images that I have learnt to look for in the Elizabethans or the lushness of the English and French Romantics on whom I was brought up. I am haunted by remembered dicta about the unities or the alleged artificiality of classical drama. Then I come across this line from *Bérénice*:

Dans l'Orient désert quel devint mon ennui!

Or this from *Phèdre*:

Dieux! que ne suis-je assise à l'ombre des forêts!

I am struck by the immediate impact of the lines. In the first, the poet succeeds in conveying an immense sense of physical and moral desolation by the contrast between the glamorous *Orient* and the sombre *désert* and by delaying all reference to specifically

human emotions until the last two words. The effect of the second line depends on the contrast between the violent drama going on inside Phèdre's mind and the cool, leafy green of the forest which seems for a moment to offer an escape from her torment. It is only an illusion. For the forest leads back into the inner hell from which there is no escape.

It is not until much later that I am able to analyse these lines completely, but the first impact is sufficient to shatter my critical preconceptions, to make me feel that they are poetry by any standards and that my previous judgement must have been premature. I realize that the man who wrote them could hardly have been the staid classic of conventional English accounts or of Gourmont's *mot* that 'he expresses the extremes of passion in a language which is abstract, frigid and almost diplomatic'. I decide that this author deserves a closer study and I go on to the other plays. I perceive that behind the 'formal' language and the 'conventional' phrases there is a passionate attitude towards experience. From Racine I turn to the two other great dramatists of the seventeenth century. When I am in France I am sufficiently interested to see their plays performed. I read Descartes and the moralists, and I gradually acquire a working knowledge of the period.

Without troubling to explain the reasons to myself, and perhaps without realizing what I am doing, I decide to make a special study of French literature. This does not mean that I settle down to write a book on Racine. On the contrary I abandon the seventeenth century, turn my attention to more recent French poets and even begin to write about them. Then a chance encounter—an invitation perhaps to review a book on Racine—takes me back to the seventeenth century. I suddenly discover that Racine has an irresistible fascination for me, that not merely the celebrated single lines but almost every line he wrote has a strange, compelling music of its own. I decide that the time has come to write about him.

The study of a poet begins with the pleasure that we derive from particular passages in his work. The more we read of him, the greater the number of these passages which gradually form a pattern in our minds. The study of a poet, however, cannot be confined to the text of his work. I read Racine, but at the same time I set to work to explore his century in much greater detail, to find out about the lives of Corneille and Racine and their

historical background, to note the differences between English and French literature or the resemblances between Racine and Baudelaire. I ponder Gourmont's comment that 'there was something else in the *Fleurs du mal* besides a *frisson nouveau*; there was a return to traditional French versification'.

In this way I proceed to inform myself about what later critics called Racine's 'literary group', his affinities with the writers who went before and came after him, and the condition of the society which produced him. I read what other critics have said about him. They draw my attention to aspects of his work which I had overlooked and I develop hints dropped here and there by them. Sometimes I disagree with what they have said and this stimulates me to make a different approach. I find that the pattern is becoming clearer, that a portrait of Racine is slowly emerging; a portrait which no doubt resembles those of other writers, but which also differs from them. I observe the way in which certain words and phrases recur—*amour*, *tendresse*, *égaré*, *éperdu*—and I link them to similar words and phrases in other contexts.

I form my own conception of Racine and I develop it by contrasting him with Corneille and Molière, comparing a particular passage in Racine with passages from those writers. I read his life and his personal letters; I detect a streak of cruelty in the man which seems to throw some light on the extraordinary ferocity of the plays. I investigate his religious beliefs and compare his religious upbringing with Corneille's. I return repeatedly to the text of the plays themselves, concentrating at times on a whole play, at others on a single scene or a single *tirade*. I may even draft a general essay on his work, but it is not written at a sitting. I note down salient points and continually reinforce or correct them by relating them to the text, trying as far as possible to 'fill in gaps' in my criticism or to correct opinions which after detailed study of the passages no longer seem to be true. More and more, particular passages and particular lines seem to stick in my mind. Criticism becomes a continuous process which is not confined to the periods when I am actually reading Racine or writing my essay. For in order to write about a poet we must live with him. It is only when he becomes part of the very fibres of our being, when he modifies our whole attitude towards experience, that he is doing his work and we are doing ours. One of the tests of what a writer means to us is whether we can continue to read him for

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pleasure when we have finished writing about him, assuming that one ever can 'finish writing about' a great poet.

In its main outlines my 'portrait' is complete and it necessarily determines my additions. I am no longer trying to construct a picture or a pattern: my picture is there and I am simply trying to illuminate corners which still appear obscure. The process is a slow and, in many ways, an arduous one. The organizing of one's perceptions sometimes reminds me of a jigsaw puzzle, but it is clear that it is not the result of pure reasoning. There is even an element of what can only be described as 'inspiration'—flashes of sudden illumination as a fresh point occurs to me or as a particular passage reveals a new meaning. Even when the study is practically complete, when I think that I have expressed my views on Racine's poetry, his dramatic sense, his conception of life, his development, the place of religion in his art and his peculiar treatment of sexual passion, I still go on adding a sentence here and there until, finally, the day comes when the study is complete or complete within the limits I have set myself.

I stand back and survey it. I compare it with the handiwork of other critics. I find that the 'tender' Racine of the nineteenth-century critics has vanished. In his place I see a man transmuting his own moral defects into great poetry, creating a world peopled with sexual maniacs engaged in a fascinating and terrifying moral obstacle race, keeping us on tenterhooks waiting for the final crash which will swallow up the game and the players.

The writing of criticism is part of the process of the critic's education. When he has finished a study of one great writer, he finds that it has not only changed him, but that he has amassed a vast amount of information about other writers, that he has acquired a comprehensive view of the literature of a country as a whole. He perceives that the French tradition is far more homogeneous than the English. It is impossible to study a single writer or even a single century in isolation. You cannot write about Racine without knowing something of French poetry in the Middle Ages, at the Renaissance and during the nineteenth century. You find yourself comparing writers of another literature with other masters writing in the same language and contrasting them with their English contemporaries. You realize that poets whose work seems devoid of qualities which you have come to look for in English poetry are nevertheless strangely moving; and you discover that the critic's tools improve with use.

All this is evident, but the critic may feel that he is no nearer than before to discovering what determined his choice of literature, period and author. The seventeenth century in France is, in many ways, extremely restful. There is something reassuring about its respect for authority, its belief in Reason, its delight in measure and proportion, its neat maxims resembling a plentiful array of moral signposts, and its pervading wisdom. We might easily conclude that the seventeenth century fascinates us because it offers a momentary escape from our own distracted world, but the truth is less simple than that. Corneille provides a clue in a line in which one of his characters declares

. . . *il déchire mon âme et ne l'ébranle pas.*

The movement of literature is twofold, a perpetual oscillation between tension and stability represented in the Middle Ages by Dante and Villon, Chaucer and Langland, and in the seventeenth century by Bossuet and Pascal, Corneille and Racine. When we reach the nineteenth century, 'stability' appears in the work of Baudelaire and Rimbaud to be eliminated altogether and to make way for unending and well-nigh intolerable spiritual tension. We must, however, distinguish. The twofold movement of literature reflects a profound psychological need—the need to surrender-and-resist, the desire to be *déchiré* coupled with a refusal to be *ébranlé*. The seventeenth century is different from the Middle Ages. Instead of an alternation between periods of tension and stability, we find the double movement going on inside the same period and even inside a single writer. Racine and Baudelaire are more like one another than they are like any other French poets because the poetry of both of them reflects the double movement. We must not make the mistake of thinking that in Racine the tension is local, is tension within a stable world. There are moments in *Phèdre* when we catch a glimpse of a metaphysical 'gulf' which threatens to swallow up Racine's world as surely as the 'gulf' which underlies the world of the *Fleurs du mal*. Nor is it strictly accurate to describe Baudelaire's poetry as 'a return to traditional French versification'. Racine and Baudelaire are almost unique because they both combine a *frisson nouveau* and the classic form. They both express immense tension, but they are both anchored in the classic mould. It is this and this alone which prevents the complete dissolution of emotion and of the human being. The search for stability, the determination that

one's being shall not be *ébranlé*, springs from a desire of 'living dangerously' and a primitive need of sheer self-preservation because once you advance beyond a given point everything goes.

Rimbaud completes the argument. *Le Bateau ivre* is the vessel which carries him away not simply from the world of common experience, but from the discipline exercised by the traditional measures in which his early verse was written. The *Illuminations* are experimental in the extreme sense of the term which has nothing to do with tinkering with traditional versification or inventing fresh technical devices. They record a voyage in uncharted realms and the poet goes into some very dangerous places. The oscillation between tension and stability is replaced by the furious oscillation between 'vision' and 'hallucination', and the dividing line between them eventually disappears:

J'ai essayé d'inventer de nouvelles fleurs, de nouveaux astres, de nouvelles chairs, de nouvelles langues. J'ai cru acquérir des pouvoirs surnaturels. Eh bien! je dois enterrer mon imagination et mes souvenirs! Une belle gloire d'artiste et de conteur emportée!

He saw that his experiments were leading to insanity and collapse, that *hallucination* and *ébranlé* were one and the same. He stops himself on the brink, turns back to 'stability' in the form of *la réalité rugueuse* and abandons poetry.

The seventeenth century therefore *seems* to satisfy a particular need more completely than any other period of literature. Whether it does in fact or whether the need comes with study is, perhaps, more than the critic can safely venture to say.¹

III. THE CRITIC'S SENSIBILITY

Sound literary judgements [said Gourmont] are not purely intellectual; they are mixed with a good deal of feeling. Now feeling diminishes with age, or at any rate the faculty of sympathy is not capable of indefinite extension. The moment comes when the literary productions of new arrivals, even if they still interest us, are no longer able to rouse passionate interest in us.²

Gourmont's distinction presents the appearance of rigorous thought. Good criticism seems to depend among other things on a

¹ It probably explains the present popularity of Existentialism. Existentialism seems to me to be a *weltanschauung* rather than a technical philosophical system. 'Tension' is represented by the *angoisse* which is said to be the primary fact of experience, and 'stability' by the apparent rigour of the philosophical framework.

² *Promenades philosophiques*, I, Paris, 1913, p. 38.

nice balance between intellect and feeling, and bad criticism is very often the result of a disturbance of this balance. He is surely right in suggesting that the decline of the critic is due in the first instance to a blunting of the senses and not to a decay of his intellectual faculties. For it is not enough to 'analyse' a work of art; the critic has somehow or other to give us the 'feel' of a poem or a book.

Yet when we look into it, a doubt arises. We may for convenience' sake distinguish between 'intellect' and 'feeling', 'reason' and 'emotion', the 'reception' and the 'analysis' of a poem, but is the distinction a real one or is it purely conceptual? Can our reaction to a poem really be a blind 'emotion' which 'reason' analyses and classifies in retrospect? Are there really two separate faculties at work in the reading of a poem?

I suspect that Gourmont's distinction is an illusion and that Lawrence used the word 'emotion' in a personal sense. It seems to me that in the critical act what we are pleased to call reason and emotion are inseparable and their working simultaneous. A poem does not exist *in vacuo*. When we speak of a 'poem', we mean one of two things. We mean either a collection of marks on a piece of paper or the experience of the poet as reflected in the *sensibility* of the reader. Any discussion of literary criticism must attempt to define this very elusive term. I do not want to suggest that it is some special faculty which is only to be found in artists and literary critics. It is rather an activity in which the mind seems to work in an unusual way.

It is time to turn now to concrete examples. Here is Stendhal writing on Bossuet, an author who can scarcely have been particularly sympathetic to him:

*Nous trouvons que le style de Bossuet n'a qu'un son, celui de la terreur. Le reste du temps, il a cette majesté terrible de Bonaparte et non cette noblesse arrangée de Louis XIV qui fait le caractère de Buffon.*¹

Stendhal's *sensibility* enables him to detect the predominant note of Bossuet's writings—the note which gives them their permanent validity—and to contrast it with the *noblesse arrangée de Louis XIV* which is characteristic of Buffon. He also perceives the limitations of this style—*il n'a qu'un son*. With a sudden flash of insight the restless, inquiring mind juxtaposes Bossuet and

¹ *Journal*, IV, Ed. Debraye & Royer, Paris, 1934, p. 243.

Bonaparte in a way that brings Bossuet to life, plunges him violently into the troubled present.

These few lines reveal the complexity of the critic's sensibility. It is not a matter of feeling a work or art and then analysing one's reactions or even comparing two modes of feeling, though this is certainly done here. Sensibility includes taste, discernment, perceptiveness, insight. The work of ordering, consolidating, elaborating and judging these perceptions may appear to be analytical. In a sense it is, but only in a sense. For 'perception' is a perception of value which already implies judgement. 'Intellectual discussion' can never be more than an elaboration of the data provided by the critical act.

This point is worth pursuing. We commonly distinguish between 'concrete' and 'abstract' or 'theoretical' criticism. Concrete criticism is supposed to refer to detailed analysis of particular passages of a writer's work, and abstract criticism is supposed to consist of generalizations about the nature of poetry or the nature of tragedy. This distinction seems to me to be untenable. The truth is that there is simply good criticism and bad criticism. All good criticism is concrete and originates in the critic's experience of particular writers, whether it takes the form of verbal analysis or the formulation of some general principle. There is a good example in Baudelaire's essay on Constantin Guys.

There are, he said, two elements in a work of art: 'an eternal, unchanging element' and 'a relative, circumstantial element' which is

... tour à tour ou tout ensemble, l'époque, la mode, la morale, la passion. Sans ce second élément, qui est comme l'enveloppe amusante, titillante, apéritive, du divin gâteau, le premier élément serait indigestible, inappréciable, non adapté et non approprié à la nature humaine.¹

It is an exquisite example of Baudelaire's art and possesses a formal beauty which is rare in criticism. Baudelaire's approach is as concrete as Stendhal's. Far from being a piece of abstract theorizing, his criticism arises directly from the contemplation of Constantin Guys' art and it illustrates the manner in which the great critic 'erects his personal impressions into laws'. For the principle formulated here illuminates the whole of our thinking about art. Sensibility exists in layers. Although the experience of the race is always changing, there is an unchanging element

¹ *Oeuvres*, II (Bibliothèque de la Pléiade), Paris, 1932, p. 326.

which is our basic human nature. It guarantees the continuity of art and the primitive relation between the artist and the world of common experience which prevents his art from sinking into unintelligibility. The second element is transitory and local and is coloured by the immediate environment of the artist. We can see the difference in Baudelaire's own poetry. He was one of the greatest European poets of the nineteenth century because the *Fleurs du mal* record something which happened to human nature as a whole; but their *décor* has not worn well. They contain more that is perishable than the work of any other poet of comparable stature.¹

What are usually described as 'changes in taste' are really variations in sensibility. They explain why the work of certain periods like the seventeenth century suddenly becomes accessible to us and takes on a new meaning for us. They explain, too, why each generation responds differently to the literature of the past, why our own age feels the need of 'tension' while a man like William Morris living in more peaceful times could argue that the function of art is 'the restraining of restlessness'. The sudden popularity of a dead author may be due to one of two causes. It may be a mere change in fashion, a fortuitous correspondence between the second element in his sensibility and the second element in our own; or it may be the result of a genuine critical effort which enables us to pass beyond the surface *décor* and reach the 'eternal, unchanging element' in his work. There is no doubt that Mr. Eliot's work on the seventeenth century—his own practice as well as his criticism—was a genuine critical effort of this kind which altered contemporary sensibility.

In an admirable passage in one of his early essays, Mr. Eliot has himself placed the problem of 'intellect' and 'feeling' in its correct perspective:

Appreciation in popular psychology is one faculty, and criticism another, an arid cleverness building theoretical scaffolds upon one's own perceptions or those of others. On the contrary, the true generalization is not something superposed upon an accumulation of perceptions; the perceptions do not, in a really appreciative mind, accumulate as a mass, but form themselves as a structure; and criticism is the statement in language of this structure; it is a development of sensibility.²

¹ Rimbaud was certainly thinking of this when he complained that Baudelaire lived in too artistic a milieu and that 'la forme si vantée en lui est mesquine'. *Oeuvres complètes* (Bibliothèque de la Pléiade), Paris, 1946, p. 257.

² *The Sacred Wood*, London, 1920, pp. 13-14.

We can take it as axiomatic that the good critic is a man of wide sympathies; that the better the critic, the wider the range of the literature he is able to enjoy. The education of a critic is primarily an extension of sympathy, a deeper response to his authors, or what Mr. Eliot calls 'a development of sensibility'.

It is not necessary to pursue the definition of sensibility much further, and to do so would only lead to abstract discussion of the different modes of knowledge. The critical act is *intuitive*. The mind possesses its object in a manner analogous to Newman's 'real assent' and analysis is never more than the elaboration of this intuition. The 'laws of criticism', in so far as they are valid laws, are not abstract pronouncements. Poetry is written and read because it satisfies certain ascertainable human needs. Concepts like 'unity', 'harmony', 'measure' and 'proportion' originated in the critic's perception of a particular human need *while actually in contact with the work of art*. The same is true of the famous definitions—'pity and terror', 'willing suspension of disbelief', 'objective-correlative'. They are the reactions of sensitive men to particular works of art which have 'formed themselves as a structure'.

IV. CRITICISM AND THE DEPARTMENTAL SCIENCES

The critical faculty is not a machine which can be turned on or off at will and which can be relied on to function with the same accuracy or to give the same results all the time. It works intermittently and its results are usually fragmentary. For this reason there is far more good poetry than good criticism and a poem which is wholly good is far commoner than a really sustained piece of criticism.

Critics themselves have always been preoccupied with the difficulty of evolving permanent standards, and the history of criticism from the seventeenth century down to our own time is largely the history of their attempts to make criticism less of an art and more of a science. The seventeenth century tried to erect the *Poetics* into dogma. They were committed to an absolute 'standard' against which there was no appeal, to what Baudelaire scornfully called *le beau unique et absolu*. Their unscientific appeal to 'Nature', 'Reason', and 'the Rules' did reveal a need to make criticism into a discipline, to prevent it from degenerating into mere 'appreciation'; but it was not until the rise of the

scientific philosophies in the nineteenth century that a serious effort was made to put it on a scientific basis. The most thoroughgoing attempt, as one might expect, was made in France.

The work begun by Descartes reached its logical conclusion in the nineteenth century. Metaphysics was dethroned and its place taken by the positive sciences. Instead of providing the metaphysician with his data, the exponent of the departmental sciences ousted metaphysics and tried to turn his own science into a 'philosophy' which would offer a complete explanation of the universe.

Taine's distinction between 'method' and 'system' in criticism has always seemed to me to be little more than a quibble, at least so far as his own practice was concerned; but it was Sainte-Beuve and Taine who made the first serious attempt to write scientific criticism. Sainte-Beuve dwelt on the importance of discovering the individual writer's 'literary group', believed that criticism should be 'a natural history of minds' and compared his own science to that of the botanist; and Taine produced his famous theory of the *race*, the *moment* and the *milieu*.

While they both did useful work on occasion and made some important discoveries about the genesis of literature, we are more conscious today of the shortcomings of their approach than their achievements. Sainte-Beuve displayed great diligence in the enumeration and classification of the different kinds of sensibility, but he was no more able than the botanist to make any pronouncement about the value of his specimens. Taine's great illusion was that once you had discovered the race, the moment and the milieu, you could go on to deduce the sort of art that they produced. The results of this theory were sometimes extremely unfortunate. For Taine's scientific determinism left no place for the most important factor of all—the individual artist whose genius is unpredictable. He was so convinced that certain conditions *must* produce a certain type of artist who would write a certain type of book that he was unable to see the man who actually wrote the book or to understand the book that he had written. When he had described the genesis and characteristics of a work of art, or what he supposed to be its genesis and characteristics, he was no more successful than Sainte-Beuve in deciding on its artistic value. His preoccupation with the departmental sciences led him to turn literature into a branch of sociology whose chief interest lies in the information it provides about the life of

the society in which it was written or the data it supplies to the science of psychology. Thus we find him writing in the concluding paragraph of his study of Balzac :

With Shakespeare and Saint-Simon, Balzac is the greatest storehouse of documents that we have on human nature.¹

Nor should this be dismissed as a solitary aberration of a nineteenth-century scientist. In our own time, Ramon Fernandez declared that

The great, the incalculable importance of Stendhal's work lies less in its intrinsic worth than in the information it provides about the respective characteristics of the autobiography and the novel.²

It is clear from passages like these that instead of making criticism scientific, science may very well lead backwards to the grammarians of earlier centuries who were much more concerned with ensuring that a work of art conformed to the rules of its particular *genre* than with its artistic merits.

While the nineteenth-century critics may have failed in their immediate object, this does not mean that the departmental sciences offer no assistance to the critic. It would be idle to deny that recent advances in psychology have been of considerable benefit to criticism, but with the psychologist it is more than ever necessary to be on one's guard against the dangers inherent in the scientific approach.

The principles of psycho-analysis can only have a limited application to literature. Freud's theory of artistic creation as a form of wish-fulfilment is not of much practical value and only describes some kinds of art. His monograph on Leonardo da Vinci is an amusing little fantasy—I am reminded of Giovanni Papini's description of him as 'a novelist who had mistaken his vocation'—but it will hardly be maintained that he makes good his claim that psycho-analysis 'enables us to understand the manifestations and limitations of his [Leonardo's] art'.

Psycho-analysis is useful mainly because it helps us to appreciate more clearly what a work of art is 'about' by drawing attention to the unconscious impulses at work in the artist's mind ; and it throws a good deal of light on the symbolism and myths which are found in nearly all good art. It makes possible a more

¹ *Nouveaux essais de critique et d'histoire*, 3rd Ed., Paris, 1880, p. 93.

² *Messages*, Paris, 1926, p. 94.

thorough analysis of a writer's style by focusing our attention on the different possible associations a word may have for a poet. Indeed, I am inclined to think that its main contribution to criticism is that its emphasis on the complexity of language makes the critic a better and more careful reader.

Nearly all recent developments in criticism can be traced, directly or indirectly, to tendencies which were at work in the practice of Sainte-Beuve and Taine. Their criticism is important for two reasons. It shows that literature must be considered in relation to the society which produced it and that it may have other values besides its purely literary value. It also shows that provided the critic is discreet in his use of them, he may learn something from the departmental sciences.

It contains, however, a lesson which we should be unwise to overlook. It demonstrates very forcibly that criticism can never become scientific in the strict sense. There can be no absolute standards in criticism which are extraneous to literature and no discipline which is outside the critic himself. The only discipline is provided by the text of the poem. There always comes a moment in criticism when the critic must abandon his rules and theories and rely on his 'personal impressions' to tell him whether a poem is good or not. For science can never be a substitute for sensibility and can never absolve the critic from personal responsibility for his own judgements. In suggesting that it could, the nineteenth-century critic performed a disservice to criticism which had disastrous consequences.¹

V. CRITICISM AND BELIEFS

Whatever the weaknesses of nineteenth-century critics, there can be no doubt of the seriousness of their intentions. Their experiments sprang from a deep-seated need of synthesis, a need to discover a cast-iron system which would find a place for art and, at the same time, provide the critic with an infallible criterion for deciding whether it was valuable or not. They failed because they tried to put the clock back. Their work was a disguised return to the *moralisme* of earlier centuries, an attempt by a sceptical but puritanical age to *justify* the arts it practised.

¹ There is an interesting discussion of this point by G. S. Fraser and D. W. Harding in two papers on 'The Critic and Psychology' and 'The Psychologist and Criticism' in *The Changing World*, No. 4, May-June-July, 1948.

The breakdown of the purely utilitarian systems and an obscure realization of the cause has created a new situation. It has led in our own time to the introduction of religious and political criteria, to the two most obvious manifestations of *la littérature engagée*.

We expect religion to provide an explanation of the universe and to find a place for all human activities. It is no accident that the political creed which has been most occupied with art presents many of the characteristics of a substitute-religion. I do not propose to enlarge on the damage done by Marxism. It is sufficiently well known. It is only right to add, however, that though Marxism is the worst example of the evils of this approach, it is not the only one. We may dislike it, but we can scarcely derive delight or instruction from *After Strange Gods*; and the presentation of Francis Thompson as a great Catholic poet or Charlotte Yonge as a great High Church novelist shows to what lengths this sort of thing may be carried.

Yet these extravagances do not invalidate the impulse which produced political criticism. It is a subject on which Baudelaire has spoken with the finality of the great critic:

Criticism [he said] must be partial, passionate and political, that is to say, it must be written from an exclusive point of view, but from the point of view which opens up the widest horizons.¹

It is idle to talk of 'erecting one's personal impressions into laws' unless one possesses a body of principles to which they can be related and which will give them weight and coherence. Baudelaire uses the words 'exclusive point of view', not 'philosophy' or 'system', and we may be sure that he did so intentionally. The critic does not need a formal philosophy; he needs a wide and generous conception of man's nature and destiny. It is of the essence of beliefs that they cannot be applied dogmatically, that they 'open up the widest horizons' instead of systematically reducing visibility. They cannot be external to the work of art; they should be so completely absorbed that they are part of the critic's psychological make-up and diffuse a wisdom which illuminates his individual judgements and enables him to turn literary criticism into a criticism of the human situation.

It is commonly assumed that there is a necessary objective connexion between religious or political beliefs and the writers

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 64.

whom one admires; but people who enjoy or profess to enjoy the writers approved of by orthodoxy usually show that they are either dishonest or have no taste. It seems to me to be extremely doubtful whether there is any objective connexion between membership of the Catholic Church, an admiration for Proust and an intellectual contempt for socialism—it would be perfectly possible to vary the first and last terms and still retain the middle one—but there must clearly be a connexion in the critic's mind. It cannot be too strongly urged that criticism is not an isolated activity; it must have behind it the whole force of the critic's personality; and unless he succeeds in harmonizing his views on the most important human activities his thought will lack the unity and the 'passion' for which Baudelaire called.

When we consider the beliefs of the artist or the critic, we are not concerned to decide whether they are true or not. We are simply concerned to decide whether they helped to produce a good poem or a good criticism or whether the work would have been better without them. Baudelaire was a finer critic than either Taine or Gourmont because among other things his personal beliefs opened up wider horizons than Taine's determinism or Gourmont's subjective idealism of which he was so inordinately proud.

VI. THE LANGUAGE OF CRITICISM

When literary critics discuss their art, they seldom pay as much attention as they should to the critic's language. There is an important difference between literature and philosophy. Literature is not the preserve of the specialist. It is written for the ordinary educated reader. For this reason criticism does not possess a formal language like philosophy and the sciences, to which a few fresh terms can be added when a new theory is invented. There are a number of familiar terms which seem to belong peculiarly to criticism; but its specialized vocabulary, in so far as it has one, is largely a patchwork of terms borrowed from philosophy, natural science, anthropology, sociology and even economics. The result is that in unskilful hands criticism is often vague and pretentious.

In certain kinds of writing, particularly in art criticism and literary criticism [writes Mr. George Orwell], it is normal to come across long passages which are almost completely lacking in meaning. Words like *romantic*, *plastic*, *values*, *human*, *dead*, *sentimental*,

natural, vitality, as used in art criticism, are strictly meaningless, in the sense that they not only do not point to any discoverable object, but are hardly even expected to do so by the reader.¹

No one denies that a good deal of literary criticism and reviewing is in fact mere verbiage, mere shuffling of counters. Nor can we deny that critics indulge in this form of verbiage to a greater extent than almost any other writers except political writers. At the same time, Mr. Orwell's comment strikes me as an overstatement. Nearly all the words that he gives in his list, as I shall try to show, can be defended in their proper context provided that the critic is a genuine critic who is making proper use of his tools.

Although experience is continually altering and the judgements of past critics are always being upset, criticism is a collective process. The critic does not stop short at individual judgements. Whether he realizes it or not, he is always trying to answer the question which has been formulated by different ages in different terms: 'What is Beauty?' 'What is aesthetic experience?' 'What does poetry *do* to us?'

While art varies from one age to another, while the accent falls in different places opening up fresh perspectives, the fundamental human emotions remain the same. At bottom the seventeenth-century man is the same as the nineteenth-century or the twentieth-century man, or rather he is the same within the limits suggested by Baudelaire's distinction between the two elements in art. Since the critic is trying to describe the emotions and the means of expression of the same person, it is natural that he should acquire a special vocabulary which is itself a reflection of the standards that he applies. If it did not exist, every critic would have to make a fresh start and no progress would ever be made.

Now the use of this vocabulary is not free from danger. Words and phrases which no longer correspond to any genuine experience degenerate into counters—into critical *idées reçues*—which prevent the critic from reading what is in front of him. The result is that critical definitions can never be accepted blindly; their validity must always be tested before they can be used again. The concept of 'unity' is still valid because it seems to correspond to something permanent in human nature; but 'sublimity', which was dear to Longinus and the Renaissance critics, has long ceased to have any

¹ In an article on 'Politics and the English Language', *Horizon*, Vol. XIII, No. 76, April 1946.

useful meaning. Arnold's 'high seriousness', which was a product of Victorian *moralisme*, prevented him from understanding and enjoying what Chaucer had to offer and is a perfect illustration of the way in which language may become a barrier between the critic and his author. His 'criticism of life' is no better. It has never been anything but a nuisance—a woolly phrase which has been used by generations of lazy examiners to torment unhappy examination candidates.¹

It is time to return now to Mr. Orwell's list of meaningless terms. A critic is concerned to decide whether a work of art is good or bad, whether or not it is worth reading, and it seems right and proper that he should speak of its 'values', that he should go further and speak of the civilized or emotional values on which it rests. 'Romantic' is a dangerous label; we can no longer use it as a word of praise or blame; but it is permissible to use it to describe the characteristics of a particular period of literature or even a particular tendency of literature. The words 'dead', 'sentimental' and 'vitality' all seem to me, when properly used, to be clear, legitimate and useful. The poet is by definition one whose reactions to experience are more coherent and more orderly than our own, who is more sensitive and gifted with greater insight than ourselves. 'He is,' as Richards well says, 'the point at which the growth of the mind shows itself.' It follows that his art must stimulate us to see things we have missed, to react more

¹ The detailed study of a critic's style often gives a clear picture not merely of his personal limitations, but of the limitations of his age. Compare the following examples:

'More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry' (Arnold).

'L'Idéalisme signifie libre et personnel développement de l'individu intellectuel dans la série intellectuelle; le Symbolisme pourra . . . être considéré par nous comme le libre et personnel développement de l'individu esthétique dans la série esthétique; et les symboles qu'il imagine ou qu'il expliquera seront imaginés ou expliqués selon la conception spéciale du monde morphologiquement possible à chaque cerveau symbolisateur' (Remy de Gourmont).

The first passage is evidently the work of a man living in an age of confusion and uncertainty who is trying to find some sort of spiritual foothold. His outlook is essentially unphilosophical. The attempt to make poetry a substitute for religion, and the tell-tale words 'console' and 'sustain', explain many of Arnold's shortcomings as a critic, particularly his judgements on Dryden and Pope. The second passage is the work of a man living in a country where philosophy very properly forms part of the critic's education. He handles the philosophical terms with the sureness of an expert; but it would not be difficult to show that the system which he favoured was responsible for many of his weaknesses as a critic. Even in this passage we are aware of something small, remote and rather dry about the writer's outlook. For Gourmont's scepticism no longer seems the brilliant intellectual advantage it was once thought to be. It now appears as a defect of intelligence which prevented him from being a better critic than he was and still more of a disadvantage than Arnold's sentimentality.

sensitively than we normally do, to shed our conventional ways of seeing and feeling. We can, I think, conclude that one of the aims of poetry is 'to have life and have it more abundantly' or, to use an Aristotelian term, that it is an increase in *being*, that it leads to a wider, richer and fuller life, that it possesses, in short, 'vitality'. The opposite is also true. A work of art which fails to stimulate and which is written in a hackneyed, conventional style is 'dead'. Another book may appear to be written with great gusto, but when we look into it we find that the emotions expressed are not genuine, that they are false, exaggerated or 'sentimental'.

VII. THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM

It is no doubt partly on account of the hostility of poets that nearly all great critics have attempted at one time or another to justify their art, to explain the function of criticism. I hope that what I have already said has given some indication of the value of criticism, but as a summing-up I propose to glance briefly at some of the views expressed by critics themselves:

Its [criticism's] business is, as I understand it, simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas. (Arnold: *Essays in Criticism*, First Series.)

The critic like the philosopher creates values . . . Sainte-Beuve fixed the character of almost all French writers and of all men and women who played a part in intellectual life from the Renaissance until beyond the middle of the nineteenth century. (Gourmont: *Promenades philosophiques*, I.)

In order to be a good critic, indeed, one must possess a strong personality. The critic must impose himself on the reader and to this end he must rely not on the choice of subject, but on the quality of his own mind. The subject is of small importance in art, or at any rate, it is only one part of art; it is of no more importance in criticism where it is never more than a pretext. (Gourmont: *Promenades littéraires*, I.)

Criticism . . . must always profess an end in view, which, roughly speaking, appears to be the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste. (T. S. Eliot: *Selected Essays*.)

The function of criticism is . . . primarily the function of literature itself, to provide a means of self-expression for the critic. (J. Middleton Murry: *Countries of the Mind*, I.)

Although Mr. Eliot once described Arnold as a 'propagandist for criticism rather than a critic', there is very little difference

between their views of the critic's function. The critic must clearly be a man of judgement who is capable of recognizing 'the best that is known and thought in the world', and it must be his aim to make his readers share his recognition. It is not enough to write good studies of individual writers. He must see European literature as a whole and must be able to assign individual writers to their proper place in the hierarchy. One of his most important tasks is the 'revaluation' and re-interpretation of the writers of the past for his own time. It is in this sense that he becomes, in Gourmont's words, 'a creator of values'.¹ He can only accomplish these tasks by 'elucidating' the works of art with which he is dealing. It sometimes appears to be one of the advantages of the critic's *métier* that he is highly paid for copying long passages out of other people's books; but one of the tests of a good critic is the number and felicity of his quotations and his skill in verbal analysis. A study of a great writer should always be a miniature anthology of his finest lines; it is the only way of 'correcting taste'.

The critic tries to influence output both by creating 'a current of true and fresh ideas' and by 'correcting taste'. Once he distinguishes between 'true' and 'false', 'fresh' and 'stale' ideas, he begins to formulate standards or 'values'. Nor is he confined to what are misleadingly known as 'literary values'. When Arnold used the word 'true' he had already gone beyond literature and was looking at the society which produced it and was criticizing it. For the critic of literature is bound in the end to become a critic of social and political values; but in so far as he is a literary critic, he criticizes them through literature. We may have doubts about the 'truth' of Arnold's ideas on religion and poetry and his interests are not always identical with our own; but his great essay on 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time' and most of *Culture and Anarchy* are magnificent pieces of social criticism which are as alive today as when they were written.

Mr. Murry, and Gourmont in the quotation from the *Proménades littéraires*, make another important point. Unlike Arnold and

¹ Although I cannot entirely share Gourmont's admiration for Sainte-Beuve, the essay on 'Sainte-Beuve Créateur de Valeurs', from which this quotation comes, is a remarkable defence of that critic. The principle which he enunciates, however, seems to me to be of permanent value. One of Mr. Eliot's chief claims to fame is that he created the values of the contemporary Elizabethan dramatists and the Metaphysical Poets.

Mr. Eliot, they are not writing as poets. They are therefore less concerned with the usefulness of criticism than with criticism as an art, and they are saying very much what Lawrence said when he declared that the critic 'must be a man of force and complexity himself'. Criticism may influence output, correct taste and comment on social and political movements, but it is also, in Mr. Murry's words, a 'particular art of literature' and 'a means of self-expression for the critic'. The critic expresses himself through other artists. He must do so without distorting their vision, but he must in fact communicate himself to the reader. And the value of the personality which he communicates is no different from that of many other artists. He possesses a powerful personality and through his meditation on life and art he acquires a peculiar wisdom of his own. Among modern critics Lawrence is a pre-eminent example. His criticism has had far less practical influence than Mr. Eliot's; but *Studies in Classic American Literature* and *Phoenix* are not simply great criticism; they show that Lawrence, with his immense emphasis on life, possessed incomparably the most powerful personality among modern European critics and that from an artistic point of view his criticism is satisfying in a way that Mr. Eliot's is not.

I think that we can assume that in criticism, as in other forms of literature, there are two elements—the eternal and the transitory. We read some critics—Gourmont is an example—because they can still sharpen our own perceptions and because their judgements still seem to be valid, but the personality which they express is neither very attractive nor very impressive. On the other hand, we go on reading the work of certain dead critics long after it has ceased to offer practical assistance and in spite of the apparent wrongness of its judgements because of the personality of the critic. It is for this reason that though Johnson's particular judgements are no longer of great interest to us and his methods are outmoded, *The Lives of the Poets* with their massive common sense remain great criticism and great literature which we continue to read and re-read.

GEORGES BERNANOS

An Interim Estimate

By FRANK MACMILLAN

WHEN the death of Georges Bernanos was announced on 5 July of this year, his fellow-writers were unanimous in proclaiming him as one of the prophets of the present century. He was one of the few men who had made their names between the wars of whom it could be honestly said that the younger generation of French intellectuals waited for his words and found in them some interpretation of the anguish which has inspired writing so diverse as the novels and plays of Sartre, *La Peste* of Camus, the 'concentration camp' literature of Rousset and others, and *Monsieur Ouine* of Bernanos himself.¹

Yet it is a measure of the greatness of Bernanos that *Monsieur Ouine*, which was first published in France in 1946, was written ten years before, with the provisional title of *La Paroisse Morte*. The delay in its publication may be explained in part by the extraordinary confusion of the narrative:² but it forms an appropriate final comment on the world he was leaving. Those who had followed his work felt that Bernanos alone was the novelist capable of extracting an artistic significance from the modern world, faced with the alternatives of annihilation or omnipotent materialism. But Bernanos had nothing more to say. This was exactly what he had predicted incessantly for so long. No words can better describe his visionary powers better than those which he employed to describe Léon Bloy.

He seems to have spelled out, as though in a dream, the name of the new Gods, to have wandered in the Dachaus and Buchenwalds, or other death-camps which we do not yet know, which we will never know—out there on the frontiers of Asia or on the shores of the Arctic Ocean: he has breathed the odour of the crematoria, felt on his skin the thick human soot; he has seen towns

¹ 'Post-War French Literature', by Henri Clouard. *THE DUBLIN REVIEW*, Autumn 1947, pp. 126 seq.

² 'It plunges determinedly into the disorder of damnation.' Clouard, *ibid*, p. 131.

crumbling beneath the moon, and the sky of God, the innocent sky, opened from end to end by the blinding flash of the atomic bomb. His witnessing is not that of a man who foresees, but of one who sees, who is alone in seeing . . . his eyes fixed on this point of history, with outstretched finger, amidst the dreadful crowd of idlers.¹

Bernanos saw a dead world as he had already imagined a dead parish. But it was not his temperament to despair nor to give up the fight. At the end of his struggle in the American hospital at Neuilly against the kidney disease which killed him, his last recorded words were those of a fighter. '*A nous deux, maintenant*', he exclaimed to some invisible antagonist. 'It was not to Death that he addressed this mysterious phrase, nor to God, but to him whom he had fought all his life, whom he had never ceased to denounce to a world forgetful of the invisible: it was to Satan who was assailing him for the last time and whom he was about to conquer.'²

Georges Bernanos was born in Paris in 1888. On his father's side he was of Spanish and Lorraine descent. He was educated by the Jesuits in the College of the rue de Vaugirard, where he made his first Communion in 1899.³ He graduated in Law and Arts and then took up a career in Insurance, which doubtless gave him that insight into human misery and baseness which he described so powerfully in his novels. It also gave him those habits of writing which remained with him till the end. His first novel, *Sous le Soleil de Satan*, was written in railway carriages and at café tables; and he never lost the feeling that it was only in cafés that he could write—slowly, painfully, with laborious inspiration and innumerable corrections. There is a scene towards the end of *Un Crime*, in which the protagonist is writing her last letter, which describes pretty accurately Bernanos' own method of composition. No writer of our day smacks less of the study.⁴

Politics were not long in attracting him: and, as befitted the future biographer of Drumont, he became a Royalist. His first writings were in a small weekly—*l'Avant-Garde* of Rouen, which he edited from September 1913 to August 1914. He had also been a very militant 'militant'. M. Georges Morizot, now a Communist, describes him in 1908:

¹ Dans *l'Amitié de Léon Bloy*. Plon, 1947.

² *La Gazette des Lettres*, 24 July, 1948. Article by M. François le Grix.

³ One of his school contemporaries was General de Gaulle.

⁴ '*J'écris sur les tables de cafés parce que je ne saurais me passer longtemps du visage et de la voix humaine. . . . Ainsi . . . j'écrivais jadis dans les wagons de chemins de fer, pour ne pas être dupe de créatures imaginaires*' (*Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune*).

I knew Bernanos at the beginning of the *Action Française*. He was at that time wonderfully handsome, slim, tall, blond. Already he was very Catholic and a monarchist to his finger-nails—as he remained till his death. . . . We had been picked up in some demonstration or other and I had copped a month, he fifteen days. During the day we were treated as political prisoners, along with the Socialists of *La Guerre Sociale* and about thirty anarchists and syndicalists—tough, burly customers, whom Georges was trying to convince. One day there was a wild fight. . . . The warders came running with their revolvers. Everyone was put in the cells.¹

In the First World War Bernanos served for four years as a soldier and took part in the battle of Verdun. He always remembered his service with pride and spoke tenderly of the generation of men who had fought in that war with such heroic patience, like stolid workmen.²

It was not till 1922 that he published any fiction. In that year Robert Vallery-Radot read his short story, *Madame Dargent*, and advised Francois le Grix, the editor of *La Revue Hebdomadaire*: 'Publish this story. It has traces of genius.' Four years later it was again Vallery-Radot who read the draft of *Sous le Soleil de Satan*, and exclaimed, 'But do you realize, Bernanos, that this is prodigious? Will you be able to write a whole novel at that pitch?' With the publication of that novel Bernanos created a reputation and a legend. Yet he insisted time and again, 'I am not a writer. The mere sight of a sheet of white paper harasses my soul.'³

In 1928 he published his second novel, *L'Imposture*. Its sequel, *La Joie*, obtained the *Prix Femina* in 1929. Then came a long silence (in fictional output) followed by *Un Crime* (1935) and his masterpiece, *Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne* (1936), which received the *Grand Prix du Roman* of the Academy. *La Nouvelle Histoire de Mouchette* (1937) concluded his series of novels; for, though *Monsieur Ouine* was not published till 1946, it was announced by his publishers at the time of publication of the *Journal*, which it probably preceded in draft and inspiration.⁴ There has been no indication that he was working on any other novel since the war.

In 1933 Bernanos was badly injured in both legs in a motor-

¹ *Quartier Latin 1908*, by Georges Morizot. *La Gazette des Lettres*, 24 July, 1948.

² He married in 1917. The family name of his wife was Lys d'Arc and the family claimed direct descent from a brother of Joan of Arc.

³ *Les Grands Cimetières*.

⁴ M. Luc Estang gives the first date of *Monsieur Ouine* as 1934, in his interesting study, *Présence de Bernanos* (Plon, 1947), to which Bernanos' essay, *Dans l'Amitié de Léon Bloy*, forms an introduction.

cycle accident. This, besides being the origin of the curious motor-cycling scene in the *Journal d'un Curé de Campagne*, also explains why Bernanos, despite his eminent combativeness, did not take a more active part in the recent war—a fact which apparently astonished some unfriendly critics. In 1936 he was in Majorca when the Spanish Civil War broke out. At the beginning Bernanos had declared for the Nationalists and his eldest son even joined the Falange and rose to the rank of lieutenant. But the incidents of Majorca turned him completely against the Franco side. It is likely that he was more influenced in this *volte-face* by his detestation of the policy of Mussolini than he ever admitted. After Munich he left France for Brazil 'to forget his shame', as he put it, at France's abdication. There he wrote his wartime articles and the famous *Lettre aux Anglais*. Finally he returned to France in 1945, tried to settle somewhere and eventually went to Tunisia, whence he returned to Paris this year, too late, for the operation which failed to save his life.

During the last ten years he had abandoned the novel. But his tracts—commentaries on the contemporary world disasters—were received with something like trepidation. In 1931 his commentary on the life of Drumont had caused some hurried reclassification: obviously Bernanos was not just one Catholic writer among his contemporaries. *Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune* in 1938 confirmed his reputation as an unpredictable, *un enfant très terrible*. Thereafter the events of contemporary history claimed all his work. *Nous Autres Français* (1939) and *Le Scandale de la Vérité* (1939) were outraged protests against the sell-out of the honour of France. The *Lettre aux Anglais* (1943) was a proud assertion of her claim to have begun the redemption of that honour. With *La France contre les Robots* (first published in Brazil in 1945) he foretold the doom of the modern materialistic world and proclaimed his faith in France and in the Christian tradition to win out against the disaster. Finally his *Chemin de la Croix des Ames*¹ (1948) collected his wartime articles written in Brazil for Free French and Allied papers throughout the world and forms the résumé of all the themes which appear in his work.

His work as a polemist achieved what he considered an undue importance. In the first place, he preferred to think of himself as a witness to what he thought was the truth, rather than as a sterile

¹ Named after the path which ran past his house in Pirapora, Brazil—called Cruz das Almas in memory of some early martyrs.

controversialist. He attempted to understand the causes of the mortal malady of the world and to warn it of the fate in store for it.¹ If he had dislikes (for example, Academicians, 'social' Christians, and financiers) he refused to admit that his antipathies were aimed at the persons, but rather at their doctrines, compromises and errors.

People who don't know me well often consider me a fanatic; a pamphleteer. I repeat once more that a polemist is amusing till he is twenty, tolerable till thirty, a crashing bore about fifty and obscene thereafter. Far from agitating myself, I spend my time trying to understand.²

Apart from his novels and *témoignages*, Bernanos also wrote two long-short stories *Madame Dargent* (1922) and *Une Nuit*: and the lives of two Saints, *Saint Dominique* and *Jeanne Relapse et Sainte* (1934). In some ways his short essay on St. Joan is the best introduction to his work. It contains all the themes he was never tired of expounding—the virtue and rightness of courage, the folly of temporizing, the mystic value of childhood, the glory of military honour, the triumph of failure, the strength of that which in the eyes of the world is weak.

* * *

In *Sous le Soleil de Satan* there appear all the classic Bernanosian themes and characters, qualities and faults. The action revolves round the personalities and destinies of a depraved young girl, Mouchette, and a saintly country priest, Fr. Donissan, whose first revelation of his vocation to read souls is given him in order to save her from the consequences of attempted suicide under the possession of Satan. In almost all Bernanos novels these figures reappear—priests³ and young girls with extraordinary powers and destinies. In *L'Imposture* and *La Joie* the girl is Chantal. In *Un Crime* the protagonist—Evangeline—is only named once: and by what appears to be an extraordinary lapse, she is given the same

¹ 'Je n'espère pas beaucoup vivre demain dans un monde libre. Je crains, pour la liberté, une crise terrible qui mettra en péril de mort la chrétienté universelle.' (Extract from an autobiographical fragment published in *La Nef*, Paris, August 1948.)

² *Les Grands Cimetières*.

³ In an interview after the publication of *Un Crime* he said: 'On m'accuse volontiers d'avoir l'obsession du prêtre. Il serait plus équitable de dire que je l'aime. Je m'épuise littéralement à le comprendre—aimer c'est comprendre—et il m'échappe toujours.' Quoted by Estang, p. 162.

name as her victim. In the *Journal* the Countess and her daughter (again called Chantal, though different both in identity and character from her namesake in *La Joie*) play dominating roles. The *Nouvelle Histoire* again shows the action pivoting on a young girl; and once more the name Mouchette is given to a new character. Only in *Monsieur Ouine* do we find that the main action does not concern a woman, though Jambe-de-Laine has a significant part in elucidating the confusion of this strange story.

Priests also play a very important part in almost every Bernanos novel. Fr. Donnisan dominates *Sous le Soleil de Satan*; Fr. Chevance is the saintly failure of *L'Imposture* and his pendant is Fr. Cénabre, a scholarly priest who discovers with despair that he has lost his Faith. Cénabre reappears in *La Joie* when the death of Chantal (carrying on the mission of her confessor, Fr. Chevance) permits him to recover Faith. A priest is one of the two victims of the murderess in *Un Crime*. The beaten and despairing parish priest of Fénouille, the dead parish, preaches a sermon which gives the clue to the sombre incoherence of *Monsieur Ouine*. It is hardly necessary to stress the preponderant roles of the priests in the *Journal*—the *curé* of Ambricourt himself; his friend and counsellor, the *curé* of Torcy; and the renegade Fr. Dufréty who gives final absolution to the protagonist. The only novel in which no priest appears is the *Nouvelle Histoire de Mouchette*.

The minor characters, though they are shrewdly enough observed and individualized, tend to play interchangeable roles. The Count in the *Journal* and the Marquis in the *Soleil de Satan*: the writers Saint-Marin (*Soleil de Satan*) and de la Clergerie (*La Joie*); the doctors in the *Journal* and *Monsieur Ouine*; the magistrates in *Un Crime* and *Monsieur Ouine* play not dissimilar parts. And, of course, Satan (though he is by no means a minor character) is present, nominatively or implied, in every narrative.

Consider, too, the similarity of sites and themes. Almost all the novels are situated in the North of France, Normandy, Artois and the borders of Flanders. The action revolves round a house, a presbytery, a parish. The themes of murder, suicide and insanity recur. Simplicity, innocence, childhood fight a never-ending battle against dissimulation, corruption, intellectual pride and old age.

Bernanos has been criticized for lack of attention to the construction of his plots and to details of his characters. Yet even in such a glaring peculiarity as the repetition of the names of his

characters there seems to be a design. Bernanos mentions this fact in a prefatory note to the *Nouvelle Histoire*:

Dès les premières pages de ce récit le nom familier de Mouchette s'est imposé à moi si naturellement qu'il m'a été dès lors impossible de le changer. La Mouchette de la 'Nouvelle Histoire' n'a de commun avec celle du 'Soleil de Satan' que la même tragique solitude où je les ai vues toutes deux vivre et mourir.

Such consciousness of coincidence does not square with mere inadvertence of construction.¹

Other criticisms were directed at Bernanos by Catholic critics during the 'thirties. It was argued that he was too preoccupied with the power of evil and did not give enough weight to the effect of grace in everyday life. Similarly, it is certain that he was extremely daring in treating themes involving delicate points of mystical and moral theology.²

But M. Estang's remark on the essential Catholicity³ of Bernanos is valid. His work, he writes, 'is inconceivable outside the framework of Faith'. Other writers take account of the Faith as one of a number of factors affecting the life of men; but, in the case of Bernanos, the teaching of the Church is 'organically indispensable to the economy of the work and its comprehension'. It was the peculiar glory of Bernanos that he wrote great and thrilling novels on a subject which most of his contemporaries politely derided or silently ignored. There are careless touches in his constructions and characters. But they are seldom noticed at a first reading—and it is almost impossible to stop reading a Bernanos novel. Despite his laborious methods of composition and his incessant revision, he was no inhibited phrase-polisher.⁴ He saw his characters, and his vision tortured him till the

¹ There is an extraordinary point-counter-point in the character and destinies of these namesake characters. Compare the two Mouchettes, the two Chantals, the two Evangelines and, in general, the doom of the innocent characters with safety of mediocre individuals such as de la Clergerie.

² For example, the scene between Fr. Donissan and Satan in *Soleil de Satan*; the family history of the protagonist in the *Journal*; the sermon in *Monsieur Ouine*. Fr. Duployé, OP, has written: 'The genius of Bernanos is essentially prophetic . . . his essential error is to conceive the Church exclusively in its prophetic function . . . which makes him misunderstand the conditions of its real existence. . . . On the other hand the error of his critics is to ask from his work something other than it is: a message of prophecy in its pure state.' Quoted by Estang, page 25.

³ *Je ne vivrais pas cinq minutes hors de l'Eglise et si l'on m'en chassait j'y rentrerais aussitôt, pieds nus, la corde au cou, enfin aux conditions qu'il vous plairait de m'imposer, qu'importe. (Nous Autres Français.)*

⁴ Of Anatole France he wrote: 'La jeunesse décimée, qui vit Péguy couché dans les chaumes à la face de Dieu, s'éloigne avec dégoût du divan où la supercritique polit ses ongles.' He hated the writers who 'n'ont d'autre espoir . . . que de pousser leur crotte . . . au bord de toutes les sources spirituelles où les malheureux vont boire'. (*Soleil de Satan*.)

narrative brought them to their sinister or triumphant destiny. He will endure the trademan's test proposed by Hilaire Belloc. His books were read.

* * * * *

The political commentaries of Bernanos fall conveniently into three sections. *La Grande Peur des Bien-Pensants* is a biography of Edouard Drumont.¹

In many ways this is the best-written and best-constructed book that Bernanos wrote. But its chief interest is in the influence of Drumont on Bernanos' mind. From Drumont he derived his chivalrous conception of the Monarchy, his faith in the vital mission of France; his pugnacious Catholicism; his detestation of financiers² and the other masters of the modern world. On the negative side the influence of Drumont was equally important. From him Bernanos took his suspicion of the political action of the Catholic parties and some prelates of the Third Republic.³ Bernanos' complaint (after Drumont) was not that the manoeuvres of the Catholics were unsuccessful (though he noted with sombre lucidity that they did not have even that justification).⁴ The important thing was to bear witness to Truth and Honour.⁵

Hence, when *Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune* appeared in 1938, it was not really surprising to find Bernanos taking such a critical attitude to the opinions of most of his French fellow-Catholics about the Spanish War. But *Les Grands Cimetières* was not written or intended merely as a commentary on the Spanish war. It was the statement of an important realignment of Bernanos' political position. In *La Grande Peur des Bien-Pensants* he had been a warm admirer of Maurras (particularly of his early activity) at a time when Maurras' newspaper was still condemned by the Church. In *Les Grands Cimetières* he attacked the influence of

¹ Edouard Drumont (1844-1917). Author of *La France Juive*, etc., and founder of *La Ligue Antisémitique Nationale de France*. Catholic and Royalist writer.

² It should be added that Bernanos, like Drumont, did not attack Jews, for example, as a race. They attacked individuals or the class of financiers to which the individuals belonged. Compare Bernanos' attitude to Mandel's death, *Chemin de la Croix des Ames*, page 316.

³ There were plenty of examples of ineptitude (and worse) on the part of the *bienpensants* towards Drumont, from the episode of the Papal Nuncio and Leo Taxil to the treatment of Drumont's Academy candidature.

⁴ Mr. Henri Guillemin, writing from a diametrically opposite point of view, reaches a similar conclusion in his *Histoire des Catholiques Français au 19e Siècle*. (*Milieu du Monde*, 1948).

⁵ 'Quand un homme—ou un peuple—a engagé sa parole, il doit la tenir, quel que soit celui auquel il l'a engagée.' (*La Nef*, August 1948.)

Maurras—just after the condemnation had been lifted from the *Action Française*. The reason was not far to seek. For Bernanos, the cause of the French Monarchy was founded on the defence of the principle of Honour against the invasions of the political 'realists' and authoritarian tyrants. From the time of the Abyssinian war onwards he had seen Maurras endorsing the theory of 'realism' and its great practitioner in Europe—Mussolini. Thenceforward all Bernanos' writing was given to the denunciation of that policy and its results from Munich to Montoire. More important, he was concerned to proclaim that the views of Maurras had now nothing in common with the ideals of the Monarchists.¹

Nous Autres Français and *Le Scandale de la Vérité* reiterated Bernanos' detestation of the policy of 'realism' and of the authoritarian, pagan philosophies in Europe. From these books stem logically all his writings in the *Croix des Ames* and the *Lettre aux Anglais* (than whose opening there has surely never been a more lyrical tribute to the fight of Britain in 1940-1). These volumes have a twofold interest. Firstly, they show Bernanos to have been very clear-sighted in his warnings to his fellow-Catholics in France before and during the war, and to the Allies of France during the period of defence and up to 'final' victory.² (His prescience is perhaps the best comment on that hopeful adjective.)

His testament is contained in *La France contre les Robots*. After Munich he had commented on the text '*Il n'y a pas d'orgueil à être français.*' But in *La France contre les Robots* he could say: '*Notre peuple a le droit de se dire quitte envers les Démocraties . . . mais il sait qu'un grand peuple chargé d'histoire n'est jamais quitte envers personne.*' He meditated on the role of France and the Christian tradition in the world of the future. For him, the first step towards totalitarianism was taken when the intellectuals of the French Revolution went back to the ancient Roman conception of the rights of the State over the individual, thus undoing the work of a thousand years of Christian Monarchy which had surrounded each class, trade, village and town with a protective outwork of privileges and rights. The problem of the modern world is to reverse the process which has made the citizen merely a cog in the Machine State.

¹ He recalled that at the beginning of the *Camelots du Roi* in the early years of this century '*nous n'étions pas des gens de droite*' and that the study circle they had founded was called the *cercle Proudhon*. (*Les Grands Cimetières*.)

² *Cette Guerre n'est pas pure* (November 1943). *On a pourri la Guerre, on va pourrir la Paix* (January 1945). *Croix des Ames*, pp. 382, 471 and *passim*.

To do this, he thought,¹ France must lead the world in reviving the mediaeval Christian values of Childhood and Honour, Sanctity and Poverty.² The old men, with their hatred of risks and their short-sighted realism will never work the miracle. Nor is there any hope in the programmes of economic justice with which so many Christians think they can harness the machine civilization to eliminate poverty. Human society in the West is a spiritual thing: and it has its roots in spiritual mysteries.³

* * *

Bernanos' genealogy in the literary tradition of the last half-century is easily enough defined. He belongs to the family of Catholic writers from Barbey d'Aureville and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Drumont, Bloy, Péguy, Léon Daudet and Barrès. Among his contemporaries he stands apart by reason of his apocalyptic vision in an age when psychological subtleties were the fashion and by his quixotic willingness to break a lance with any and every school of political belief. If he has a spiritual family he will certainly not fit into any Party.

His novels were so violently counter to the dominant literary tradition of our day that it is likely he will be less read in the future than he was in his lifetime. His lack of attention to form and the sameness of theme and character may also tell against his popularity with the general reader. But it is scarcely likely that his reputation will decline with professional writers. His power of gripping the reader, his remarkable sense of a climax, his gift of phrase and his superb lyricism in the tradition of Balzac, Hugo, Michelet and Bloy are qualities unmatched in the inhibited writing of the twentieth century, always excepting the sweep and power of Claudel.

His controversial work will probably be forgotten even more quickly. Here too there is a repetitiveness and diffusion which fatigue the reader. The violence of tone which marks his apostrophes (e.g. '*Imbéciles*') and his antipathies towards certain of his

¹ *France contre les Robots*, p. 219: *Croix des Ames*, p. 11.

² '*Le cœur du monde bat toujours. L'Enfance est ce cœur.*' Jeanne, p. 11. '*Le monde a besoin d'Honneur.*' *Grands Cimetières*, p. 98.

³ '*La Société moderne ne veut pas de pauvres pour la même raison qu'elle ne veut pas de nobles, s'il lui restait assez d'honneur ou seulement de prestige pour faire des nobles. Vous n'avez plus besoin de pauvres que de saints, dites-vous? Soit. Vous allez donc voir, vous voyez déjà ce que pourra être demain une société sans saints et sans pauvres. Pour un pauvre de moins vous aurez cent monstres et pour un saint de moins vous en aurez cent mille.*' Léon Bloy, 1947.

contemporaries are shocking to readers with views on the decent limits of debate. But it is very difficult to resist Bernanos' conclusion that we are indeed living in a world of moral imbeciles, or of Gadarene swine rushing to the abyss. As for his personal animosities, a foreign reader must feel like someone in the Strangers' Gallery during a hard-hitting debate: he may report but not intervene: this is a family quarrel. But I think that it will be difficult to find Bernanos indulging in mere abuse. He takes general cases and demolishes the opposition with irony and rhetoric: and he is most deadly at his most general. When dealing with individuals he gives due credit to men whose work he often detests.¹ But the prolixity and violence of his arguments are likely to obscure for the general reader the astonishing prescience of his political writings.

When the indictments of Bernanos are forgotten and the men whom he attacked have gone with their accuser into History, his interpretation of the spirit of France will live with the rallying-call of de Gaulle in 1940. Future generations will say that these men spoke with the authentic voice of France, as did Joan of Arc in 1431. That will be his enduring honour.

¹ Cf. his defence of Gide against Aragon's attack in 1945, *Chemin de la Croix des Ames*, p. 479. Even when he attacks the ideas and policy of men like Pétain and Maurras he makes an effort to understand their evolution and there is something like a note of pity when he writes about them personally. (See pp. 77, 138, 255-6 of *Le Chemin de la Croix des Ames*.) Bernanos does not always receive credit for this aspect of his polemical writing.

THEODOR HAECKER'S LAST JOURNAL¹

Impressions and Selections

By ALICK DRU

IT is not easy to convey a faithful impression of any journal, and selections are apt to be misleading; for a journal needs length and time to develop, like music; it is primarily adapted to conveying, not knowledge or facts, but a point of view, and a point of view is one and indivisible. A journal, moreover, is not 'musings without method', but a form which arose spontaneously in answer to the need for a new method of expression: since the beginning of the nineteenth century it has acquired a fresh vigour and a special use.

When the Age of Reason had carried to its logical conclusion the method of universal doubt, and from excluding all feeling and passion as alien to thought had reached the point, with Condillac, of reducing everything to sensation, the need for a fresh start was evident. The Journals of Maine de Biran and of Kierkegaard, though submerged for a time beneath the waves of romanticism and idealism, pointed a way out. Bergson, the phenomenological school, and ultimately 'existentialism' derive in part or in whole from these sources. Amiel, Bloy and de Guérin, and, in our own day, Gabriel Marcel canonized the form which de Biran and Kierkegaard had initiated. Haecker's *Journal in the Night* will surely be accepted as a classical example of this literary form, a book 'for all and for none' as Nietzsche—with less justification—said of his own work. I say 'classical' in order to emphasize the particular quality which distinguishes Haecker's *Journal* from those which preceded it. In most cases the *Journal* appears as man's search for the truth, whether primarily in theory or in the more personal aspect of his development. M. Marcel's *Journal Méta-*

¹ *Tag-und Nachtbücher*, 1939-45. Josef Kosel, Munich, 1947.

physique and its sequel, for example, are the beginning of his journey of discovery. Haecker's *Journal* was written at the end of his life, at the height of his maturity, and yet it is consciously a journal and not a collection of *pensées*, for it was written in response to a particular situation, the situation of a Christian at a particular moment in history, written, moreover, in constant danger of arrest and all that it would have entailed, and consequently as a confession of faith.

Haecker is known, if he is known at all in England, as the translator and interpreter of Kierkegaard, and his point of view may be usefully considered, in the first place, in relation to the man to whom he owed so much and to whom he remained faithful, in spite of the differences of mind and temperament which separated them.

At the risk of over-simplification, it might almost be said (as Marx said of Hegel) that Haecker turned Kierkegaard upside down, and stood him on his feet. For it would not be altogether misleading to say that Kierkegaard failed to find the *via media* between rationalism and irrationalism because he failed to understand 'contemplation'.

Three entries from the *Journal* will serve as a basis for comparison:

I was very early struck by the thought, and it has never deserted me, of how little I myself could contribute to my being and existence. And I drew the conclusion that it was far more important for me to meditate on the power which created me and sustains me, and can certainly dispose of me as sovereignly in the future as it has done in the past, than upon the little which I can do, or can only do merely in so far as that power demands it of me. There was the limit. This is certainly connected with the fact that from childhood I was of a contemplative nature.

All my knowledge, all my writing too, rests upon my faith. To such a degree is that the case, that at times I am terrified. All my knowledge falls to pieces and becomes incoherent, meaningless and empty unless it is held together and coheres in faith.

There is one thing which has come to full maturity in me: the understanding that I do not understand God: the sense of the *mysterium*. That prevents me from misunderstanding the things of this world.

The last two entries express the point of view which Kierkegaard ultimately reached; but they give Haecker's starting point

both as thinker and writer. To Kierkegaard, on the contrary, 'contemplation' was always, in theory, the end of thought—though in practice he not only knew the meaning and value of 'silence' (for he would not use the term 'contemplation'), but derived his greatest intuitions from it. But although his work was an endeavour to compose the differences, so acutely felt within his own mind, between the demands of discursive reason, and 'passion' and feeling for existence, he lacked the 'middle term'. There was at the end an almost impassable gulf between the bitter rationalistic pamphleteer and the contemplative who relied upon the grace of God. But out of the suffering which this racking separation caused him he extracted a unique knowledge of the factors and elements involved, and gave a new turn and a new impulse to philosophy and theology.

Kierkegaard is often hastily classed as a 'romantic', yet he is probably more easily understood, and more correctly, if due weight is given to the ethical rationalism which in the last pamphlets gained the upper hand. Just as Kant was intolerant of the early romantics in whom he detected 'enthusiasm' and a leaning towards contemplation, so Kierkegaard was led astray in his own work by his distrust of contemplation. '*Das Gesetz der Vernunft*,' Kant had said, was '*durch Arbeit sich einem Besitz zu erwerben*', the law of reason was that it should acquire its possession (knowledge) through hard work. Intuition and contemplation, presumably because they were related to feeling, were suspect. Kierkegaard, with his admiration for both Kant and Lessing, was unconsciously influenced by their conception of knowledge at this point. And it is worth nothing that the existentialists who do not grapple with the question of contemplation are compelled to save themselves from despair by 'engagement', by the feverish activity and the herculean labour which, in a different sphere, was also Kant's salvation. Some quotations at this point will perhaps illustrate Haecker's position:

Rationalism and irrationalism are both the fruit of pride. Where the one sees, the other is blind—thus do they contradict one another. Rationalism sees, rightly enough, that ultimately things must be understood, and are reasonable, but in its pride, thinks that reason itself, that is to say human reason, is the measure of all things; and that what it cannot understand is simply non-existent. Irrationalism sees very clearly that things do not fit into reason, and yet they *are*. But it thinks in its pride, that things are irrational in themselves, even to the divine reason.

In a different context he notes that rationalism has in fact influenced Christian thought deeply.

At times the *Zeitgeist* is overwhelmingly powerful. Rationalism, for example, was so powerful that it even compelled men who were in essence anti-rationalists to think and speak rationally, at any rate up to the point beyond which it was no longer possible or permissible; for example, Pascal and still more so St. John of the Cross, whose mysticism, in so far as he renders an account of it and justifies it, completely exhausts rationalism.

To the examples which Haecker gives might be added the name of Kierkegaard, at least from this point of view. The situation of Haecker's work can be seen from the following entry:

What a curious change of scene: to make doubt the starting point of philosophy, instead of the sense of wonder, our capacity to 'marvel'. A revolution not only in thought, but also and perhaps primarily, fundamentally, in feeling. And probably too, a revolution in the will.

This was the revolution which Kierkegaard tried to reverse, and which Haecker set in a different light:

Philosophy has won its best knowledge with the method of 'admiration' (of wonder, or marvelling), and the knowledge thus obtained is far deeper and more valuable than that yielded by the method of doubt. Nevertheless the latter is perfectly in order, but it is ordered below the former. Whereas 'wonder' alone is in place face to face with immediate being, what I can do, and the compass of human understanding, is quite rightly subjected to doubt. Indeed, when error has become ingrained, the method of doubt is the right one, and helps to restore a condition of health.

It is at this point that the *Journal* is, in a sense, incomplete. The editor, Haecker's friend Heinrich Wild, has rightly omitted all the entries used in the essay which Haecker completed shortly before his death: *Metaphysik des Gefühls*, a metaphysic of feeling. Fortunately, however, there is a short outline of the problem in *Schöpfer und Schöpfung* (Creator and Creation) entitled *Analogia Trinitatis*. With the help of this hint, and of the *Journal* entries relating to it, it is possible to give some indication of the problem as Haecker saw it.¹

¹ It has already been said, by Professor Max Müller (Heidegger's pupil and successor at Freiburg University), among others, that the *Analogia Trinitatis* is Haecker's most important contribution to philosophy. The reader of the *Journal* will see that it permeates his whole point of view.

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Kierkegaard had begun, on the first page of his first work *Either-Or*, by asking 'Are the passions, then, the pagans of the soul? Reason alone baptized?' But he did not achieve clarity in his reply. It is Haecker who took up the question and attempted to answer it from the point of view of the *philosophia perennis*. We may begin with a quotation:

Short Dialogue: A: Good and evil undoubtedly correspond best to the sphere of the will, true and false to thought; that is where they are at home. But what about feeling? At the moment I do not see any attribute that corresponds to it in the same way. Perhaps genuine and sham would be the nearest, only that they go with true and false; or friendly and unfriendly, except that these again, are related to good and evil. How curious it is. Feeling is the most difficult sphere of man's being to penetrate.

B: That is perfectly true, simply because feeling is so inward, and in spite of its wealth, so inarticulate. It is the 'mode' of the very heart of being itself. Willing and thinking are more distant, and are directed outward in the very manner of their activity: they always have an object. Feeling, so to say, is the first primary mode of being, of *complete* being as spirit. It belongs to being itself, and to the condition of being. Everyone knows that immediately. Only the reflective philosopher could make a mistake and go astray here, as you seem to be doing, my friend. True enough, as you say, good and evil belong immediately to willing, and true and false to thinking; in that you are undoubtedly right. And then you maintain, feeling has no such immediate attributes, and by looking far afield you fail to see what is so near to hand, all too near it would seem. What then does being want to be, being in its highest manifestation, in the person, what does it want to be? It wants to be happy, and God the source of all being is happy and blessed. [The word *selig* has both meanings.]

Indeed, just as good and evil refer to willing, and true and false refer to thinking, so *Seligkeit*, happiness and blessedness, refer to feeling. (192.)

Haecker, it will be seen, recognizes intellect, will and feeling as the *analogia trinitatis*, the faculties of man as spirit, created in the image of God. St. Augustine, he points out, spoke of three faculties, intellect, will and *memoria*, but in scholastic philosophy memory was seen to belong to intellect, though nevertheless *memoria* is related to feeling. There are entries in which Haecker plays upon this relationship:

The strongest and most immediate bond of unity is created not by the same thought or the same will even, but by the same feeling (the same *memoria*), in and upon which thought and will rest, from which they spring and in which they leave their traces. (206.)

Although the traditional method of regarding intellect and will as the two faculties of the mind is still currently used, it is not confirmed by the types of philosophy in their divergence from faith which in rationalism proclaims that the intellect is everything, in voluntarism that the will is everything, and in irrationalism that feeling is everything. If contemplation is to be the restoration of man's *integra natura* (and there will be a parallel between the natural and the supernatural) then it must be the integration of all his higher faculties, intellect, will and feeling. This is, I think, the direction of Haecker's thought, and we need not be afraid to say that it opens up vistas.

This hint of the nature of the *analogia trinitatis* leads directly to the next aspect of Haecker's *Journal*, second in order, though at first sight the most riveting. And that is the relation, already apparent in the very first quotation, between the contemplative point of view and history.

The reader will have seen that in the first quotation Haecker explains that his mind turned naturally away from his own nature and existence to the Creator (and creation), and he notes that this quality of mind is 'contemplative'. One of the sources of Kierkegaard's confusion (in addition to ignorance of the Christian tradition) was the idea that contemplation and mysticism were introspective. But even if it is allowed that contemplation is, in a sense, turned outward, either towards God, or as is more usual, æsthetically, towards Art, those who regard history as an object of contemplation are surely few and far between. The great exception is Jacob Burckhardt.

Burckhardt was not only constitutionally averse to introspection whenever it tended to become an end in itself, and to serve other than moral ends; he held that history could *only* be 'approached in a spirit of contemplation'. This explains no doubt why he is often misunderstood, and little read. But although he disclaims any philosophical interest it might, I think, be shewn that his analysis of culture throws additional light on the problem which Kierkegaard left unresolved. He saw the relation between imagination and contemplation, and perceived that the Kantian conception of knowledge as the fruit of intellectual labour needs to be supplemented and completed by intuition:

But beyond the labour we expend on sources the prize beckons in those great moments and fateful hours when, from things we have imagined long familiar, a sudden intuition dawns.

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When Burckhardt speaks of the contemplation of history as not only a duty and a need, but as 'our freedom in the very awareness of bondage', he expresses a point of view which is probably only capable of full understanding from the point of view of Christianity. The sense of contemporaneity with history which is certainly present in Burckhardt is better understood in Kierkegaard's terms as 'contemporaneity with Christ'. It is, indeed, the test which Haecker applies to the theologian.

Perhaps the point which I am trying to make as briefly as possible can be seen from the following entry:

That Christian theology is not solely concerned with 'thinking' is a fact soon betrayed by the theologians themselves. Many of them are adept in the development of thoughts and ideas, and in tracing their logical interconnection, and stumble the moment they have to deal with the concrete or substantially historical, with what is not just 'thought' and often does not seem to resemble it. Kierkegaard is absolutely right: reflection, recollection and turning back to—contemporaneity with—Christ, is a requirement of Christian thinking. And if that capacity is lacking, a man may be a thinker of genius, where thoughts are concerned, but in the strict sense of the word he is not a *Christian* thinker. . . .

It is indeed the 'historical' character of the *Journal* which is most immediately striking.

There can be no question for the Christian but that the significance of outward events may vary in the most terrifying degree. By significance is here meant the relation closer or more distant of the 'history' of the world to the 'history' of the Kingdom of God. A Christian cannot be of Ranke's opinion, that every age is equally near to God. Or could he then, deny that Rome under Augustus, Judaea under Herod and Pilate, stood in a more decisive relation to the history of Salvation than say, Europe under Napoleon, not to speak of lesser things? (Bloy who was more apocalyptic by half called even Napoleon *la face de Dieu dans les ténèbres*.) The proximity or distance of the relationship does not depend upon the consciousness of man, although it is not to be denied that it cannot be entirely external to the consciousness of the men of that time. That the events of the present time stand in close relation to the history of Salvation, is something upon which many will agree with me.

It might almost be said that the 'medium' of the *Journal* is history in the above sense. To consider the numerous entries about Germany, and the German '*Herrgott-religion*' in any other context

would be quite misleading. Haecker was not a political writer, and I have purposely reduced the proportion of those entries which may at first sight seem the most 'interesting', at least topically. But it would be true to say, as he says somewhere in the *Journal*, that although many people may say the same thing at about the same time, there is really only one man who says it 'convincingly'. Haecker's *Journal* is, among other things, the most convincing, and therefore lasting, judgement on Germany and the Nazis. It is also the most dreadful; an indictment which Burke thought impossible, the indictment of a whole nation, which only a patriot could have written. From a Christian point of view Burke is surely wrong: if a nation can be elected it can also be rejected.

The implications of Haecker's view of the German 'Apostasy' and its immediate significance in the life of every individual can be illustrated in the following entries:

What could be more understandable than that someone should lose their faith on account of Hitler?—Nonsense! Nothing could be more impossible to understand than that a man should lose his faith over a nothing like that.—Well, in the first place, my friend, there are many men who have already lost their faith on his account. That is a simple fact.—Nonsense, I say, they never had faith, and one cannot lose what one has never had.—Of course, if that is how you put it, then the discussion is at an end. But let us try to look at the question in a new light. Never remain in a cul-de-sac! You are indignant at the possibility of a man losing his faith over a dirty swine like Hitler (and our judgements on that point are identical). But now I should like to ask you which is easier: to lose one's faith when goodness and nobility prevail by and large, or when, as is undoubtedly the case at this moment, and has often been the case before, evil and vulgarity are supreme.—Now you are no longer talking about faith at all (I never maintained that faith was easy!); you are speaking of human understanding and of human probability; and there, of course, you are right; it is not very difficult to believe in God when goodness and nobility prevail. But is that what happened when Christ was crucified and his witnesses martyred?—Well, you certainly seem to know how to defend the faith. But I have not lost my faith, and do not wish to. God protect me! Only tell me now, is faith still possible even when the devil *alone* rules, and God no longer shows himself or manifests himself in any way, and is consequently powerless?—What a frightful sophism! Faith, my friend, is this: that God is at all times all-powerful, and was victorious over the devil. So you see, you have not yet freed yourself from the 'thoughts' of men.—I feel indeed, that you are right, and that you are the advocate of the Most High. But let me be, not the *advocatus diaboli*, but the advocate of man in his weakness, who like me needs the

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mercy of God. To the ordinary, average 'good' man, whose eyes are open to the events of the world, surely the most difficult of all things to believe is the all-powerfulness of God? Is it not conceivable that one might even lose faith in the omnipotence of God the Father, and yet continue to believe in Christ? No, that is not quite what I mean: but for a man to continue to love Christ as the most perfect being, who as love had to pay for his existence with failure, because power does not belong to love?—You are lacking, it seems to me, in balance and measure. A poet always 'exaggerates'. But one should only—and then not always—magnify the divine, not what is mixed and mediocre and even evil. Perhaps the man you describe exists, and he is certainly unhappy and desperate, and we must recommend him to the mercy of God, as long as he does not come forward as a teacher, that is as a heretic; for you must not forget that Marcion held roughly those views and that St. Polycarp called him a son of Satan. Our faith is that God is the almighty father, and that Jesus Christ His son sits at His right hand to whom is given all power in heaven and on earth. That is our faith.

Faith is therefore not something 'other worldly', politics and religion are not divorced:

Apart from 'the faith' the only choice is between the 'inadequate' and the 'absurd'. Bourgeois Europe chose the 'inadequate'; and it was followed in this choice by the fascists. Individual genius prefers some absurdity or other, usually gnostic in origin and nature, like Schelling and Scheler, or of a private nature like Nietzsche (the Eternal Recurrence) or Rilke (*Weltinnenraum*). The faces of those who chose the inadequate as a religion are, so to say, one-dimensional. They talk of health and harmony. One cannot deny that at the moment a tremendous effort is being made, with the help of the religion of the 'inadequate', the religion of 'this world', to master and lead mankind. (One might include the sociologist in this category.) Ultimately the attempt is a battle against God. And the most terrible decision which God could make, would be for Him to allow the attempt to succeed—that would be the end of Europe.

With these brief indications of the general character of Haecker's *Journal* a few representative entries may be allowed to speak for themselves. They have been chosen in order to illustrate the points already made.

The *Journal* continues to within a few weeks of his death in April 1945, at the age of sixty-five. Haecker was born in Württemberg, and was naïvely proud of his Swabian blood, and of coming from the stock that gave Germany the greater number of its poets and philosophers. As a young man he was too poor to attend the university, until a friend supplied the need, and he went to study

in Berlin (under Dilthey) for a couple of years. He never took a degree nor did he desire academic recognition. For a year or more he worked in the offices of a shipping firm in Antwerp. After the 1914 war he settled in Munich, where he was given work in a small publishing business, living in a flat on the premises. All his work was written there. He had made his name in the closing years of the 1914 war with his articles attacking the Berlin intellectuals whose names are for the most part now forgotten. It was at this period that he read Kierkegaard. His translations (Virgil, Newman, Kierkegaard) are almost as numerous as his original works.

He never took any part in public or official life; he rarely travelled except for one visit to England. He had just begun lecturing (once at Zürich, and at Freiburg i/Breisgau) when the Nazis came to power and he was forbidden to lecture. He remained in Munich till his house was bombed, when he retired to a village near Augsburg, where he died. His wife had died before the war; his youngest son was lost in Russia; his eldest son was a prisoner of war in England; his daughter was obliged to remain in Munich. A very solitary life ended in complete solitude. *Journal in the Night* is far from being a self-portrait, but though Haecker put himself into all his books, there is none in which he is present so fully and completely.

The fate, and thus the task of the German Christian is without example in history to which he might cling; it is even without the remotest analogy which, on a different level indeed, might serve as a guiding thread. He is alone! Everything he feels, thinks and does has a question mark to it—is it right? The leadership of Germany today, and of this there is not the faintest doubt, and the fact cannot be evaded, is consciously anti-Christian—it hates Christ whom it does not name. We are making war against peoples and States which although often only euphemistically Christian, could not in any single instance be called definitely anti-Christian. One cannot therefore avoid recognizing the fact that over and above being a war for power—it is a religious war. And we Germans are fighting this war on the wrong side! . . .

Lead us not into temptation! What can this prayer mean, since God certainly cannot tempt any creature to evil? . . . Personally I interpret it in the following sense: that God should not conceal Himself entirely, or for too long, in the ordering of things public and private, so that the believer may perceive the outward covering of the thread that is hidden to the 'world'. If God were to withdraw Himself completely, who could keep the faith? He will not, according to His promise, do so, but in order to avert this temptation, into

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which unlike all others, God Himself can lead us, it is taken up into the great world of prayer: Lead us not into temptation! Show Thyself! Show us that Thy mills do *not* grind *too* slowly! Show us Thy love and Thy justice! Let us not doubt that Thou art *the Lord*, let none despair. Psalm 42.

There are still, even now, very many people who engage in apologetics and argue as though God were indeed all powerful, but as though He were not in the world, so to speak, as though it were simply not there, and as foreign to Him as to His adherents. That is pure childishness. For the world is created by Him, it is His work. That is a mystery which must be taken up and thought out in our love of Him and in His love of us.

The way from God the Saviour to God the Creator is difficult, hard to see and hard to understand. The identity of the two has always been denied, ever since the beginning of Christianity, by men of outstanding talent, founders of sects and heresies, and there are many men at the present time who feel the same way. That Jesus Christ, the Saviour, is at the same time the creator of the world, of the milky way, of the earth and of the lion, is an unfathomable mystery which many do not so much as notice, and *may* not even notice without running the risk of losing their reason.

The Catholic Church is very far from having recognized, and still less has it assimilated, the treasures of knowledge that have been brought to light by men outside the Church, who loved Christ with their whole heart (and above all the knowledge of *time* in so far as it is related to the Kingdom of God). Catholic theologians, in so far as they are not simply dogmatic theologians, have behaved very shabbily towards men like Blumhardt, Hüly and Kierkegaard. They cannot even see the pure gold shining through the dust of heresy—they only see the dust. And that is a great pity!

What the preachers of Christ's words need is surely a new voice, a new manner. There always was and there always must be a 'style'. Neither Peter, nor Ambrose, nor Augustine, nor St. Thomas nor Newman can have spoken just as they thought or without thought. But the style now current has surely become a quite shapeless, rusty old container? It is unnatural and contrary to nature, as well as being unspiritual. It strikes a painfully false note, calculated to drive a man of the present day away. Is there not a correlation between evil will, erroneous thought and forced or false feeling (and what may it be)? But my sight is weak; I cannot follow the threads, I only confuse them and lose them.

There is only one sermon to preach today, the Triune God; do not involve yourself in other things. By that means, and that alone, you will be able to discern the spirits of men, and compel them to reveal themselves. Never tire of repeating it: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The Christian God is the Trinitarian God. They call their

devil or their idol God too, and sometimes even all-powerful. But they do not call him Christ, whom they hate and despise, and they do not call him Spirit. How should they, since He proceeds from the Father and the Son.

Belief in God includes belief in His attributes. No one of His attributes lies altogether easily to hand in such a way that it cannot or has not been questioned. To believe in all of them varies in difficulty from age to age. Nowadays for example the most difficult is: that He is all-powerful or that He is love.

The fact that at this moment I am utterly powerless *vis-à-vis* Hitler—well, no one knows that better than I do—I realize my weakness and know its taste to the full—and yet not in all its fullness, for then I should be as near to the all-powerful God as the martyrs and the apostles. Thus am I torn in two; I know my powerlessness, and know that I am separated by it from the all-powerfulness of God, which does not let itself be mocked, and ‘laughs’ at that other power, which nevertheless tortures me body and soul—as far as God allows *for my salvation*. O Lord, my God, have mercy upon me and upon my thoughts, that they may not lose their clarity in thy light.

The servants of the devil have, by and large, learnt his most important lesson, and adopted his method. They dominate man best by teaching clearly and impressively that man is good by nature and that there is no such thing as sin. They teach man that he is a god, and treat him like cattle, like the most worthless *canaille*. As long as man can be made to think highly of himself, he will hardly be able to tell the difference between appearance and reality. To himself he seems a god, and eats the dust. For a time—that is certain: only for a time.

Even in the West, Christian theology has shown a certain cowardice, and a miserable want of understanding of the munificence with which God has endowed created and creative nature and the world with power and energy of its own; and the testimony of history to the fight of the Church against the natural sciences and its representatives and their great discoveries is one that shames us. It arose from a great fear that the natural laws might lead to a proof of the non-existence of God. That is its only, all-too-human, excuse.

The gate to the *knowledge* of our salvation, too, is a narrow gate, as long as one is *in via*. And unless the Angel of God leads you, you will go astray. Self-faith, self-confidence, knowledge derived from *oneself*, all these are bad and dangerous leaders. You must learn to curb your curiosity.

God is so very much and so essentially an artist that there must be something wrong with those who treat art contemptuously, even though they are pious and believe. There is absolutely nothing in

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the works of nature that is not created as a work of art; even the 'repetition' is the highest form of art: every leaf is a work of art. The curse of the machine!

For almost a hundred years the function of literature has been understood to consist in describing as exactly as possible how the world looks without God. One after another they have surpassed one another in the art of portraying the frantic flight from God. Even when their art itself was not an acknowledged flight from God—that is what it was. For at the best it only held to God in the shriek of dread and despair, in its hopeless homesickness, in the unlimited disgust that was eating away their souls. The tone was irremediably false. None of them believed in the 'victory of God'. How could they believe in their own? And yet it would be wrong to say that none were faithful to God in those times. But when they appeared and spoke they were often already beyond the world, in a sense. Where the world was concerned they were curiously weak, mediocre, inadequate, and the literature they produced was actually *sham*.

It is usually men with ulterior motives who want to express Christ's words, or the words of the apostles, more *clearly*. But though the intention may not be evil, they are lacking in the 'sense of faith'. And that too is by no means harmless. The 'sense of faith' penetrates the obscurity of the words of scripture, but it does not *clarify* them.

Nemo enim simul miser et felix esse potest, no one can be miserable and happy at the same time—a sentence taken from St. Thomas, the logic of which is surely self-evident and incontrovertible. And no doubt it is, where *concepts* alone are concerned, but where a human being is concerned—it is quite a different matter. One might even say that this is the point where the man and the Christian of today differ from the man and the Christian of the Middle Ages. Hölderlin, always so incomprehensible to himself, is not the only one who saw himself in the condition which he thus describes: *Wie so selig doch mitten im Leide mir ist*—How happy I am, nevertheless, in the midst of my suffering. Even Kierkegaard, so much more transparent to himself, understood himself at moments *simul*, as simultaneously the most miserable and unfortunate of men, and also as among the happiest, at different levels of the hierarchically ordered strata of man's being, naturally. And that is the explanation which helps us to reach agreement once again with St. Thomas. Scheler's recognition of this stratification, and his thorough discussions of it, are among the finest things in his work. In the sense in which he meant it, St. Thomas is obviously right. But men are no longer so 'whole' and 'complete' as in his day, they are dismembered—precisely because they lack faith, and consequently perceive the dismemberment, the disintegration more easily, though of course it *always* existed, for essentially there is no such thing as a new man. But this disintegra-

tion is one of the problems of our time, and what is more a painful one, and one consequently very fruitful in knowledge. The really astonishing thing is that St. Thomas's philosophy is the only one which provides the principles with which to dominate the problem, and moreover it almost seems as though schizophrenia were a universal disease among modern men. The different realms of man, who is *quodammodo omnia*—in a sense all things—are rebelling against one another. The band which unites them has been broken—with the collapse of the hierarchy of the orders. But in spite of everything, St. Thomas's words *nemo simul miser et felix esse potest* seem to me to indicate that he himself was *Angelicus*—angel-like—in a degree which the apostle Paul, for example, was not. Thomas had no thorn in the flesh. And to some extent that explains why he is so strange and foreign to modern man, who more often than not has not one but several thorns in the flesh.

The writer's passion is sometimes very great. Even in the pale night of dread, he is still concerned to safeguard the accuracy of his expression. It is a pale night, not a dark night, nor an impenetrable night, nor a black night! It is a pale night. And even as he feels the abyss open under his feet, and the frightful feeling of sinking for which there is no comparison, the feeling of sinking 'in itself', sinking into the bottomless pit, he is still impelled to save the description with the right expression: such and nothing else is dread: a pale night.

I often wonder whether the world would not be more understandable if there were no animals in it, for it seems to me that they are the most un-understandable of all things. Writing at night I have often contemplated moths and fantastic green flies for hours, gazing as into an abyss. I can stand for hours in front of an aquarium, with my understanding motionless. And then there is the suffering of animals. But what does 'understanding' really mean? For I always have the impression of being much further away from a thing I 'understand' than from something I don't understand.

How timely was my reading of St. John of the Cross. He has taught me to see many things, and to understand much, and above all the *Night of Faith*. I have already said once in this Journal: in times like these I can only live in the *Night of Faith*, worldly probabilities, not to mention certainties, no longer enlighten us upon the fact that the God of whom the scriptures write, and of whom the Church speaks still works His will. Much else has become clear to me. In theology, so much depends upon the razor-sharp distinctions of its terminology. Faith for Kierkegaard was, after all, almost the same as for St. John of the Cross: *Night*, complete darkness by comparison with all human understanding.

THE PHENOMENON OF FATIMA

By C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

ON the 13th of each month from May to October 1917 three children, Lucia dos Santos and her cousins Francisco and Jacinta Marto, saw a vision of our Lady at Cova da Iria, near Fatima in Portugal. Devotion to Our Lady of Fatima has created a deep impression throughout the world and is sanctioned by high ecclesiastical authority. I hope to relate the story of the apparitions in the simplest possible way, and not disguising such obscurities or problems as may suggest themselves. And I recall, at the outset, certain principles admitted by all which help one to approach such problems—they can be found in any book dealing with mystical theology or preternatural occurrences, such as *Des Grâces d'Oraison* (by A. Poulain, S.J., ed. 10, 1922).

(1) No 'private revelation' can add anything to the content of the divine revelation delivered 'once and for all' to the Church, a revelation which was closed by the death of the Apostles. (2) Hence the Church, when examining any 'private revelation', begins always by scrutinizing its dogmatic contents or implications. Thus the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord and that to the Immaculate Heart of His Mother are not founded on the 'private revelations' granted to St. Margaret Mary or to the children of Fatima, though they may be illustrated by them, and encouraged among the Faithful because of them. (3) Hence the exact nature of ecclesiastical sanctions given, e.g., to the events of Fatima should be understood. Cardinal Lambertinis, afterwards Pope Benedict XIV, in his classical 'On the Beatification and Canonization of the Servants of God', wrote that

'such an approbation is nothing else than a permission to publish, after mature examination, in view of the instruction and utility of the Faithful. The assent of Catholic Faith is not due to revelations thus approved: indeed, it is not possible. These revelations demand rather an assent of human belief conformably with the rules of prudence which represent them to us as probable and piously credible.'

The 5th Provincial Council of Malines (1937), quoting this, continues:

'Therefore the verdict of the Church does not at all offer these matters as having to be believed by all; it simply declares that they

are not opposed to faith or morals, and that there is evidence providing grounds for a pious and prudent assent of human belief'.

And the Council refers to the Encyclical *Pascendi* which says that the Church, in permitting 'pious traditions', such as 'apparitions or revelations', to be printed and publicly circulated, 'does not go guarantee for the truth of the (alleged) facts', but merely 'does not prohibit belief in matters for which motives of human credence are not lacking'. See also Canon E. Amort whose *De revelationibus . . . regulæ tutæ* (Augsburg 1744) contains a mass of documents and rules of discernment which are applied with no little severity, e.g., to St. Gertrude.

(4) The Holy See therefore does not base its decisions primarily on the actual words used by recipients of private revelations but on the doctrine they may imply, and indeed sits lightly to the former. Thus the sanction given to the cult of Our Lady of Pellevoisin, of whom a 'revelation' gave rise to a pilgrimage thither, is often quoted (see Poulain, p. 404). On 4 April, 1900, the S. Congregation of Rites approved the scapular, pictures and arch-confraternity connected with the place, though it changed certain details and even Our Lady's title, all of them included in the 'revelation'. A dispute arose as to whether the truth of the apparitions as such was guaranteed; and on 8 September, 1904, the H. Office declared that the previous approbation did not imply 'any approbation, direct or indirect, of no matter what apparitions, revelations, graces of healing or other similar happenings that people might connect with the said scapular or confraternity.' Thus Pius XII in his broadcast on 31 October, 1942, in Portuguese, undoubtedly took cognizance of Fatima, but did not do exactly what Lucia had asked. But it would be blameworthy if we rejected, wholly or in detail, any 'private revelation' without serious examination, or because we did not like it, especially when ecclesiastical authority has been so weighty as in the case of, e.g., Paray, Lourdes, Lisieux, or Fatima. And I am anxious to emphasize that I believe that a supernatural communication was made, by way of Our Lady, to the children of Fatima.

(5) There are various ways in which, as Benedict XIV says, things 'unrevealed or even untrue' may be inserted by a quite honest person into a quite genuine 'revelation'. I suggest some of these.

(a) The more spiritual the communication, i.e. the more directly addressed to the 'centre of the soul', the more will the recipient have to 'translate' it into ideas to make it intelligible to himself, and then into words, if it is to be communicated to others. These ideas and words will therefore be his own.

(b) A revelation may however be granted already clothed in imagery suited to the seer, to his acquired habits of mind, his environment or period, and this may be distasteful or unintelligible to men of a different epoch: e.g., much of St. John's symbolism in the Apocalypse is not what we can enjoy or would use.

(c) One who receives a revelation may often feel as though it were enduring when as a matter of fact it

has ceased. Thus, allowing that St. Mechtildis prayed that St. Gertrude might receive 'patience' from Our Lord, and was told that she already possessed that grace, it must have been during such an 'aftermath' that she argued that this was because '*patientia* is derived from *pax* and *scientia*' which it is not, truly as Gertrude may have possessed those two graces. (d) A 'seer' may easily 'rationalize' what is spiritual, general or timeless and apply it in a concrete, specific and immediate sense, as St. Vincent Ferrer appears to have done when declaring the end of the world to be imminent. (e) One who receives a 'revelation' is sure to reflect on it, to discard the unessential, to arrange his memories in a 'pattern', to see how to state his experience more accurately, to be influenced and even enlightened by the suggestions of others, especially when provoked to answer questions. It is remarkable how the Fatima children kept rejecting (as St. Bernadette did) suggestions that they knew to be false; and if a revelation has been authentic, and if the 'seer' remains humble, we may presume that God will guard him from substantially falsifying what He has imparted. These and other considerations may, indeed should, be taken into account by anyone studying the events at Fatima.

Their history falls into two distinct parts. The former is based on the interrogations of the children by Canon Manuel Nunes Formigão who, under the name Visconde de Montelo, published his *Marvellous Episodes of Fatima* in 1921, and his *The Great Marvels of Fatima* in 1927, and on interviews with eye-witnesses though these were as a rule not recorded till long afterwards. The latter opens with the writing of two documents (two fascicules: eighty typed pages) by Lucia at the request of the Bishop of Leiria in 1936-7; these have not been published, at least in their entirety: and continues with two more documents (sixty typed pages) written by her, again by order of the bishop, in 1941-2. Another sealed document exists, not to be opened till 1960. The complete history of Fatima, therefore, cannot yet be written; but the latter documents have been shown to selected persons, notably Fr. L. G. da Fonseca, S.J., who based his *Le Meraviglie di Fatima* (ed. 4 and 5, 1942) upon them; Don J. Galamba de Oliveira and Don L. Moresco have also seen them: *Jacinta* (ed. 5, 1943) is by the former and *La Madonna di Fatima* (ed. 1-3, 1942) by the latter. Canon C. Barthas has adapted Fr. da Fonseca in his *Fatima, Merveille inouïe* (ed. 2, 1943) and this has been further adapted in English, *Our Lady of Light*, 1947. Innumerable other books have been written on the subject; by far the best I know is Fr. J. De Marchi's *Era uma Senhora mais brilhante que o Sol* (ed. 3, 1947), and I have been much helped by the French version of two articles written by Fr. E. Dhanis, S.J., in the Flemish review *Streven*, Vol. XI, pp. 129-149 and 193-215, 1944; this he has kindly lent me. Since 1937, writers have interwoven Lucia's later statements with the contemporary records: I have tried

to keep them separate because otherwise you cannot see in what form the story first presented itself: the earliest witnesses could not foresee what Lucia would reveal nearly twenty-five years later.

II

Fatima is a townlet some seventy miles north of Lisbon, and a little south of it is the village of Aljustrel. The district is a high-lying undulating plateau; reddish earth, grey rocks, coarse grasses and stunted trees mostly with dry and dusky leaves. But green and purple hills close in the horizons, and a few windmills with canvas 'swallow-tail' sails add life to what at first seems empty and motionless. The houses are one-storeyed, whitewashed, russet-tiled, containing a minimum of solid ancestral furniture. A hard stocky race is bred there, making the most of little, but taking its pleasures with zest, especially dancing, when the drab patched working-dress is exchanged for bright embroideries. Antonio dos Santos (or, familiarly, Abóbora) owned some land there which should have been remunerative had he not been 'fonder of the wineshop than of Mass'. His wife, Maria Rosa, sturdy and stout, worked double time to make up for it. The last of their seven children was Lucia, born 22 March, 1907. She was not pretty, but a lively wriggling baby, and soon learned to enjoy the dancings and prancings that went on till dawn. When Lucia was six her mother decided that she should make, thus early, her First Communion. The Fatima church has been enlarged but the altar end is old. Plain outside, its interior is gay with the usual Portuguese tiles—white, blue and yellow—and several statues, one of Our Lady of the Rosary, and another of Our Lady of Mount Carmel holding two scapulars while souls writhe beneath her in purgatorial flames. Here Lucia was catechized, but the very day before her Communion she was told she must wait a year. A deeply venerated Fr. Cruz, S.J., examined the sobbing child and got the decision reversed, and she made her Communion next day. Long afterwards she wrote how her mother had told her to keep her heart for God, how Our Lady of the Rosary had seemed to smile at her, and how she was filled with a sense of peace.

Near by were living Manuel Marto and his second wife Olimpia, Abóbora's sister. By an earlier marriage she had had two children; by this one she had nine more of whom the two youngest were Francisco, born 11 June, 1908, and Jacinta, born 11 March, 1910. The boy was vigorous, fearless, liked to hunt and catch lizards or snakes, might refuse to say his prayers and have to be smacked, yet was curiously disinclined to *fight* in order to possess or win, so that children sometimes refused to play with him—'Go and keep quiet!'—and he would sit alone, content with his shepherd's pipe. Jacinta was more wilful, but

eager too for her First Communion; Lucia was to relate how she catechized her, explaining how Our Lord was present in many Hosts . . . it remains that even during the apparitions Jacinta did not know what hell was or who the Pope was.

By 1914 Antonio's fecklessness had impoverished the family: Maria Rosa had to go out as midwife; an older daughter must earn money by weaving; so Lucia had to be shepherdess, but not in solitude like Bernadette at Bartrès; several flocks were put together and she had many little friends to play with. In 1916 (but see p. 138) Maria Rosa heard that Lucia with three other children had seen an apparition—a 'form' (*vulto*) wrapped in a sheet. She questioned the child but appears to have extracted no details. Later on, Francisco and Jacinta were allowed to join Lucia, and the three kept together. But things went from bad to worse. In March 1916 Portugal entered the war; young men were drafted, reluctant, off to fight; Abóbora drank more than ever, handing the farm work to his son Manuel till he too went to the war; Maria Rosa fell desperately ill; a new parish priest forbade all dancing: joy had left the house.

On 13 May, 1917, the children took their sheep to the Cova da Iria¹ a vast circular depression in the uplands studded with small trees. They had been told always to say their rosary, but to get it over quickly they said only the words 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary' instead of the whole prayers. Then they played about. Today they were rolling stones up to a thicket to make a little 'house' when there was a flash apparently of lightning though the sky was clear. They thought a storm might be blowing up and ran to a little evergreen; there was a second flash, and they ran on to another small tree when they saw a light above it, and in the light, a Lady, who said: 'Do not be afraid. I will not hurt you.' Lucia said: 'Where does Your Excellency (*Vocemecê*) come from?' 'I come from heaven.' 'And what does Your Ladyship want of me?' 'I come to ask you to come here six months running, on the 13th, at the same hour. Then I will tell you who I am and what I want. And I will come back here afterwards a seventh time.' 'And shall I go to heaven too?' 'Yes, you will.' 'And Jacinta?' 'Also'. 'And Francisco?' 'He too, but he will have to say many rosaries.' Lucia asked about two little friends of hers who had died. 'Is Maria das Neves in heaven?' 'Yes.' 'And Amelia?' 'She is in Purgatory.'² The Lady then asked if the children were willing to offer themselves to endure all the sufferings that God would send them as an act of reparation for the sins by which God is offended, and of prayer for the conversion of sinners. Lucia said

¹ *Cova* means 'hollow': *Iria* may be the name of a girl-saint martyred by the Moors.

² Some books add: 'to the end of the world' but most, I think, omit this. I cannot make sure if this was added, as 'colouring-matter', or excised, as disconcerting. Others write 'still in Purgatory'. Some books add that Jacinta suggested offering the Lady some bread and cheese; and that Francisco, who did not at first see her, said: 'Throw a stone at her.' These details seem usually to be omitted, perhaps as too crude.

'Yes' in the name of all. 'Then you will have to suffer much, but the grace of God will be your support.' Later, as we shall see, Lucia added other words and a description of the children's interior state, but I leave these for the moment. The Lady then rose slowly and disappeared towards the east.

The children resolved to say nothing about this, but Jacinta blurted it out to her mother, who laughed; her father took it more seriously. Next morning Lucia's sister said to her; 'I hear you have seen Our Lady at Cova da Iria . . . is it true?' Lucia wept: 'I don't know if it was Our Lady. It was a very pretty little woman (*mulherzinha*).'¹ Maria Rosa was angry, called her a liar and threatened to beat her: her father tended to side with Marto. But the children at once began to practise 'sacrifices' smaller or greater: their taste for playing or dancing diminished; they said the rosary correctly; they gave away their lunch and ate acorns instead: Francisco began to seek solitude in which he sat thinking of God, sad because of so many sins. Such details were related by Lucia long afterwards, but they bear the naive stamp of truth, and the children's behaviour on 13 June attests their sincerity. That day was the great Portuguese (and parochial) feast—St. Anthony of Lisbon (usually called 'of Padua'). There would be processions, fireworks, all sorts of merry-making. All were astounded when the children insisted on going to the Cova where some fifty others had assembled. One, Maria Carreira (afterwards called da Capelinha, 'of the little chapel'), is still alive, and says that when Lucia saw the 'light' heralding the vision, and then said: 'Your Ladyship told me to come here: do me the favour to tell me what you want,' the bystanders heard no word, but a very soft sound 'like the buzzing of a bee'. Maria dos Anjos, Lucia's elder sister, who is still alive, also told some English pilgrims that they heard a sound 'like that', and proceeded to poke a stick into a hole in a tree. Out came a swarm of angry bees . . . Maria was pleased to have made herself clear, unperturbed by a bee having stung one of the pilgrims (see *Universe*, 3 October, 1947). Lucia's father was to say that a sound was heard 'like a horsefly buzzing in a bottle'. No one can say that these peasants erred towards the romantic! The Lady repeated that they were to come each 13th of the month and say the rosary. Lucia asked if 'so and so' would be cured. 'If he is converted he will be cured within the year.' The Lady added that she would take Jacinta and Francisco to heaven 'soon' but that Lucia must stay alone for some time.¹ The children were made miserable by hecklers: Lucia said the lady had told her to learn to read but that the rest was 'secret' (see p. 138-9). The parish priest examined them and said that perhaps the vision was diabolic; this so depressed Lucia that on 12 July she told the other two that she would not go to the Cova. They

¹ I regret that I have no room to describe the exquisite death of Francisco (4 April, 1919) or Jacinta's illness and death (20 February, 1920).

were horrified and so miserable that when she went to tell them on the 13th that her mind was still made up she relented; they dared not go alone. 'Ti' Marto (*Ti* means uncle) went too and Olimpia actually persuaded Maria Rosa to come; they took blessed candles, to ward off the devil if indeed it were he. The crowd now was from two to three thousand, coming 'who knows whence', some of them 'fashionable folk'. The children knelt, prayed, and the sky grew dim, as before, and the air cooler. Lucia cried that the men must take their hats off—the Lady was coming. She came; Lucia begged her to work a miracle so that all should believe. The Lady repeated that they must come there each 13th, say the rosary daily in honour of Our Lady of the Rosary to obtain peace for the world and the end of the war, and in October she would say who she was and what she wanted. She then told them to say after each 'mystery': 'My Jesus, forgive us; save us from the fire of hell; lift all souls to heaven, especially those who need it most.' She added a 'secret' on no account to be divulged, and nothing could make the exhausted children reveal it, though Lucia said it would be 'good for some, bad for others'. By now the anti-clerical press was furious. The Apparitions were a money-making racket; a Jesuit plot; the children were epileptics. Direct action was imperative. Marto and Abóbora were ordered to present their children, as disturbers of the public order, at the town hall of Ourem, head of the district. The Administrator was Antonio Santos, an unscrupulous young freemason. The freemasons were boasting they were responsible for the fall of the monarchy in 1910; next year they seized religious property, exiled the Cardinal Patriarch, evicted monks and nuns, and foretold the imminent disappearance of Christianity from the land. Santos is said to have called his children Democracy, Republic and Liberty: to such imbecile depths can such men sink. Abóbora produced Lucia as ordered: Marto went, but alone. No threat or cajolery could wrest the 'secret' from Lucia or a promise not to return to the Cova. On 12 August people were arriving in throngs for the 13th: Santos too arrived, sent for Lucia and renewed his threats. On the 13th he said he would come and see for himself and would drive the children to the place. He took them first to the parish priest, who treated them severely; then he said he would take them to the Cova, but hid them under blankets and hustled them off to Ourem. Meanwhile some 6000 persons had gathered at the Cova: some said they saw a white cloud settle on the evergreen and then drift away. But no children came. When they heard of the kidnapping there was nearly bloodshed: they were for lynching the Administrator and indeed the priest. Marto calmed them down.

Santos kept the children locked up all that day and night, and then, after more examination, put them in the foul public gaol full of the roughest sort of prisoner. The children wept, but then knelt to pray. Jacinta got one of the men to hang a medal on a nail, and they began

the rosary. Soon half the men were joining in. Francisco said men didn't pray with their hats on . . . he was obeyed. Rosary over, a man produced a mouth-organ: they began to sing: Jacinta said she could dance the fandango, so they danced, the small girl literally hanging round her partner's neck. Guards broke in on this unexpected scene and marched them off to the Administrator, who said they should be fried in boiling oil. The poor little creatures believed him, and were martyrs in their minds. Jacinta, in tears but resolute, was the first to be taken out. The guard returned: Jacinta was dead; Francisco must now come. Lucia, alone with Santos, was told she would follow them if she did not reveal the secret. She would not, was taken out to death, but found the other two alive and safe. They were brought back to the priest's house at Fatima; again there was nearly a riot; the episode ended, oddly enough, with Marto drinking a glass with Santos. But a new worry arose. Coins were being left at the Cova—they were offered to Marto, to Lucia; no one would touch them. Finally, let Lucia ask the Lady how to use them! And in fact, on 19 August, the children out at a place called the Valinhos saw the Lady, thus making up for the vision they had missed. She said that two 'litters' should be made and the money placed upon them; it would be used for the feast of the Rosary and anything left over for building a chapel. Either on this day, or next month, or both, the Lady said she would indeed work the October miracle but on a less grandiose scale because of the disgraceful kidnapping. Also, that on 13 October the children would see St. Joseph with the Holy Child, and Our Lord blessing the people.

And a comic interlude. Not only the devout so trampled down the grassland that Lucia's parents had to sell their flocks; not only the family was driven frantic by requests for relics, cures, information; not only atheist pamphleteers deluged the land with scurrilities, but the anarchist editor of *O Mundo* convoked a riot outside the parish church for next Sunday. But the priest heard of it, transferred his parishioners to a chapel two miles off and left the rioters high and dry. They went to the Cova, but the men of two villages had tethered a crowd of donkeys there and when the enemy approached scrubbed their noses with some concoction which made them set up a terrific braying. Fierce recriminations—'Donkeys! Beasts!' 'Mountain louts!' The police put an end to this.

On 12 September pilgrims were arriving in thousands. Next day, people were prostrating themselves before the children and climbing on to walls or trees to see them. Some priests and seminarians were present. Four priests stood on the higher ground overlooking the hollow. Mgr. Quaresma, vicar-general of Leiria, wrote in 1932 that he saw a globe of light advancing from the east, sinking and then vanishing. His companion saw it too. They concluded it was the 'vehicle' that carried Our Lady. 'Many, however, saw nothing.' But

there was also present, quasi-officially and representing the administrator of the Patriarchate (the Cardinal was still in exile), a certain Canon Formigão to whom we owe all our most indisputable information about this period. He himself saw no phenomena save that dimming of light and cooling of the air which seemed normally to happen; but he was impressed by the enthusiasm and returned on 27 September to interview the children. Jacinta came in first but was too shy to talk. Francisco came next, did not remove his cap, sat down and stared at the visitor. I am not sure that these interrogatories are published in absolute entirety; anyhow they are too long and repetitive to be quoted fully here; but I try to omit nothing significant.

'What do you think you saw at Cova da Iria during these last months?' 'I think I saw Our Lady' 'Where did she appear?' 'On the top of a *carrasqueira*.' 'Did she come suddenly or from somewhere (else)?' 'She came from where the sun-rises and placed herself on the bush.' 'Does she come slowly or quickly?' 'She always comes quickly.' 'Do you hear what she says to Lucia?' 'No.' 'Did you ever talk to the Lady? Did she ever speak to you?' 'No: I never asked her anything: she spoke only to Lucia.' 'Whom did she look at? as much at you and Jacinta as at Lucia?' 'At all three, but longer at Lucia.' 'Did you ever see her cry or smile?' 'Neither the one nor the other. She was always grave (*seria*).' 'How was she dressed?' 'She had a long dress and over it a mantle that covered her head and came down to the edge of the dress.' 'What colour were they?' 'White, and the dress had gold edges.' 'How did the Lady hold herself?' 'Like someone praying. She held her hands at the height of her breast.' 'Were her hands holding anything?' 'Between the palm and the back of her right hand a rosary hanging over her dress.' 'And in her ears, what had she?' 'You could not see her ears because they were covered by the mantle.' 'What colour was the rosary?' 'White too.' 'Is the Lady beautiful?' 'Oh yes!' 'More beautiful than that little girl over there?' 'Much!' 'But there are ladies much more beautiful than that little girl . . .' 'She is more beautiful than anyone I have ever seen.'

Jacinta was brought back. The questions and answers were almost identical. She said the Lady emphasized the daily saying of the rosary and that she always did say it, with the other two. Lucia was then brought in. She was self-possessed and clear. Additional questions were:

'They say that the Lady appeared to you last year too. Is that true?' 'She never appeared last year nor before May this year. I never said it to anyone because it is not true.' 'Where does she come from? from the east?' 'I don't know. I never see her come from anywhere. When she goes, she goes towards the sky where the sun rises' (see *infra*). 'The first time you saw her were you not frightened?' 'I was, so much so that I wanted to run away with Jacinta and

Francisco, but she told us not to be alarmed because she would not hurt us.' (As for her dress) 'one saw, in front, two gold cords starting from the neck and joined at the waist by a knot, gold too.' 'Did she wear a sash, or some ribbon?' 'No.' 'Had she earrings?' 'Yes, two little gold rings.' (The rosary-cross was also white.) (See p. 135.) 'Did you ask the Lady who she was?' 'Yes, but she said she would tell me only on 13 Oct.' (She was always grave, neither smiling nor sad. She said nothing about wanting many people to come there.) She told us a secret concerning all three of us. 'Could you reveal it to your confessor?' (She was silent and embarrassed and the priest did not insist.) She said that she had told the Administrator everything *except* the secret, and it was not true that she had told him a lie so as to make him think she had revealed it and afterwards made game of this. During the second apparition the Lady had told her to learn to read. 'But what use would that be to you if she told you she would take you to heaven in October?' 'That is not true; she never said so, and I have never said that she said anything of the sort.' 'On 13 Oct., will she come alone?' 'She will come with St. Joseph and the Holy Child and soon afterwards peace will be granted to the world.' 'Did she reveal anything else to you?' 'She declared that on 13 Oct. she would work a great miracle so that all would believe that she had appeared.' 'Why do you so often lower your eyes and stop looking at the Lady?' 'Because she sometimes dazzles me.' (Jacinta and especially Francisco were to say the same.)

On 10 October the Canon went to Ourem. The probity of the children and their families was amply attested. He then went to Aljustrel and questioned Maria Rosa, who said that on the children's first visit to the Cova they were poorly dressed, but afterwards more neatly. (There is a quaint contemporary photograph showing them lined up and obviously shy and almost sulky-looking. The girls wear long heavy skirts, bodices and veils; the boy, long check trousers, a dark jacket and the usual 'stocking-cap' hanging over his right shoulder and ending in a tassel.) Yes, she had read the story of La Salette to Lucia, but it had not impressed the child (who indeed said later on that she had thought no more about it. It is odd that he did not ask about Lourdes, so much more actual than the little-known events of 1846 and providing at least as many points of resemblance with Fatima). Lucia then said:

(the Lady mentioned the 'miracle') 'a few times, once during the first apparition and when I questioned her.' 'Aren't you afraid that the people will hurt you if nothing extraordinary happens that day?' 'I'm not at all afraid.' 'Do you feel some force within you driving you to go to the Cova on those days?' 'I feel I want to go there and I would be sad if I could not.' (The Lady did not tell her own beads.) 'Did she tell you to pray for the conversion of

sinners?' 'No, she told me to pray to Our Lady of the Rosary that the war might end.' 'Can you read? are you learning to?' 'No.' 'Then how will you obey the Lady's orders?' (No answer.) 'Have you seen designs such as other persons say were seen, such as a star and roses on the Lady's dress?' 'I saw no star or other designs.' [But in 1921 she told an artist, Filomena Miranda, that there were three stars, one near the waist, one further down, and one near the edge of the dress. They were about the size of a watch. Pictures now seem to show one star, the lowest.] 'I heard no noise nor any earthquake. It was not the Lady who told the people to kneel; I want it myself—She looked about 15 years old—The light was more beautiful than the sun and very bright—The Lady never made signs with her head or hands nor seemed to look at the people. I never heard (the noise made by the people).' Jacinta added nothing, though she heard the Lady's words: Francisco never heard anything and could not see the Lady's face well because of the light.

On 12 October Maria Rosa was desperate. If no miracle happened, they would all be killed . . . they had better go to confession . . . Lucia said she would go if her mother wanted to go, but not out of fear. Next day it was pouring with rain. Some 70,000 persons, rich and poor, the faithful and unbelievers, filled the Cova and welled up over its brink. The place was roofed with umbrellas. The children reached the place with infinite difficulty. Midday passed and nothing happened. People began to growl: must not the children be rescued? Lucia remained immovable. Suddenly she saw the 'light': others saw a cloud rise three times from the little tree. The Lady appeared. 'What does Your Ladyship want of me?' 'I want you to tell them to make a chapel here in my honour. I am the Lady of the Rosary. Let them say the rosary daily. The war is going to end and the soldiers will return to their homes.' 'I have many petitions. Will you grant them or not?' 'Some, yes; some, no. They must amend themselves and ask forgiveness for their sins.' Her face became sad. 'Let them offend Our Lord no more: He is already much offended.' 'Do you want anything more from me?' 'I want nothing more.' And she disappeared. Just then Lucia unconsciously called out: 'Look at the sun!' She meant that she saw beside it St. Joseph with the Holy Child; then successively Our Lady of Sorrows, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and Our Lord. I reserve comments on this and on what follows for the moment. Just then too, the rain stopped abruptly and 'through a rift in the clouds' (Canon Formigão) everyone saw the sun like a silver disc. It then appeared to rotate, paused, and rotated a second and a third time. Meanwhile it shot forth prismatic rays of various colours. Finally it seemed to approach the earth, radiating a red light and emitting a scorching heat. Then it returned to its normal appearance. The crowd was seized with panic, thinking the world was coming to an end, and then with

tumultuous devotion. The Canon went to Aljustrel that evening, dispersed the mob and questioned Lucia first. She said Our Lady was dressed as usual: then she saw St. Joseph and the Holy Child, and 'Our Lady of two forms' and Our Lord blessing the people.

'How do you mean, "of two forms"?' 'The Lady appeared like the Lady of Sorrows but without the sword in her breast, and the Lady dressed I don't know how, but it seemed to me to be the Lady of Carmel' ('Why do you say that?') 'Because she had some things hanging from her hand.' The Holy Child was in the arms of St. Joseph—quite small; perhaps two years old. She saw only the upper part of Our Lord's figure. 'Did she say anything about our soldiers who died in the war?' 'No.' Nor did she tell the people to look at the sun. 'Did she say she wished the people to do penance?' 'Yes.' 'Did she use the word penance?' 'No: she said we must say the rosary and correct our sins and beg forgiveness from Our Lord, but she did not speak of penance.' When the Lady disappeared she went slowly, turning her back; her head disappeared first and finally her feet. 'Will the Lady return to appear (again)?' 'I don't expect her to return and appear; she said nothing to me about it.' 'Do you intend to come back to Cova da Iria next 13th?' 'No.' 'What colour was her dress when she appeared near the sun?' 'The mantle was blue and the dress white.' 'St. Joseph's was bright red and I think Our Lord's and the Holy Child's were red too (*encarnados*).' 'Did you see signs in the sun?' 'I saw it turning round.' Lucia thought she had asked for a miracle various times and first in June; and 'I think she told me the secret the second time.'

Jacinta added that the Lady said the war was 'finishing today'. The Lady had said before and now repeated that this was the last time she would come to the Cova. The Child Jesus was standing, on foot, at St. Joseph's right. He did not come as high as Joseph's waist: He was 'about as old as Deolinda das Neves' (a little girl of about two). Francisco added little. De Marchi says the Canon asked if the Child was in St. Joseph's arms or at his side, but gives no answer. Canon Barthas says: 'at his side'. 'Which was clearest or brightest, the sun or the Lady's face?' 'The Lady's face was brightest. The Lady was white.' 'Don't you refuse to tell the secret because you are afraid of Lucia? do you think she will beat you?' 'No.'

The Canon, upset by Jacinta's saying that the Lady told Lucia the war was ending 'that day', returned on 19 October and found the children quite exhausted. He interrogated Lucia:

'On the 13th of this month did the Lady say that the war was ending that same day? what words did she use?' 'She said: "the war is finishing today. We must hope for their soldiers very soon."' 'Did she say "their" soldiers or "your"?' 'She said "their".'¹ 'But you

¹ I am told that the Lady's word *seus* is here a more indirect or colloquial expression for *vossos* but amounts to the same.

see that the war is still going on. How do you explain that she said "today"? 'I don't know. All I know is that I heard her say that the war was finishing on the 13th. I know no more.' 'Some people say that you heard Our Lady say that the war would finish *soon*. Is that true?' 'I say exactly what Our Lady said.' After some more questions the Canon asked: 'What did you see about a year ago? Your mother says that you and other children saw a form muffled in a sheet that prevented you seeing its face. Why did you tell me last month that it was nothing?' (No answer.) 'Did you run away?' 'I think I ran away.' He asked about the apparitions near the sun. 'Did you see Our Lord too?' 'I saw a figure that seemed to be a man. It seemed to be Our Lord.' 'Did you see Him bless the people?' 'No, but Our Lady said He would come to bless the people.' 'If the people understood the secret that Our Lady revealed to you, would they be saddened?' 'I think that they would be as they are, practically the same.'

Francisco said that he saw St. Joseph and the Child but not Our Lord nor the 'two Madonnas'. He saw the sun rotate—'one would have said a fiery wheel. I saw beautiful colours in it—blue, yellow and others'. Jacinta said that she, too, saw only St. Joseph and the Holy Child. She saw the sun going round and looking red, green and other colours. 'What did Our Lady say this last time?' 'She said: "I come to tell you not to offend Our Lord any more; He is much offended; if the people corrects itself the war will end but if it does not the world will end." But Lucia heard what the Lady said better than I.' 'Did she say the war would end that day or would end soon?' 'Our Lady said that when she went to heaven the war would end.' 'But the war hasn't ended yet!' 'It is finishing; it is finishing!' 'But when, when does it finish?' 'I think it finishes on Sunday.' One more interrogation on 2 November elicited nothing new.

There are here some obscurities; and the apparent rotation of the sun provides a problem. I will try to state a minimum, without rhetorical embellishments. That *something happened* is certain. The evidence of reputable eye-witnesses is overwhelming. Photographs show the sea of umbrellas just before the events, and then, the crowd staring open-mouthed at the sky. Senhor A. de Almeida, editor of *O Seculo*, a leading rationalist paper, who had written an ironically sympathetic article about the pilgrims and their hopes which had appeared that very morning, and who had come to see what would happen, sure of course that nothing would, had to write that evening a bewildered account of the astounding spectacle, trying not to commit himself too far but unable to deny the facts: he got into grave trouble with other anti-clerical personages because of this. He did not of course assert that the phenomenon was supernatural but appealed to competent authorities to explain it. (All the stranger does it appear to me that no one, Catholic or rationalist, seems to have tried seriously to discuss it.) Prof. Garrett of the Coimbra University gives a long description of the event,

insisting on the whole on the apparent displacement of the solar disc, just mentioning the play of changing hues on which Canon Formigão dwells, and emphasizing the *colour* of the sun, which was, says he, 'mother o' pearl' and not silver nor like the moon, nor the sun seen through clouds. M. de Almeida notes rather the 'macabre dance' of the sun which looked like 'pale silver'. It is particularly interesting that the phenomenon was seen at considerable distances and not connected with Fatima. Thus Fr. I. L. Pereira, fourteen years later and then a missionary in India, tells how he was at school, some ten kilometres distant, and aged nine: cries and an uproar in the street caused the schoolmistress to rush out . . . the children followed . . . the sun looked like a 'rotating snowball' and then seemed to fall in a zigzag while the faces of the crowd and objects around were dyed red, blue, yellow. All thought the world was ending and rushed to two chapels.¹ The objectivity of the phenomenon lies quite outside dispute, and it occurred exactly when a 'miracle' had been promised though nothing of that sort was expected and when a display of solar pyrotechnics was the last thing that could have been foreseen. Another phenomenon was this—on 13 September, 1917, 13 May, 1918, and 13 May, 1924, a flood of light seemed to descend from the sun having in it a number of 'petals' or 'snowflakes' or 'white balls', coming earthward, and larger near the sun than when they almost reached the level of the spectators' heads when they disappeared. On the last date, M. A. J. Correia da Silva, Portuguese vice-consul in the U.S.A., photographed the phenomenon: the picture is signed on the back by himself, a parish priest, a commercial man and a professor, the signatures being witnessed by M. P. Dia, notary at Leiria. The copy before me shows a white mass at the top left-hand corner fanning out towards the bottom which it occupies almost entirely, growing more transparent on the way. About a third of the way down it shows streaks of light (seven, I think) with filmy edges and clearer than the rest: you can see, especially towards the left, a number of little bright dots with a short dark line beneath them. The phenomenon must have been material since it impressed the plate, though I see no religious value that can be attached

¹ This is the only person to mention the 'zig-zag' motion. We cannot then say (Barthas) that 'all who compose this multitude, all without exception, have the feeling that the sun detaches itself from the sky, and, with zigzag leaps, hurls itself upon them'; apart from the impossibility of questioning 70,000, people, others said they saw other apparitions too, which are rightly neglected. I have been shown the interesting witness of a lady, not a Catholic, who occupied a position in Lisbon. Her employers took her against her will to Fatima to see the expected miracle—she disliked all the '*mise en scène*' of the Catholic religion. They arrived in a bad temper owing to the pouring rain and to their carriage having broken down. The rain stopped abruptly 'as though turned off at a tap': the sun was seen 'through a hole in the cloud' and was 'like stainless steel'—'like this knife,' she said, touching one. It appeared to rotate, twice: she does not remember if it did it a third time and does not mention colours. She was not much impressed and thought that perhaps 'that sort of thing' happened in Portugal.

to it nor know of any scientific explanation of it. I omit lesser phenomena claimed to have been seen by others, though not all, mentioning only the bowing of the bush as Our Lady left, 'as though her skirts trailed over it'. I think such events were more crudely stated in earlier versions, e.g. that she went off 'like a rocket'.

No one, I think, can deny the objectivity of the Canon's questions nor the terseness of the childrens' answers, their rejection of untrue suggestions, their hesitations when they were not sure, the lack of 'embroidery' as the months passed on. It is true that the children had very few words at their disposal—e.g. Lucia did not say 'scapular' but 'things hanging'. They were, moreover, subjected to the fierce criticisms, derision, uproarious homage of whole mobs of visitors and became 'quite exhausted'. One development is noticeable—Lucia finally declared that Our Lady was 'all of light'—*toda de luz* (and their dazzlement was from the outset noticeable): that they distinguished e.g. cloak from dress by 'variations' or 'undulations' of light; that the face was not like flesh but a *carnea luz* (a fleshlike light): you see her struggling to express herself—what she called 'earrings' were really a brighter light and so was the cord at the neck and also the 'edge' of the cloak: she wishes to eliminate all 'embroideries' etc. from the customary statues.¹

The naivety of their earlier replies is illustrated by both the girls speaking of the 'door' through which Our Lady re-entered heaven. 'It shut so fast that we feared it would catch her feet.' The 'image' is natural—St. John (Apoc. iv. 1) speaks of a 'door' being opened into heaven: the little bit of rationalization—the disappearance was so swift that they felt the door was slammed: it might catch the Lady as she passed—is no less natural. But do they not sometimes contradict themselves? That Lucia saw the Holy Child in St. Joseph's arms and the other two saw Him standing at his side, is of no significance, for the latter two did not see the two Madonnas or Our Lord at all, Francisco never heard words spoken, and the crowd neither saw nor heard. The communications were neither to the eye nor the ear but to the mind, and the recipients clothed them in the way habitual to them (see p. 122). Lucia's insistence that Our Lady said the war would end 'that day' seems more important, but we shall see other instances of 'misinterpretation' and the principles by which we should ourselves interpret them (see p. 122-3). Re-examined about this on 8 July, 1924, Lucia not only said that Jacinta, at home, had quoted Our Lady

¹ Bishop Ullathorne, in his account of a pilgrimage to La Salette, 1854 ('The Holy Mountain of La Salette,' pp. 48-51), reminds us that whatever the children's vision there may have been, their *description* of it was wholly their own: as time went on, they learnt French, their minds expanded, they accumulated new ideas and images. They too described the Lady they saw as 'brighter than the sun': the 'roses and spangles' they mentioned were *not* roses and spangles but light; the Vision's 'cap' was 'streams of brilliancy': in short, the earlier accounts were 'spiritualized' wholly in terms of light and colour, and the boy, Maximin, could hardly look at the vision so brilliant was it.

as saying the war would finish 'within a year', but added: 'I was pre-occupied. . . . I did not give my whole attention to Our Lady's words.' That is, as she was to say also, she caught the sense, and put the 'sense' into her own words. Meanwhile, anti-clerical fury was blazing up. A raid was organized; the rustic shrine was torn down and the little tree destroyed (but it was the wrong tree). They took the poor little relics to Santarem and organized a blasphemous exhibition and procession. (Later on, the first chapel built at the Cova was dynamited.) These events created more indignation than disheartenment. Visitors flocked to the children's home: they trampled down all the vegetables: in despair Maria Rosa sent Lucia to school at Fatima and Jacinta went too. As for Francisco, his life became one of ecstatic prayer: he died of the influenza epidemic, 4 April, 1919, having made his first and last Communion, as Viaticum, on the eve. Jacinta died of the same illness on 20 February, 1920. On 13 May, a statue was set up at the Cova just when the Government sent two detachments of soldiers to prevent the people from approaching the shrine. But the fervour of the crowd was such that soon the soldiers too were saying the rosary. But Lucia continued to be a storm centre, and in June 1921 she was sent away to school with the Dorothean Sisters near Porto, and after four years was accepted as a postulant and took her first vows as a lay-sister in 1928. (She is said to have recently become a Carmelite.)

III

I recall that Lucia in 1936-7 and 1941-2 wrote two documents in the former of which she is said to have mentioned the apparition of an angel, but this remains, I think, unpublished. In the latter she says that in the spring of 1916 she and three other little girls were playing in a cave when a strong wind shook the trees and they saw towards the east 'a light whiter than snow, like the form of a young man, transparent, more brilliant than a crystal shone through by the rays of the sun'. As it approached they distinguished its features but said nothing. The Apparition said: 'Do not fear. I am the Angel of Peace. Pray with me.' He knelt down, bowed his head to the ground, and said thrice: 'My God, I believe, I adore, I hope and I love You. I ask pardon of You for those who do not believe, nor adore, nor hope nor love You.' Then he rose and said: 'Pray like that. The Hearts of Jesus and Mary are attentive to the voice of your supplications.' Lucia says they were so overwhelmed that they could not possibly have spoken about this though not forbidden to do so. 'Perhaps the vision made so much greater an impression on us because it was the first which was so manifest.' The impression however wore off. In the summer the Angel appeared to Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco (who did not hear its words)

and said: 'What are you doing? Pray, pray much! The Hearts of Jesus and Mary have designs of mercy upon you. Offer constantly prayers and sacrifices to the Most High.' 'How shall we offer sacrifices?' 'All that you can, offer as sacrifice to the Lord as an act of reparation for the sins by which He is offended and of supplication for the conversion of sinners. Invoke, thus, peace for your country. I am the Angel of Portugal. Above all, accept and endure submissively the sufferings that the Lord sends you.' Lucia says that Francisco began to ask what the Angel had said: she was exhausted: 'I will tell you tomorrow.' Next day the boy said he had not slept for thinking what the Angel could have said. He kept interrupting—'What is the Most High? What are the Hearts of Jesus and Mary?' Lucia says they were utterly tired out but began to offer to the Lord anything that 'mortified' them, not thinking out special penances (though at some moment they did, e.g., wearing a cord knotted round their waist) but spending 'hours on end' prostrate, repeating the Angel's prayer. None of this was noticed at the time. In the autumn the Angel appeared again, holding a chalice with the Host above it from which blood dripped into the cup. He left these hanging in the air, prostrated himself, and said thrice:

'Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, I adore Thee profoundly and offer Thee the most precious body, blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ present in all the tabernacles of the world, in reparation for the outrages, sacrileges and indifferences whereby He is Himself offended; and by the infinite merits of His most Sacred Heart and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary I beg from Thee the conversion of poor sinners.'

He then gave the Host to Lucia and the Cup to the other two, saying: 'Take and drink the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, horribly outraged by ungrateful men. Make reparation for their crimes and console your God.' Lucia writes that they were absorbed by the presence of God; that Francisco asked what the Angel had given to Jacinta and himself; that Jacinta cried: 'The same—Holy Communion. Didn't you see it was Blood that dripped from the Host?' 'I felt,' said he, 'that God was within me, but I didn't know how.' This story has given rise to much discussion.

Theologians tell us that the Divinity of Our Lord cannot thus be offered in reparation, nor can Our Lord thus be offered to Himself. Perhaps it is clear that Lucia had learnt in catechism the formula relating to the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and it will have come readily in that shape to her lips. But it is asked what really happened when the Angel said: 'Take and drink the Body and Blood . . .' which Jacinta described as Holy Communion? What would these still very ignorant children have made of Communion under the

species of wine? Francisco, when he was dying, certainly did not think he had made his First Communion, and asked for it. Lucia and the parish priest were clear that Jacinta had not made hers, though her father and the nun who nursed her were sure she had. But in any case, the apparition was 'symbolic', since angels have no corporeal form, so presumably the Communion was so too.

But if the dates as originally given are to be accepted, the triple apparition of the Angel occurred just at the same time (spring-autumn 1916) as the triple appearance of the 'sheeted form' about which at first (to the Canon) Lucia gave no further description, but said that she (thought that she) had run away. Later, she said that she and the others experienced 'alarm, bewilderment and joy'. Three suggestions have been made. (1) The two sets of three apparitions occurred about the same time: Lucia spoke about the 'sheeted form', but not about the Angel till many years later. (2) Lucia's mother made a mistake about the year of the former apparition and said 1916 when she meant 1915; Lucia, questioned by the Canon, did not correct her. (3) There was only one triple apparition, that of the Angel, which Lucia as a child described as best she could, and, when she was adult, in a much more elaborated way. It is of course obvious in how 'stylized' a way she wrote letters and everything else in later years, and her 1941-2 document is in purely 'conventual' phraseology, so to call it, and to that period too, belong all her descriptions of the children's interior states. Subject to correction, I might surmise that there was more to be said about the apparition of the 'sheeted form' than she then knew how to say; and that in her long years of meditation on her memories (she said she thought of nothing else) she inevitably cast them into a more pictorial and detailed form, using the conventionalized language to which by then she was accustomed. Her statement that the angelic apparition impressed them so much because it was the first to be so 'distinct' might mean that she had seen something else before, but less distinctly; or, that the next ones, Our Lady's, were also clear, but, not being the first, made no alarming impression but only a joyous one. Still, it is not the angelic apparition that has shifted the centre of gravity of 'Fatima' away from the early story of the apparitions, but the next part of Lucia's activity and her final document.

We recall that a 'secret' was imparted to the children on 13 June or 13 July, or both. In 1927 Lucia's director asked her to write down what she could about the heavenly favours received at Fatima. She prayed, and was told that she should write down what she remembered including what Our Lady had said about 'this devotion' but not the rest of the secret. It will be clear that 'this devotion' can refer only to the Immaculate Heart of Our Lady: there was no question of any other. Moreover on 10 December, 1926 and 15 January, 1927 she had two visions of Our Lord referring to the practice of the devotion. In 1936

she wrote to the Bishop of Leiria about disasters 'so near at hand' that would affect the Holy Father, and later on reminded him that already in 1927 she had begun to ask for a Communion of Reparation on the first Saturday of each month and the consecration of Russia to the Immaculate Heart. But finally she makes it clear that she wrote nothing fully till 1941-2. What she then wrote has been seen at any rate by the abbé de Oliveira, abbé Moresco and Fr. da Fonseca.

The first part of the secret consisted of a vision of hell: it was 'instantaneous', else 'I think we should have died of fright'. Lucia however wrote a highly pictorial account of what she 'saw'—souls in human form uplifted by flames proceeding from themselves; demons in 'horrible and disgusting shapes of appalling and unknown beasts, black and transparent', and so forth. Oliveira reports this fully; Fr. da Fonseca abbreviates, omitting many such details. Anyhow, since neither souls nor demons exist in bodily form, either these symbolical images were impressed directly on the children's minds to make them realize the awfulness of unrepented sin, or (perhaps more probably) the perception of sin and the loss of the soul was directly given to them, and was forthwith clothed in an imagery which would inevitably and spontaneously arise in their mind. It may be hard to see why the existence of hell should be part of a 'secret'; but Jacinta at any rate became quite obsessed by the thought of hell and declared that innumerable souls were lost during the First World War, and though we need not suppose that her later comments were part of any divine revelation, I cannot but assume she had a profound experience connected with this subject.

Our Lady then said: 'The Lord wishes to establish in the world the devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If what I say is done, many souls will be saved and there will be peace. The war (1914-1918) is ending; but if men do not cease from offending God a new and worse one will begin in the pontificate of Pius XI.¹ When you see a night illuminated by an unknown light know that this is the great sign God is giving you that He is going to punish the world by means of war, famine and persecutions against the Church and the Holy Father. To prevent this, I will come and demand the consecration of Russia to my Immaculate Heart and the reparation-Communion of the First Saturdays. If my demands are listened to, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. Else she will spread her errors through the world, arousing wars and persecutions

¹ Some books have printed 'in the next pontificate', which amounts of course to the same thing. But even in quite authentic prophecies the introduction of a proper name is unusual, and the name 'Pius XI' seems to me more likely to have been added, making the expression more explicit and 'coloured', than eliminated for no apparent reason—since, as I said, the next pontificate *was* that of Pius XI. And it seems to me improbable that Lucia would *rightly* have foretold that the next Pope would be called Pius XI, but *wrongly* that it would be under him that the Second Great War would break out.

against the Church. Good men will be martyred, the Holy Father will have much to suffer; many nations will be annihilated. In the end, my Immaculate Heart will triumph and a space of peace (*algum paz*) will be given to the world.

What used to create a difficulty can at once be eliminated. Two versions of the above used to be in circulation, the one as we have quoted it, the other substituting throughout 'the world' for 'Russia'. It is now known that this change was deliberately agreed on lest 'neutral' Portugal should seem to be taking sides against Russia. Since 'Russia' is now replaced throughout there is no point in dwelling on this. The Second Great War did not however break out in the 'next pontificate', but on 1 September, 1939, in that of Pius XII, who had been elected on 2 March. It is suggested that the German-Austrian *Anschluss*, the invasion of Czecho-Slovakia, the Spanish civil war, or other events should be regarded as the beginning of the Second War, but while they probably led people to foresee another war, nobody would have regarded them as a Second World War. Much more persuasive is the suggestion that Lucia, who had been sent to a Spanish convent at Tuy in 1934, thought the atrocious Spanish war *was* the prophesied war; and, while Russia was not the direct and only cause of the Second War, Lucia probably heard much more than we were allowed to of the role of Russian propaganda in Spain and felt as if Russia were the only source of subversive ideas and bloodshed, and by now 'Russia' has indeed almost come to symbolize them. It may not be rash to suppose that Our Lady had made the children understand that terrible consequences both in this world and in the next attend upon unrepented sin, and that as events developed Lucia saw in them the fulfilment of Our Lady's message and read back what was specific into what had been quite general.

But what of the 'unknown light', signaling imminent disaster? During the night of 25-26 January, 1938, there was an exceptionally fine aurora borealis—or, to use Lucia's words, 'what astronomers have tried to designate by the name "aurora borealis".' God, she said, 'used this' to make her understand that He was about to strike, and this was why she had begun to urge upon the bishop (to whom she wrote thus in 1941) the Saturday Communions and the consecration of Russia. The phenomenon was by no means unique, but that is no reason why God should not have 'used' it to intensify in her the sense of impending calamity, and it did in fact seem ominous to many simple people, as comets do. Meanwhile, it appears that the bishops of Portugal had petitioned the Holy See for the consecration of the whole world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary (13 May, 1938), but though a whole series of such petitions from other lands too, at least since 1914, had reached Rome, Pius XI did not act upon them. However, Pius

XII on 31 October, 1942, the 'silver jubilee' of the year of the Apparitions, consecrated the Church and the world to the Immaculate Heart: he spoke in Portuguese and included a long allusion to Russia though without naming her. Lucia was disappointed; she had wished that the bishops of the whole world should consecrate Russia as such on one and the same day.

This has suggested two questions. First, what was the use of revealing all this *after* the Second War had broken out? Had Lucia done so before, might there not have been a universal and irresistible demand for the consecration of Russia, preventing (if the revelation had been recognized as genuine) the outbreak of the war? Lucia's answer was that God had not intended to use her as a prophetess. The second question seems unanswerable. During the apparitions, according to the 1941-2 account, the Lady constantly spoke of 'her Immaculate Heart'. The Angel had already twice alluded to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Lucia now tells how in the very first apparition the Lady asked if they would suffer . . . in reparation for the blasphemies and offences against the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In the second, she tells Lucia that Our Lord wishes to use her for the establishment of the devotion to 'my' Immaculate Heart. And again; 'I will never abandon you. *My* Immaculate Heart will be your refuge and the path to lead you to God'. Whereupon the children saw on Our Lady's right hand a heart surrounded with thorns which were men's sins piercing the heart of Our Lady. In the third apparition came the directions about Russia and Our Lady teaches them a short reparatory prayer. The children could not then have been in doubt about the identity of the Lady. Yet Lucia several times asked her who she was and she replied that she would tell them on 13 October; and in the interrogation of 27 September Lucia says explicitly to the Canon that she said she would tell them *only* on 13 October (*perguntei, mas declarou que 'so' o diria a 13 de Outubro*: Barthas eliminates the 'only'). Doubtless the children increasingly felt sure that it was Our Lady, and everyone else took it for granted: still, the Vision replied that she would tell them only then—but if she had so often been speaking of 'my' Immaculate Heart, had she not really told them already several times? Again, both Lucia and Jacinta, at the time, said that the Lady had told them 'the' secret during the June apparition. But in 1941 Lucia said that the Lady had not forbidden them to speak about that or other matters, only they felt that they ought not to: the 'great secret' belonged to the third apparition. Now we learn that on 10 December, 1925, Lucia (by now a Dorothean lay-sister) declared that Our Lady had appeared to her, had shown her her Heart surrounded by thorns, and had said:

'Behold my heart pierced with thorns that men drive into it by their sins. Do you at least try to console me, and make it known

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that I promise to assist with the graces necessary for salvation at the hour of death, those who on the first Saturday of five consecutive months go to confession, receive Holy Communion, recite the rosary and stay with me for 15 minutes meditating on the mysteries of the rosary for the purpose of making reparation for me.

Early next year the Child Jesus told her to diffuse this devotion despite the difficulties of which her confessor would tell her; and a year later, apparently for the first time, Lucia said that it was at Fatima that Our Lady had spoken of this devotion. Unless we are prepared dogmatically to assert that Lucia was during a quarter of a century miraculously preserved from in any way fusing or rendering more explicit and shaping or reinterpreting her memories (as we all do, and as we saw—the Saints themselves often may) she may well, it seems to me, by constantly meditating on the original revelation have seen deeper and deeper into it and have—as it were—multiplied her memories into one another. After all, the *style* in which she relates the celestial communications, when she is adult, is manifestly quite different from what she used, or could use, when a child, and it is the substance of the gift that matters, not dates, and no one can be surprised if that essential gift were continuously renewed and enriched.

In writing thus, I have tried to keep to the absolute minimum of conjecture or even comment, setting down, from incident to incident, the evidence so far as it is accessible, and very likely having failed in accuracy of detail (which is the more possible because the published books so often differ in minor points quite apart from their interweaving, as I said, material derived from documents written many years apart). And I have tried never to forget the principles recalled at the outset by which all students of preternatural occurrences or 'mystical' experiences need to be guided. In 1921 the Bishop of Leiria bought the terrain of Cova da Iria and Mass was offered there on 13 October. The digging of a central cistern was begun to collect water for pilgrims; two springs unexpectedly revealed themselves from which water runs through fifteen taps and is said to effect miraculous cures. On 3 May, 1922 a canonical enquiry was begun and a favourable decision given on 13 October, 1930. Next year, the whole Portuguese hierarchy led a national pilgrimage to the shrine and in 1942 another pilgrimage celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Apparitions. 300,000 persons were present, of whom some 10,000 were young men belonging to the Portuguese 'Catholic Action' or Lay-Apostolate. On 13 October of that year the statue of Our Lady of Fatima was crowned; and on 31 October the Holy Father broadcast, as has been said, in Portuguese the consecration of the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

We know that God does not add to the revelation of those great truths which are for the salvation of mankind and which are entrusted to His Church, infallible guardian and herald of His truth and of His will. We see too that the world is not only in great measure disregarding but even rejecting these—namely, its defiance of God's will as revealed even in the 'natural law' and even the existence of God Himself. Many generations have gone towards the making of this apostasy; and if we are aghast at the mass of misery that has piled itself up in our world despite all the promises of 'science', and if we must feel utterly bewildered at the cruelty and brutality that the last forty years have witnessed despite the alleged development of 'civilization' which was to bring health, prosperity, freedom from fear, and in fact an unbroken upward progress, we ought to be *unable* to explain these tragedies save in terms of God and therefore the unleashing of sin. We are not, then, surprised if desperate remedies are applied to desperate diseases, and that through the instrumentality of Our Lady it should be driven home to us that unless there is a radical change of heart there will be only more sin and worse disasters. And anything that happens on this earth is only the thin shadow of our everlasting destiny. But one thing is certain—we cannot, unaided, change our own hearts nor add one cubit to our spiritual stature. We need every light to see that we need such a change, and every stimulus to want what we see we need. This may be why God sent our Blessed Lady to recall to us how like her heart was to her Son's, and to encourage us to hope that by her intercession our own may become more like hers, and so, like His. But, as at Lourdes she repeated that cry so little attended to—*Pénitence, pénitence*, so at Fatima she insisted and re-insisted on the need for sacrifice. And Lucia was afterwards taught that the first and best sacrifice is the perfect fulfilling of the duties of our state in life. Life is anyhow grim enough for millions to make that perfect fulfilling to be a heroic sacrifice; no version of escapism is going to save our generation or the future. Our Lady of Fatima is manifestly supplying the supernatural coefficient in the marvellous resurrection of Portugal: may England receive whatever form of help is seen to be best suited to her, so that at last our sinful feet may once more be guided into the only ways of peace.

BOOK REVIEWS

A PHOTOGRAPH AND A PORTRAIT

The Young Mr. Newman. By Maisie Ward. With eight full-page illustrations, a bibliography and an index. (Sheed & Ward, 21s. net.)

The Life of Newman. By Robert Sencourt. With eight full-page illustrations, a bibliography and an index. (Dacre Press, 21s. net.)

Two more lives of Newman have appeared this year. There is a fascination about Newman's personality that will always draw fresh writers and fresh readers to portray and study it. The more good lives one reads, the greater the fascination grows. Each life is then like a new encounter with an old friend in a company which brings out qualities we had hitherto little suspected. If the friend is dear to one, there is a greater joy at meeting him again after a long absence than there is for others who make their first acquaintance. So Newman lovers do not tire of new lives, nor do they fear that all has already been said; and, as for those who are introduced to Newman for the first time, it usually takes a biography by a contemporary they know to bring it about.

Most of the earlier biographies were lacking in proportion. That of R. H. Hutton in 1891, for instance, which has always been highly appreciated and for long was regarded as the most perfect picture of Newman, was almost wholly devoted to the Anglican period. This is perhaps understandable in an Anglican, who never himself followed Newman into the Church. For him, 'Newman as a Catholic' was a kind of appendix to the exciting life that reached its climax in 1845.

William Barry's short popular biography of 1904 went to the opposite extreme. Two-thirds of his small volume were concerned with the latter half of Newman's Catholic life. Brilliant as was this biography, Barry was never satisfied with it. He was wont to confess that he never understood Newman. He thought more highly of his biography of the apostate Renan, who left the Church in the same year in which Newman entered it.

In 1913 appeared the large two-volume biography by Wilfrid Ward. Son of the famous W. G. Ward, who, in spite of his great admiration for the Cardinal, has frequently been found in the Manning camp in opposition to him, Wilfrid inherited his father's love of Newman's character

and saintliness with none of his distrust of Newman's thought and ecclesiastical politics. He early conceived a desire to make amends for any wrong his father may have unwittingly done to Newman's memory by producing the first and so far only full-length standard biography. He made a painstaking study of the greater part of the material relating to Newman's Catholic life, but was satisfied with the most cursory picture of his Anglican life. That it could not be regarded as a satisfactory full biography is clear from the fact that, out of twelve hundred pages of biography, only a hundred were consecrated to his forty-four years in the Church of England.

However, his work has remained to this day the classic storehouse of material relating to the Catholic life. Most people wanting authoritative information go to Ward, and find what they want either in his pages or in his copious references. As a biography it has often been criticized. It gives a somewhat depressing picture of Newman's trials and his reaction to them, which many people think hardly in accordance with truth. There is a lighter side to Newman's character which appears in many of the hundreds of nineteenth-century memoirs which recall him, a cheerful, humorous and high-spirited side, which some found his most marked social quality. It would not be fair to say that Wilfrid Ward shows himself unaware of this, but he gives the impression to most of his readers that this lighter side was neither prominent nor typical.

Ward's life must have lost much by his decision to neglect the period when Newman lived in contact with his family. There are few better indications of a man's qualities than his relations with his family, particularly during his early manhood when his character is presumably formed. At home his genius is taken for granted or perhaps forgotten, his generosity is tried, and his thoughtfulness, kindness and humour have their greatest scope. Who will say that these virtues of the hearth-side are not at the heart of a man's personality?

Other short lives have appeared since Ward's, lives which have attempted to reduce Ward to a handier size, lives which set out to reveal the charm and greatness of Newman, together with an introduction to his message, within the compass of some two hundred or three hundred pages. Some of these have been unsatisfactory, others excellent but uneven. One of the most gracious sketches that have been written is that by Mr. Lewis May in 1929; but he devoted no more than a fifth of his volume to the first half of Newman's life.

Of the recent American lives the most valuable is that by Mr. John Moody. This is highly sympathetic and well balanced, conveying to us a revealing account of the story of Newman's life with many inspiring insights into the development of his mind and thought. Now in 1948, two of our best-known English Catholic writers give us new biographies, each in its way attempting to make up for the unevenness of most of their predecessors by restoring the balance between Newman the Anglican

and Newman the Catholic. Maisie Ward and Robert Sencourt have made up their minds on the type of book they are writing, and they have achieved their purpose. Maisie Ward sets out to fill the gap in her father's biography by giving us a volume roughly of the size of one of her father's, and devoting it exclusively to the period before Newman's conversion. Her aim is thus to complete the full-length biography by her father. It naturally turns out to be greatly an intimate picture of Newman in the midst of his family circle, but also of Newman as the much-loved public figure at Oxford. It is a story we never tire of hearing, full of every kind of excitement, as Newman makes his way from the obscurity of his home to the leadership of the Oxford Movement.

Miss Maisie Ward had the use of unlimited material for this work, much of it hitherto unpublished, and she has taken full advantage of it. There was Newman's autobiographical memoir, there were letters collected by Anne Mozley, there were many memoirs of Newman's Oxford contemporaries, there were great boxes of letters in the Birmingham Oratory, many of which had scarcely been looked at before. She added to this material by reading most of the books which influenced the young Newman, as well as the books he wrote. It is the good fortune of the Newman biographer that he has no gaps to fill. There are no bare bones to be clothed with flesh. Indeed there is hardly a day in his life we cannot account for. Maisie Ward has profited to the full by this, and has given us a sort of moving photographic picture of Newman from his childhood till 1845. She has arranged her materials well and gathered all together in interesting chapters; and the impression we reach on reading it all is that we are being admitted into a privileged intimate view of the man, such as is rarely granted us of the world's finest personalities.

The result is that we can see the young Mr. Newman for ourselves and pass our own judgement on him. It is not an artist's portrait which tells us what the artist sees, but a faithful reproduction, which enables us to find out what we can see. I said that Maisie Ward set out to do this and achieved it. It would be more correct to say that she does occasionally fall short of the rigidly impersonal style her purpose demands. The result is that the few personal comments which intrude themselves give the impression of intruding. They give us an uncomfortable feeling that the author is taking advantage of the fact that she is on the platform and we cannot interrupt. But this personal intrusion is not frequent enough to be a serious blemish. Perhaps it is gravest when it leads her to discover in the Anglican sermons Protestant Calvinism, when he was perhaps merely resisting Protestant Pelagianism.

Mr. Robert Sencourt sets out with an entirely different end in view. He has no intention of putting a photograph or film before us. He is not merely reproducing, he is painting a portrait. He sets out to paint the whole Newman, Anglican as well as Catholic. He is more concerned to

select and reject than to add material. In a work of art it is not the amount but its arrangement which tells. While the ordinary type of photograph—I exclude those photographs which are themselves somewhat of the nature of artist's portraits—is of its nature impersonal, the portrait reveals something of the artist as well as of his model. This must of course be done so subtly as to insinuate rather than proclaim him. The photograph needs no commentary, but the painting is a commentary. What Mr. Sencourt thinks of Newman's character and thought and style is all he has to express in his book, and the value of that book depends more upon the soundness of his judgements and limpidity of his style than upon the greatness of his model. It would of course seem wasteful to expend great artistic powers on an unworthy subject. But, where the purpose of the book is a faithful reproduction, it would have no value at all apart from its subject.

Of the two genres, which is truer to reality? The question has no meaning. When a man is no longer with us, his photograph does something to bring him back. Whether he is present or absent a good portrait reveals what we had not eyes to see alone. When you have the original, you do not waste time on the reproduction. A good portrait, on the other hand, is a thing of beauty, and has value in itself independently of what the ordinary man sees in the original.

In a portrait, as in all forms of art, style is important, and this Robert Sencourt achieves. In a film, order, liveliness and apt quotation are the style called for, and this again Maisie Ward achieves.

Robert Sencourt's style is, as we by now expect, that of the artist, and occasionally its standard is of the highest.

Mr. Sencourt's Newman is complex, and he rightly does not profess to be able to classify him. But he removes many false impressions by his vigorous delineation. While allowing that Newman could at times be devastating or petulant with the merely curious or worldly or idle, his impatience was never baseless personal pique. If he discomfited you, it was in a worthy cause, and you usually deserved it. Because of this, it could last a long while. Underneath the gentle infirmity of a frail old man there lay a violent strength of purpose, which was in most cases destined to win through more surely and permanently than all the brilliance and authority of a Manning. The clear impression of vigour so unmistakably conveyed through Mr. Sencourt's book will do much to counteract the sense of failure and depression which many people have acquired through Wilfrid Ward's life.

Another feature of his Newman is his portrayal of the inner spirit of faith which was the fundamental guide of Newman through life, deeper than his intellect, much deeper than either logic or emotions. It was not merely that Newman was not converted by syllogisms, he was not even converted purely by intellectual conviction through implicit reasoning. Still less was sentiment of any kind able to do more than confuse and

worry him. It was because of this spirit of faith that Newman demanded of the Church of his allegiance clear marks of sanctity and mysticism. Until he saw how these marks, though sometimes found by special providence outside the fold, were nevertheless distinctive of the Church of Rome, he remained insufficiently moved by the ever stronger intellectual arguments against his own Church of England. It was a question of 'Deep calls to Deep'. When the depth of Newman's faith and love saw the depth of the spirit of Catholicism, that was, in its human aspect, the grace of faith in its truth. Since Newman was always an intellectualist, this could never have happened unless his reason had prepared the way.

This is an important contribution, which perhaps no previous biographer of Newman has made so surely and soundly. But I am sorry about the terminology that Mr. Sencourt has chosen. He often speaks of Newman's religious experience. He knows that this word is still a great force among non-Catholics, and this is doubtless one reason why he uses it. But it was a word which Newman himself never admitted, because it roused in him the deepest suspicion. This was partly because of its ready confusion with emotionalism, and partly because its very use centred the mind on the self, instead of upon the object of faith. It is true that during the last few years of Newman's Anglican life, in desperation he had recourse to an argument from the felt graces and blessings of Anglicanism to prove that the spirit of God was with it. But he never felt comfortable with this mode of argument, and both before and after that time he frequently pointed out its dangers. In the *Lectures on Justification* he several times blames Protestants for their unhealthy concentration on their feelings and experiences. He writes, for instance, 'They rather aim at experiences (as they are called) within them, than at Him that is without them.'

For the same reason, there is a risk that some readers will misunderstand Mr. Sencourt's description of the illative sense. He points out quite clearly that it is a faculty of inferring, and quotes Newman to show that it is a 'minute, continuous experimental reasoning'. But then, on p. 250, he stresses that it comes from *experience* in italics, and even says it is a 'practical standard of judgement, founded not on reasoning but on experience'. Newman usually, if not always, refers to the concrete facts from which we all set out as 'experiences' rather than 'experience'. Doubtless the difference is a small one, if the term is understood in its common, original sense. But Newman would never contrast this method of judgement with reasoning, since in his earlier work he had made it a type of reasoning. I am glad to note that Maisie Ward, in her chapter on 'A Philosophy of Faith', keeps to Newman's own terms, and thus bears witness to Newman's own conviction that all our judgements are made as a result of some form of reasoning, and, though experiences may enter in, we could not say it is fundamentally 'not reasoning, but experience'.

It would leave a false impression if the reader were to gather from

what I have said that Maisie Ward introduces new material and Robert Sencourt merely selects from the old. Robert Sencourt also had recourse to fresh material. He had access to the archives of Oriel College, Magdalen College and Pusey House, as well as accounts of material in the possession of the President of Trinity, an unpublished letter belonging to the Warden of Keble and letters placed at his disposal by Canon Ollard. Both books had the full advantage of the co-operation of Father Henry Tristram of the Birmingham Oratory, whose understanding of Newman is such that no writer on Newman can afford to disregard it.

There are two small drawbacks to the volumes before me. Maisie Ward's book loses much of its value to Newman scholars from the fact that she rarely gives references for her quotations from Newman. Nor does she tell us when the material she is quoting is new material and when it has already been published. With regard to the new material, it would have been valuable to have the exact dates of letters, for instance. Perhaps she intends her work merely to introduce us to some coming edition of all Newman's letters, which would be widely appreciated. She tells us she is writing for those who enjoy reading, rather than for the scholar. But it would not have detracted from the interest of the book to give references. Mr. Robert Sencourt gives all his references, but always seems to quote from first editions; although there are some slight inaccuracies, according to my copies of those editions. In the case of the *Essay on Development*, one can understand his preference for the words Newman actually wrote at Littlemore. But would it not have been preferable to quote the *Grammar of Assent* from the later and better known edition? Besides being in more people's hands, the later edition must represent Newman's maturer thought.

These, however, are small points, and they will not prevent readers of *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* being deeply grateful to both authors for their truly valuable contributions to Newman scholarship.

H. FRANCIS DAVIS

VLADIMIR SOLOVYEV

Lectures on Godmanhood. By Vladimir Solovyev. With an Introduction by P. Peter Zouboff. (Dennis Dobson. 18s.)

Russia and the Universal Church. By Vladimir Solovyev. Translated by Herbert Rees. (Geoffrey Bles: The Centenary Press. 15s.)

It is a curious thought that, in the Reading Room of the British Museum, where Karl Marx dredged the reports of Royal Commissions and of the early Factory Inspectors, bringing to the surface the malodorous submerged life of Victorian England, Vladimir Solovyev be-

held for the second time a vision of the Divine Sophia. This vision, first seen when he was a boy of nine in Moscow, on Ascension Day, seen for the last time (in the flesh) in the Egyptian desert, was the impulse and the goal of his astonishing career, full of speculations, some of them intemperate and a little absurd, about God, Man, and the Cosmos, and full of labour for the regeneration of the Christian East and the reunion of Christendom. Both Marx, the perpetual student, and the visionary Solovyev, speak to us from their graves; and so far it is Marx who has been the more persuasive. His disciples rule where once the Tsar ruled, and Solovyev's dream of a Christendom made one by the concurrence of Pope and Tsar is so pointless as not even to seem absurd, as it did to his contemporaries. And yet the Russian Newman, as Monsignor d'Herbigny rather misleadingly called him, still fascinates us; and it is not inconceivable that he may have the last word in the great debate.

For the English reader it is now possible to gain a fairly complete picture of Solovyev's doctrine. *The Justification of the Good* has been available for many years, though we ought to have a new edition of it. Some years ago Mr. Attwater translated *The Spiritual Foundations of Life*, under the title *God, Man and the Church*; and this remains perhaps the best introduction to his thought. Recently we had his essay *The Meaning of Love*, and now there are the two works under review. We are therefore in a position to attempt an estimate of his contribution to philosophy and theology. The man himself remains mysterious, in particular his attitude to the Catholic Church remains obscure. Dr. Zouboff's useful Introduction to the *Lectures on Godmanhood* does little to illuminate the mystery, but it may be that no more can be done. The facts are not in dispute. On 18 February, 1896, after making his confession to Father Nicholas Tolstoy, a Catholic priest of the Byzantine Rite, he read before witnesses the Tridentine Profession of Faith, and later received Holy Communion. There can be no doubt that *Russia and the Universal Church* is the work of a convinced Roman Catholic, though had it been explicitly such Part Three, which sets out his characteristic doctrine of the Divine Wisdom, could scarcely have escaped censure. And yet he never publicly acknowledged his breach with the Orthodox Church and received the last sacraments as a member of that communion. The suggestion sometimes made that Solovyev concealed his conversion in order to avoid the civil disabilities then attached to the public profession of Catholicism in Russia scarcely accords with what we know of the man, and if it were true it would not be creditable. It may be that, hoping as he did almost up to the end for the healing of the schism between East and West in his own lifetime, he placed too high a value on his own personality as a link between separated Christians.

For the greater part of his career Solovyev believed that the world

was on the eve of a new age to which traditional Christianity and modern humanism were a necessary prelude.

The old traditional form of religion has issued forth from the faith in God, but it has failed to carry out this faith to the end. The modern extra-religious civilization proceeds from the faith in man, but it, too, remains inconsistent—does not carry its faith to its [logical] end. But when both of these faiths, the faith in God and the faith in man, are carried out consistently and realized in full, they meet in the unique, complete, and integral truth of Godmanhood.

Godmanhood, the divinization of man, the redemption of the Cosmos through the embodiment of the Divine Wisdom within it, this is the next and final stage of cosmic and human history. That in the end the Redemption means the divinization of man and the open acknowledgement of Christ as the King of the universe is, of course, the teaching of the Scriptures and the Liturgy, though it may be that in the West the full force of this teaching is not always appreciated. But Solovyev goes far beyond the common teaching on the subject and develops a doctrine of the Divine Wisdom which seems almost certainly heretical and has, indeed, been condemned as such by Russian Orthodox Synods. The doctrine is set out at length in the *Lectures on Godmanhood*, though it is there obscured by a phenomenalist theory of knowledge, half Platonic, half Kantian, and by excessive use of the Hegelian dialectic, both of which seem irrelevant to the doctrine. It is stated much more plainly and in more winning terms in Part Three of *Russia and the Universal Church*. Whereas the Fathers identified the Divine Wisdom with the Logos, 'the religious art of our ancestors (*sc.* the Russians) distinguished it clearly from both [the Blessed Virgin and Jesus Christ] and represented it under the form of a distinct divine being. It was for them the heavenly essence clad in the appearance of the lower world, the luminous spirit of regenerate humanity, the Guardian Angel of the Earth, the final appearance of the Godhead for which they waited.' The Divine Wisdom appears to be—though on this point Solovyev's language is often confused and ambiguous—a separate divine being destined to be incarnated in the universe and above all in mankind when the process of redemption is consummated. Solovyev denies, as against St. Paul and the general teaching of the Fathers, that Logos and Sophia are identical. God created the world by the Word; but the principle of such unity as the partly chaotic creation possesses, and the principle which will in the end overcome all chaos, all inner conflict, is the Wisdom of God, 'the unity of God and of existence outside the Godhead . . . the true rationale and end of creation'.

It will be seen that this teaching places before us the problem of what is meant by the Scriptures and by theologians when they speak

without qualification of the created universe as 'good'. Does evil belong to the created universe only at that point where the sin of man has brought it into existence? If the universe at its sub-rational level is, before the appearance of man, already infected with evil, this seems to drive us back to a falling away from God more primitive than that represented by the story of Eden. And Solovyev does in fact appear to urge that in the beginning the 'world-soul' fell away from her Creator, and that the Fall of Man, the Fall of the Angels, and the fall of the 'world-soul', are in some mysterious way bound up with each other. Much of what he writes is a gloss upon Romans viii, 19-22. Thus, when God pronounces creation to be good, He does so viewing it *sub specie aeternitatis*, viewing it as a process which is necessarily ambiguous seen from the standpoint of the creature immersed in time, but which may be pronounced good since its consummation is the incarnation of the Divine Wisdom.

Whatever we may think of Solovyev's solution, it is important to recognize that he is struggling no matter how ineptly with a genuine problem, a problem which is often minimized or put on one side by the thinker brought up in western traditions. Solovyev says of the cosmic process:

If we consider the terrestrial world as it is and especially its geological and palaeontological history . . . we find depicted there a laborious process determined by heterogeneous principles which do not achieve a firm and harmonious unity except after much time and effort . . . Our cosmic history is a long and painful parturition. We see in it clear signs of internal struggle, of shocks and violent convulsions, blind gropings, unfinished sketches of unsuccessful creations, monstrous births and abortions. Can all these antediluvian monsters, these palaeozoa—the megatherium, the plesiosaurus, the ichthyosaurus, the pterodactyl and so forth—form part of the perfect and direct creation of God?

These observations are not original nor do they arise only out of an inspection of the astonishing past of living creatures upon this planet. As with William Blake, the living tiger can prompt the same questioning as the bones of the megatherium. But there is a mystery here, one not to be dispelled by the general principles of Aristotelian metaphysics no matter how persuasively they may be expressed. One cannot say that Solovyev has penetrated the mystery, but it may be a virtue in him that he is always sensitive to it. Where he goes astray is in supposing that the more fundamental mystery of creation itself can be explained in terms of philosophy, for he comes close to arguing that creation is necessary to God. As Dom John Chapman once wrote: 'God made the Cosmos. Why? It was a very odd thing to do!' Behind the mystery of the evolutionary process there lies the greater mystery of

why anything other than God exists at all. Revelation tells us something about this and tells us far more than philosophy can do; indeed, philosophy left to its own resources, the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, never even gets so far as to see there is an existential problem; and if later philosophers have examined the problem it is not because their insight has been superior to that of Plato and Aristotle but rather because they have had the good fortune to live in the Christian era and thus to inherit presuppositions derived from the Christian revelation.

A general criticism of Solovyev would be that he is a kind of spiritual amphibian, living half within and half without the element of the Faith. Thus, his powerful speculative intellect tends continually to pass beyond those limits to which the believer responds, not because he has been warned about them in theological manuals but because, dwelling within the community of the Faith, he is aware of them as the norm by which the community lives. This tendency of Solovyev's thought to become extravagant and to flout proportion is even to be found in his historical work, as, for example, in his treatment of the early Christological heresies as all, at bottom, varieties of Caesaro-Papism.

In spite of much that is doubtful in it, *Russia and the Universal Church* is a work of great value. Catholics will be familiar with the evidence he gathers to show that from the earliest times the Apostolic See—'that miraculous ikon of universal Christianity', as he calls it—enjoyed not only a primacy of honour but a primacy in matters of faith and jurisdiction, that the mediaeval and modern Papacy is a legitimate development of an institution which is as much a part of primitive Christianity as the episcopate and the sacraments. He is able to show further that the churches of the East in the early centuries explicitly recognized the special position of the Bishop of Rome as the divinely appointed guardian of the Faith. The cult of the first seven oecumenical councils, a cult popular among Anglicans as well as among the Orthodox, is a piece of ecclesiastical antiquarianism revealing the absence of a living voice, an absence which is the natural fruit of schism.

Those who agree with us in founding the Church upon love and yet see world-wide ecclesiastical unity only in a fossilized tradition which for eleven centuries has lost all means of actual self-expression should bear in mind that it is impossible to love with a living and active love what is simply an archaeological relic, a remote fact, such as the seven oecumenical councils, which is absolutely unknown to the masses and can only appeal to the learned.

repudiating their own past, when communion with the Apostolic See was the criterion of Catholic unity, the Christians of the East, or at least their ecclesiastical leaders, have not only fallen into schism, they

have also put aside the historic task of the Church Militant. Eastern Christians often reproach the Catholic Church for allowing herself to be caught up in the process of history, for an excessive concern with the issues of politics and the work of civilization. In this the earlier Solovyev was content to parrot his elders and contemporaries; but he came to see that, deep as might be the shadows in the picture of the Church in the West, there was a necessary Christian heroism in this effort to shape the stubborn material of human institutions. 'The Western Church,' he wrote, 'faithful to its apostolic mission, has not been afraid to plunge into the mire of history.' In a world where Mr. Karpov has succeeded to the functions of the Tsarist Procurator of the Holy Synod, where the Russian Orthodox Church, faithful to its traditions of Caesaro-Papism, identifies itself with the cynical policies of its political masters, the message of Solovyev has not lost its relevance; though the tyranny which compelled Solovyev to publish *Russia and the Universal Church* outside Russia and in the French language has been strengthened rather than weakened by revolution, and will no doubt consider Solovyev's message to be as pernicious as Mendelian genetics or bourgeois music.

As he approached the end of his life (he died, exhausted and prematurely aged, at the age of forty-seven) Solovyev ceased to hope for the healing of the schism between East and West in his lifetime and no longer saw the process of redemption as a process of organic growth. Instead, in his last work, the *Three Conversations*, he describes a future in which the vast majority of Christians apostatize, welcoming the rule of an Antichrist who is not a man of blood but an enlightened social reformer. He offers salvation in his own name, not in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Only the remnant of the elect led by the reigning Pope, by John the Elder of Russia, and by a Protestant German Professor, recognize that the refusal of the world's ruler to confess his faith in Jesus Christ is the mark of Antichrist. Their action provokes a persecution of the faithful remnant, a persecution which is only the prelude to the union of the churches and the coming of the Judgement. Human history is at an end.

The *Lectures on Godmanhood* have been produced in an agreeable form, but the translation is unnecessarily turgid and not free from Americanisms that strike harshly upon the English ear. Dr. Zouboff's Introduction to Solovyev's life and thought is well done, but fails to bring out the remarkable rôle of the erotic in Solovyev's personal development and in his thought. Mr. Rees has given us a pleasing version of *La Russie et l'Eglise Universelle*.

J. M. C.

THE NATURAL LAW

The Natural Law. By Heinrich A. Rommen. Translated by Thomas R. Hanley, O.S.B. (Herder. 24s.)

As the German title—*Die ewige Wiederkehr des Naturrechts*—suggests, the theme of this book bears a certain resemblance to that of Gilson's *Unity of Philosophical Experience*: as philosophy always survives to bury its undertakers, so does the authentic conception of Natural Law continue to reassert itself after years of error and neglect.

Dr. Rommen devotes half the book to a survey of the history of the idea of Natural Law. At least implicit in the thought of the most remote antiquity, it was developed notably by the Stoics and found its richest expression in the writings of the Scholastics. St. Thomas's insistence on the rational character of all law and on the metaphysical basis of Natural Law is well known, but deserved to be outlined again, as it is here, clearly and succinctly. But the signs of the decline in the theory of Natural Law appear in Scotus, through his emphasis on the will rather than the intellect of God as the source of morality. With Occam perhaps the decline itself may be said to begin. Nevertheless the late Scholastics, especially Vittoria and Suarez, upheld the thomistic doctrine and applied it to the problems created by the discovery of new lands, the rights of the natives and the vast expansion of trade. To these Spanish thinkers Hugo Grotius admitted his debt: he should not be regarded as the Father of Natural Law but rather, thinks Dr. Rommen, as marking a turning point in its history—the transition to rationalism. Rationalism, even when it does not exclude God as the Author of Nature and the Natural Law, supposes that human reason can draw up a detailed scheme of laws which will have that validity and permanence which the Scholastics attached to certain fundamental precepts. From the sixteenth century onwards 'nature' begins to be opposed to 'law' and 'reason': whether man's native brutality needs to be curbed by law, as in Hobbes, or his natural innocence leads him to a free agreement, as in Rousseau, the metaphysical basis of law vanishes and the way is open to arbitrary dictatorship. Pufendorf and Kant, however diverse from one another and from earlier thinkers, both have the individualist conception of Natural Law and attribute to it a purely human origin. After the complete rejection of Natural Law by the positivists, it seems to Dr. Rommen to be again coming into its own; not only through the teaching of the encyclicals and the work of the Neo-Thomists, but also through the criticism of positivist theories by such men as Duguit, Gierke, and even Laski.

In the second half of his book, expounding the elements of Catholic thought on the subject of Natural Law, he shows the real importance of positive law as the work of human reason supplementing the fundamen-

tal prescriptions which manifestly arise from the nature of things. Positive law thus conceived has considerable flexibility—it ought to accord with reason, but, drawn up by fallible legislators, it may be mistaken and therefore mutable—and that which is on all sides agreed to belong to Natural Law imposes no very grievous burden on men. The meaning of *Jus Gentium*, as comprising those principles deduced by reason from the fundamental and universally obvious precepts of Natural Law, might have been made more clear. There is at least one passage (p. 61) which might lead the unwary into the not uncommon error of translating the term as 'international law'.

Such a book as this has long been badly needed, but it is a pity that the style is not as attractive as the printing and format. Indeed, we could have been satisfied with a less sumptuous volume at half the price. Well-documented and thorough as it is, it is obviously meant for the general reader and is not meant to be compared with—say—Maitland's and Barker's translations of Gierke. The constant association of 'Being and Oughtness' is important, but it seems unfortunate that English has no less clumsy equivalent of what is presumably 'Sein und Sollen' in the original; in some instances, it seemed to the reviewer, that 'Sollen' might have been rendered by 'duty' or 'obligation', but not in all.

EDWARD QUINN

MONASTIC HISTORY

The Religious Orders in England. By Dom David Knowles, Fellow of Peterhouse and Professor of Mediaeval History. (Cambridge University Press. 30s. net.)

THE only criticism which the ordinary reader with no specialized knowledge of English mediaeval history can make of this fascinating book is the title. Actually it merely covers certain phases of the history of monks and friars in England from 1216 to about 1340, and not more than a few lines are devoted to nuns or nunneries. The author's original intention, so we gather from the Preface, was to cover the whole period from the Fourth Lateran Council to the Dissolution in a single volume. The book was to have been a continuation of Professor Knowles' monumental work *The Monastic Order in England*, published in 1940. However, the vast amount of material available, also the relations of the mendicant orders with the older religious bodies during the thirteenth century being so closely interwoven—to have omitted the former would have made the book 'partial and incomplete'—resulted in a 'change of design'. A time limit was set to the present volume, and only particular aspects of monastic history have been dealt with. Professor Knowles

warns his readers that 'though no doubt there are omissions which no agencies of planning can excuse, the absence of a topic from this volume does not necessarily imply that it has fallen entirely out of the reckoning.'

Two momentous and unpredictable events took place in the early years of the thirteenth century, which affected all that followed. The new orders of friars inaugurated a wholly original ideal and type of organization in the religious life; the Fourth Council of the Lateran established a code of disciplinary decrees which gave a legal basis for a system of ecclesiastical administration, different in method from all which had preceded it. As the author reminds us, the years between 1205 and 1215 are a watershed in religious history. The Fourth Lateran Council marks a clear division in Church history.

Before this Council there was a growing spirit of independence, which threatened to become a spirit of antimony. After it began a new spirit of order and reform, with the centralization of the Church as a whole. This spirit was promoted by the higher clergy, assisted by the attitude of the mendicant orders, and stimulated by the much closer relations between England and Rome, and the presence of a papal legate in England. From Stephen Langton onwards, the bishops formed a solid body, trained in a single school, devoted to a single policy, bound by common interests—to each other and to Rome. The majority of the bishops were university-trained professional secular priests, anxious to administer their dioceses according to the rules laid down by councils and in decretals. 'It is not wholly accidental that the greatest ecclesiastic and three canonized saints of the thirteenth century should all have been diocesan bishops with distinguished university careers behind them, and that more than half a dozen others among the *magistri* bishops should have left behind them a name for sanctity sufficient to acquire for their tombs a reputation as places of pilgrimage and miraculous cure.'

The new type of scholar also produced a new type of religious, but it is significant that 'no new centre or scheme of fervent life developed, no saint arose, and a list of the twenty or thirty most eminent Englishmen of the age would not contain the name of a single monk or canon save Matthew Paris, who, for all his gifts, has few of the qualities of a scholar, or a reformed, or a divine'. The old orders made very few foundations after the reign of John. The number of existing monasteries was so great that 'saturation point had been reached'. From 1216 onwards no foundation of any significance was made by black monks, other than a monastic college at Oxford. The white monks had also reached high-water mark. The Cistercians did not expand in the thirteenth century, except by the foundation of Hayles Abbey in 1251. It was the end of a chapter: 'the furthest wash of the tide from Cîteaux . . . and merely the of the functions of many such in an age that delighted in sumptuous

religious pageants, and commanded the artistic skill capable of investing them with beauty of a high order'.

Until the Lateran Council of 1215 no sort of legislative body of any kind existed among the black monks. Each house was autonomous. The power rested with the abbot or prior. Little could be done to affect the life of the community, bound up with uses which had gradually crystallized round the Rule of St. Benedict. Once the decrees of this Council had been promulgated, papal legates, visitors, both monastic and episcopal, and individual abbots, likewise general chapters, began to work for reorganization and reform of discipline. The chief matters being the abolition of private property, residence outside the monastery, regularization on the novitiate, and above all, financial expenditure.

Dietary regulations appear to have taken up much time at these thirteenth-century monastic visitations. In nearly all communities St. Benedict's definite order that only the sick may eat meat was evaded. 'The old question of meat-eating was a chronic sore that successive generations attempted now to cauterize, and now to modify.' However, it was possible to keep the letter, if not the spirit, of the Rule by erecting special refectories for meat-eating, or for the abbot to invite monks to partake of the meat provided for guests.

The abandonment of a vast amount of liturgical accretions in the interests of theological study was another reform brought about by the visitations and general chapters of the black monks. It was long since Benedictine monks had engaged in agricultural and domestic work. It was now done by serfs and servants. In the larger English abbeys one section of the community was occupied almost entirely in administrative duties, the other spent many more hours in choir than are prescribed by St. Benedict in his Rule. In most monasteries, but not all, a drastic curtailment in extra offices or repetitions of the chant took place.

As the author points out, had all the reforms been made, the result would not have been a restoration of the monastic life to its pristine purity, but an assimilation very nearly to the student orders of friars. 'Success would only have been bought at the price of the sacrifice of part of the monastic heritage.' . . . 'There was a fundamental flaw in the reform movement of the thirteenth century: the substitution of a legal calculated, logical programme, apparently capable of a rapid and complete execution, for the ardour of a call to the ideal, based not upon law but upon love.'

Strange to say, it was the Cistercians who established the first monastic school of theology in England as early as 1245. This policy was a complete breaking away from their primitive ideals. 'It is perhaps typical of the conservative habits of thought of the black monks that they were among the last to be swept into the stream.' Not until 1298 was a Benedictine house of studies founded at Oxford, and placed under the

care of Malmesbury Abbey. It was not until 1338 that the buildings, which now form part of Worcester College, were erected.

Chapter IV deals with the exploitation of the land, and reveals how great was the difference between the methods of the earlier and later generations of Benedictines. In the old English monasteries the main care of the abbot and administrative officials was to establish and secure the income, in money or in kind, from their properties. It was only very rarely that they attempted to direct the economic policy and to supervise its execution. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the black monks became high farmers. They 'often filled the roles both of an enlightened and great landowner—a duke of Portland or Sutherland—and of his estate agent'. They cultivated their own lands, which in some cases were widely scattered. They engaged in trade, and many abbeys became highly commercialized estates, exporting their goods to the continent of Europe, as well as selling them in the home markets.

A sketch of a typical business-minded monk of the latter part of the thirteenth century is given in Chapter V, which deals with the career of Henry of Eastry, Prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, from 1285 to 1331. This Benedictine must have possessed a rare genius for economic administration. 'His thoughts worked the round of market prices, of stones of cheese, of bushels per acre, of the income from agistry, of the quality of the season's clip of wool. Stiff, dry and masterful, a great high farmer and superbly able man of business, he passes before us as he rides about the manors or sits at the chequer.'

So we pass on through long chapters dealing with the intricate details of monastic administration, the agrarian policy of the Cistercians, and the even more complex procedure of mediaeval monastic visitations. It seems that the majority of episcopal visitors 'took considerable pains to punish delinquents and straighten out finances; they interested themselves in individual religious, and nowhere do they show lack of respect for the religious ideals or the perfunctory manner that comes from indifference to spiritual issues or from a despair of doing good'.

Professor Knowles is of the opinion that the majority of the religious houses show 'a decent mediocrity' during the thirteenth century. He says that both monks and canons have the same shortcomings and the same embarrassments. The chief sources of decay, so he feels, were due to an improvidence which was the result of changing economic conditions, or by allowing miscellaneous dependants and casuals to live upon a house for long periods. In some places the superiors showed an excessive independence and unwillingness to accept the counsel of others. There were few monasteries where zeal seems to have been above the ordinary, yet equally few instances of thorough corruption. But 'the small dependent priories, and those belonging to foreign abbeys, were almost without exception lax in discipline, if not positively corrupt.'

Part Two is devoted to a study of the Friars during this same period from 1216 to 1340. Ten chapters deal respectively with the Friars Minor, their coming into England, the Order of Preachers, the evolution of the Franciscan ideal, the apostolic work and the intellectual influence of the Friars Minor, and the growth of the Carmelites, Austin Hermits and lesser mendicant orders. We realize how 'only the heroic can be free; and thus the Friars Minor, unable to accept in full St. Francis' Testament, were caught up in the more complex and more rigid network of disciplinary and constitutional regulations'. There were only three Englishmen among the nine Franciscans who landed at Dover in September 1224, a few days before St. Francis himself received the stigmata on Mount Alverna. The settlement in towns, and even more the 'rapid and universal diffusion of theological studies in the English province, very soon made of the Friars Minor in England something very different as a body from the early companions of St. Francis and from their contemporaries in central Italy who lived in small groups and remote hermitages'; simplicity, which was the characteristic of the first friars, 'gave place to a refined subtlety of intellect'. Yet there remained a spirit of prayer, and a love of holy poverty, at least fifty years after the coming of the Franciscan to England. Professor Knowles thus sums up the spirit of the English province: 'while giving birth to no fanatics and showing little inclination towards the eremitical life, it was probably, as a province, more united than any other in its resolve to preserve the first purity of the Rule, even if the English *magistri*, of whom Adam Marsh may be taken as type, were animated by a spirit more rigid and legal than of the joyful liberty and abandonment of St. Francis'.

The difference in spirit and organization of the Franciscans and Dominicans is well brought out, so too the influence of the Friars Preachers in England. 'Generally speaking, the two bodies of religious gradually settled down into an uneasy equilibrium which lasted for nearly a century, and was marked by a number of instances of both hostility and co-operation, such as quarrels over parish rights and burial dues on the one hand, and on the other, the engagement of friars as preachers in the monastic cathedral, and as lecturers in theology to the monks.' It was not until the middle of the fourteenth century 'that the monks and friars were openly ranged in opposition, to be reconciled in part by the unexpected turn given to events by the polemics of Wyclif'.

Part III is entitled 'The Monasteries and their World.' Its six chapters contain many interesting details concerning the administration of the cathedral monasteries, the monastic boroughs, the powers and status of abbots, and above all, the daily life of a mediaeval monastery. The final chapter is a survey of monastic England between 1216 and 1340. It reveals many unexpected sidelights on some of the more important abbeys and their observances, and shows how each retained its own particular ethos and spirit.

And this is the conclusion formed by Professor Knowles of the period covered in this outstanding contribution to the mediaeval history of England: 'the impression given by events and chronicles is rather that of a society untroubled by regrets and undisturbed by reforms, a society not so much in decay as in a state of equilibrium, in which monks and canons and friars alike filled a place in which their contemporaries were willing enough to allow them, as a tree no longer white as a bride with April blossom, yet not unduly cumbering the ground'.

PETER F. ANSON

A CRITIC OF COMMUNISM

Scrutiny of Marxism. By J. M. Cameron. (S.C.M. Press. 2s. 6d.)

Scrutiny of Marxism fills a gap in the Christian armoury against Communism. Its author writes with the authority and insight of one who has himself confronted, and successfully resolved, the difficulties that he now examines for others; the merits of his writing, its clarity, vigour and conciseness, need no introduction to readers of THE DUBLIN REVIEW. The theme of the book is simple enough: Marxism, which repudiates the spirit and claims 'premisses which can be tested in experience', depends, in fact, exclusively upon dogma and a profound spiritual conviction that man is a free, responsible and purposeful being. That conviction the Marxists, and all other non-Christians as well, owe entirely to the Christian revelation, which made it the inspiration of past ages. The only hope of solving the political and social problems of today lies in making it the inspiration of the present time too. Mr. Cameron disclaims both philosophy and apologetics, modestly but rightly; for his appeal is made essentially to the outlook of a life which two thousand years of Christian history have made instinctive even in non-Christian men.

In the first and second of his three chapters he examines the materialist conception of History and the internal coherence of the system of thought—and, particularly, of ethics—which Marxists have built upon it. Perhaps none of the arguments used against the materialist view of history are new; as a theory to be judged on its own merits, it has been too thoroughly discredited by modern scholarship and the history of the world since 1848. And, as the author points out, Marx's own insistence on a realist view of past ages has helped considerably in establishing a view of history more in accordance with the facts than was available a century ago. The historical arguments are convincingly, if briefly, presented, but they are not pressed too far. Materialism itself he demonstrates as inherently improbable, but not patently absurd: 'Dialectical Materialism is a respectable

attempt to synthesize the subjects of human knowledge.' If it is at variance with the principle of sufficient reason, it is still 'the only surviving form of materialism worth the powder and shot of controversy'. Nowhere in the book are the contradictions involved in Marxism made out to be puerile; although there is a suggestion that they are perverse. Mr. Cameron has no difficulty in showing that Marx and Engels were materialists before they were historians, but he does not infer from that that their system is to be rejected on the ground of false premisses. His conclusion, on the contrary, is that the premisses are to be sought elsewhere, as being subjective rather than objective; and meanwhile judgement is suspended.

The value of this essentially fair approach is apparent in the second chapter on 'Marxism and Ethics'. Whatever is urged against Marxian morality, its position is greatly strengthened by the tendency evinced by so many non-Marxists to regard traditional morality as nothing more than a rationalization of group interests. Mr. Cameron takes great pains to refute this view, citing the recent history of Germany to illustrate the point that 'very few of those who take this view of morality are prepared to accept its consequences'. Considerable dialectical skill is evident in his exposure of the contradictions which are involved in the several variants of Marxist ethics, the notion of class-war morality and the definition of freedom as the appreciation of necessity. His conclusion is worth noting in detail:

The incoherence of its approach to the problems of morality exposes Marxism to extremely damaging criticisms, but it is the secret of its power over shrewd and sensitive minds. Its power springs from its being an intoxicating mixture of the ideas of Freedom and Necessity. . . .

Historical Materialism reeks of cosmic purpose; the inexorable dialectic unfolding itself in ever-higher forms is either purposive or not intelligible. The distinction between 'higher' and 'lower' cannot be made if the idea of purpose be excluded from history; and, indeed, more consistent materialists exclude both the distinction and the idea. The vitality of Marxism springs from the notions of purpose in the cosmos and of freedom and responsibility in the human person combined, quite improperly, with a dogmatic materialism which can allow none of these things to exist.

The terms of that conclusion relate to a scale of values in which Christianity stands incomparably higher than Marxism, because freedom, responsibility and cosmic purpose are a part of the Christian dogmatic foundation. Hence the Christian interpretation of history and politics which is the subject of Mr. Cameron's final, masterly chapter. It is not an interpretation without difficulties, but he succeeds in showing that they are far less than the difficulties involved in Marx-

ism. Where Marxism requires assent to a contradiction, Christianity centres on a paradox, which is not repellent to the intellect, even though faith is required for its full acceptance. Mr. Cameron, always happy in his choice of quotations and references, quotes Kierkegaard: 'The fact that God could create free beings *vis-d-vis* of himself is the cross that philosophy could not carry, but remained hanging from'.

He argues well his conviction that the present danger in Marxism comes not from any movement towards class conflict, but from the blind, world-wide acceptance of totalitarian encroachment. And, while he indicates how in the past Christianity formed the positive basis for several types of human society, its principal social function now is to defend the integrity of the person and the family, and the rule of law, against this new despotism. It is a fundamental task in politics, but he is careful on more than one occasion to emphasize that it is not the fundamental task of the Church, nor the fundamental consideration for those who wish to understand the Church: 'While it is proper to invite those who are not Christians to weigh considerations of this sort, it would be wrong to press the case for Christian doctrine on the ground that its acceptance would be socially beneficial. In the end, the only question that matters is whether or not Christianity is true.' Mr. Cameron has written a fine book: a great deal is compressed into its 130 pages, and if the reader feels that in some cases a fuller statement of the ancillary arguments is required, he will find in the Notes at the end of the book a congenial, but efficient, substitute for the more formal bibliography.

FRANK BURGESS

LANGUAGE AND IMAGERY IN HOPKINS

Gerard Manley Hopkins. By W. A. M. Peters. (Oxford University Press. 15s.)

WORKS of exact scholarship are commonly a humbling experience for the general reader. And this is poignantly true of Dr. Peters' study since most of us for some years now have been able to boast a degree of familiarity with Hopkins' poems and have fancied that we understood them pretty well. Yet this essay sends us back to them painfully aware that we knew a good deal less than we thought.

But the author is gentle with us. He seems confident that we are capable of exertions as great as his, and that by them we will make yet more discoveries than he has described in this able and thorough book. It must be hoped by all who are sincere lovers of Hopkins' work that this will turn out to be true even though we fear there may be leisure or energies lacking.

Dr. Peters calls his book a modest study of linguistics. But it is in fact

a profound and original analysis of Hopkins' poetic language and imagery, relating his poetic perceptions to his philosophical outlook. In a sense, of course, no one again need work as hard as Dr. Peters at this problem. As is the case for example with Mr. M. R. Ridley's studies of Keats' language, the back of the subject is broken, though subsequent commentators may have corrections to propose and may develop the argument still further. Some may think, perhaps, that Dr. Peters overdoes the application of his theory of inscape to all of Hopkins' observation and poetic practice, but few will care to disagree with the general thesis and the analytic method used in the presentation of it. Particular interpretations and instances may be disputed, but what these are meant to illustrate is not likely to be opposed.

The plan of the book is described by its author as follows: '... in the first chapter little else is attempted save an explanation of inscape and instress—terms that very clearly bring out Hopkins's attitude towards external reality and his philosophy of life. In the second chapter Hopkins's poetic theories are examined, again in relation to inscape and instress. Finally in the last three chapters I hope to show how Hopkins employed this most personal form of language as the only 'means by which he could realize the aim of his poetry.' (Introduction, page xvi). This plan is fulfilled with a most conscientious disregard of all that might be thought extraneous to it. We are warned at the outset to expect no references to what is similar or parallel in other poets. Though of course the strict adherence of the author to his plan cannot be charged to him as a fault, we may nevertheless regret the restriction of the plan itself. It is, I think, a pity that some of the correspondences and differences, for instance with Rimbaud or Joyce, should not be mentioned, allusively at least, in the notes. It would help to give the work an animation and geniality of which the reader feels in need as the work continues in its somewhat close atmosphere of disciplined concentration. Hopkins' work and personality belongs naturally to the present. He is, you might say, so indispensable a companion to much of today's adventuring of the mind that he cannot be studied for long in detachment from his contemporary affinities.

Among the most interesting passages in the book are those describing Hopkins' philosophic outlook and the identification of 'inscape' with the Scotist *haecceitas*. Most readers will regret that here, too, a strict observance of the author's self-imposed boundaries prevents a fuller treatment of Hopkins' Scotism. A remarkable statement is made on p. 47—'... he (Hopkins) cared far more for his philosophical work than for his poems'. This is supported by an interesting letter to Canon Dixon, quoted on p. 48. But in spite of the letter further evidence and explanation is needed before the mind rests quite satisfied with the statement. If Hopkins had consistently regarded his philosophic work as 'far more' important than his poetry, would not his dutiful and

conscientious nature have compelled him to work at it at least as much as at his poetry? Would not his Letters and Notebooks be filled more with philosophical references and observations than they are? Maybe there is more evidence for this than is yet available. There is no doubt—for me at least it is enough that Hopkins thought so—that Scotism is more than the philosophical curiosity which it is often made to appear. It may be that further study will shew it to possess a more than anti-quarian interest for many, especially in its aesthetic connexions. Hopkins said of Scotus that 'Of realty' he is 'the rarest veined unraveller'. That description cannot be passed over lightly.

It is on the whole to the book's credit that the reader should wish to see its arguments displayed with a somewhat wider reference. There is no doubt that Dr. Peters has written a first-class contribution to Hopkins studies. Within the limits the author sets for himself the book is fully adequate; more than adequate those would say who do not care to see example piled upon example when the point to be presented has been already proved. But this objection neglects the value of the elucidation to the poems that Dr. Peters' text provides. It is not only an admirably clear exposition of a thesis, but a full commentary on the poems themselves. There is an excellent piece of *apparatus criticus* at the end of the book, by which each line in each poem is indexed with reference to the text. One small omission I find curious. No remark is made upon Hopkins' interesting use of a diaeresis over the second vowel in 'hours' (Line 2, Poem 45) and the diaeresis is not printed in the two places where the line is quoted.

HARMAN GRISEWOOD

THE AUSTRIAN SHAKESPEARE

Franz Grillparzer—*A Critical Biography*. By Douglas Yates. (Basil Blackwell. 12s. 6d.)

THE true critical impulse is the one which induces the critic to imagine himself in the poet's place . . . to estimate the artistic adequacy (technical efficacy) of the poet's interpretation of life—in a given work—in the light of a sympathetic and imaginative understanding of his intention, and of the experience and insight from which it derives.' It seems very bold to take this view of the critic's function and then to claim that Grillparzer as a dramatic artist is most closely akin to Shakespeare; for the really valuable criticism of Shakespeare has not come from the Baconians, who know a great deal of *their* author's intentions, but from those who had to judge from the work alone. Perhaps if we did know a little more about Shakespeare's life, if we were sure of the

identity of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and still more if we could point to the originals of Rosalind and Lady Macbeth, we might discover a richer significance in his characters and the lines they speak. Certainly it would be a useful approach, especially if made with all the other resources of mature criticism. Grillparzer is eminently suitable for such treatment, because we do know a great deal about his life and because he did project it into his poetry—indeed, he tried to experiment in it with a view to dramatization—but we treasure his work because it is so much larger and more generous than his life.

His introspection even throws light on the characters of Shakespeare: he sees Antonio, held back from the proper enjoyment of life in his own person (amongst other things through 'Versäumen des rechten Augenblicks', in the truly Austrian spirit *toujours en retard, d'une année, d'une année, d'une idée*), enjoying it in the person of Bassanio.

Mr. Yates has much that is illuminating on the place of Marie von Smolenitz in Grillparzer's life and art, but seems rather too indulgent to his hero. He admits that Marie could not have been 'easy prey', that she suffered greatly, while Grillparzer was much older, quite as unreliable, and already betrothed when he first made love to her; but he suggests that the dramatist made ample restitution by his keen insight into the women-characters of his plays and his sympathy for her through them. Such sympathy comes a little late, is not very real to someone who loves a man and not his poetry, and might not unreasonably be regarded as soothing the conscience of the dramatist. And some of his finest lines, even addressed to her, are far from sympathetic: she is like Browning's Last Duchess with her 'lohbraunen Augen, mit denen du mir zu freigebig bist (freigebig gegen jedermann)'; and that is one of the milder reproaches.

Poor Marie! Hers were the faults of the typical *leichtsinnige* Viennese, but her instincts were right: Daffinger did not bring her heaven on earth, but she only asked for the earth—and to that Grillparzer would not be bound. *We* can rejoice that his self-pity, his incapacity to respond to life's full demands, and his clumsy handling of human relationships, were compensated by his fulfilment of what Mr. Yates so happily renders as 'the poet's sad resplendent fate'.

In this first volume—all that is likely to be offered until the critical apparatus for many of the works is available—we are brought, with many illuminating forward glances, to the poet's fortieth year and the production of *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*. This play does represent a climax, for although it is closely related to the events of its author's life, it transcends them to a far greater extent than *Sappho*, *Das Goldene Vlies*, and other earlier plays. It is also particularly representative of Grillparzer's genius as a dramatic poet. It can be read and enjoyed by anyone with a taste for good German, but to be fully appreciated it must be seen and heard:

Nie wieder dich zu sehn, im Leben nie!
 Der du einhergingst im Gewand der Nacht
 Und Licht mir strahltest in die dunkle Seele,
 Aufblühen machtest all', was hold und gut,
 Du fort von hier an einsam dunkeln Ort,
 Und nimmer sieht mein lechzend Aug' dich wieder?
 Der Tag wird kommen und die stille Nacht,
 Der Lenz, der Herbst, des langen Sommers Freuden,
 Du aber nie, Leander, hörst du?—nie!
 Nie, nimmer, nimmer, nie!

The play has been aptly compared to *Romeo and Juliet*, but these lines might have been uttered by Cleopatra.

EDWARD QUINN

NOBEL PRIZEWINNER, 1948

T. S. Eliot: A Study of His Writing by Several Hands. Edited by B. Rajan. (Dennis Dobson. 7s. 6d.)

MR. ELIOT is our greatest living poet and our most fertile critics perhaps the best since Johnson. His influence upon the practice of poets has been immense if for the most part indirect, and his criticism has been the most powerful single factor in provoking a renewal of serious literary criticism in the universities. That his poetry is, from *The Waste Land* onwards, concerned with themes closely related to the religious predicament of our time, and that in his criticism he often goes beyond the strict business of literary criticism to comment with penetration upon our failing culture and civilization, are grounds for attaching more than academic significance to his work. Mr. Eliot himself has often warned us against judging the great poet as though he were a 'sage', the gross error of the Victorian writers upon Shakespeare; but if we compare his work with that of the late W. B. Yeats, the only other poet of our time writing in English with a comparable degree of poetic energy, we see that the 'thought' of Yeats is utterly trivial, whereas the author of *Thoughts After Lambeth*, *After Strange Gods*, and *The Idea of a Christian Society* has a lucid and powerful intelligence, working in his poetry and his literary criticism but, precisely on account of its qualities, refusing to be confined within them.

The collection of essays made by Dr. Rajan is concerned in the main with the poetry, though there is an essay on Mr. Eliot's critical method and one discussing, or rather purporting to discuss, his 'philosophical themes'. As the editor points out in his Foreword, Professor Matthiesen's valuable book is now in part out of date, and there is therefore a need for criticism and commentary which take into account the later work, the *Quartets* in particular. Professor Cleanth Brooks

provides yet another commentary upon *The Waste Land* and contrives to say useful things not said by earlier critics. Mrs. Duncan Jones has written a careful analysis of *Ash Wednesday*, and catches some of the liturgical references that eluded earlier commentators. Miss Helen Gardner gives us a revised version of her justly praised study of the *Quartets*. Dr. Rajan, in his essay on 'The Unity of the *Quartets*', has produced the most original and distinguished piece of criticism in the volume. The writing is a little dense at times (there is a, to me, quite unintelligible sentence on page 93, though whether this is Dr. Rajan's fault or that of the printer I am unable to say) and the style inflated. I am not sure that very much is said in a sentence which asserts of Mr. Eliot's poetic thought that 'it speaks with the precision of an ultimate sincerity'. No doubt. But this is uncomfortably near the language of the reviewer in the Sunday newspaper hailing the weekly masterpiece. There are useful essays on other points by Miss Anne Ridler and Mr. Wolf Mankowitz.

Two of the essays are disappointing in the extreme. Mr. Philip Wainwright on 'Eliot's Philosophical Themes' succeeds in not writing very much about his subject. Instead, he gives us a jaunty commentary on odd fragments of Mr. Eliot's work, interspersed with remarks upon allusions to philosophical and theological themes. A systematic study of Mr. Eliot's philosophical themes would be immensely valuable. It could scarcely ignore, as does Mr. Wainwright, the influence of F. H. Bradley. Miss Bradbrook's essay on 'Eliot's Critical Method' is a different kind of thing altogether. It is amusing and vigorously written, and in a literary review one would seize it gratefully. But in a book of this kind Mr. Eliot's criticism should be treated with the seriousness it merits or not written about at all. Miss Bradbrook is well equipped to write a serious study. She has simply missed her opportunity, though for this the editor must take his share of responsibility.

There is room for other collective works on Mr. Eliot. One which concerned itself with his theological and sociological writings, relating them to the themes of his poetry, would be valuable in itself and indirectly useful to the student who quite properly makes the poetry itself central. It may be thought impertinent to discuss Mr. Eliot's personal beliefs and ecclesiastical allegiance. But in one way and another he has himself frequently placed them before the public, and in so doing he has presented at least the present reviewer with something of a puzzle. In *For Lancelot Andrewes* he wrote of the general point of view from which his critical work was done that 'it may be described as classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion'. This was written close on twenty years ago. Mr. Eliot was then by no means an undergraduate, but I cannot be alone in thinking that it read then, and reads still more now, like an undergraduate *jeu d'esprit*. Taken in conjunction with his later work,

the Quartets especially, it presents us with a truly formidable puzzle. It is true that he went on to remark that the term 'classicism' lends itself to clap-trap, royalism to worse than clap-trap. Of the third term ('anglo-catholic in religion') he wrote that it 'does not rest with me to define'. With whom does it then rest to define the term? If Mr. Eliot will not do it, I am afraid nobody else will. He may object that he has no authority to do so. Precisely that is the puzzle.

J. M. C.

RIMBAUD

Arthur Rimbaud. By Enid Starkie. (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.)

In a famous study, *La Déesse de Lammenais*, Brémond mentions wryly the greatness and servitude of the modern method in scholarship—the method of the *petites fiches*, by which the literary historian makes no step unsupported by the most minute documentation. But if ever the method has found its justification, it is surely in Dr. Starkie's excellent life of Arthur Rimbaud, now republished in a revised edition.

Rimbaud has been claimed by almost every group of poets in this century as their master and model. His bewildering notations, his astounding precocity, his no less astounding silence after a poetic career which ended before he was twenty, his blasphemies and ecstasies, his debauches with Verlaine and his moving deathbed repentance twenty years later, all constitute a riddle on which the visionaries of literary criticism have indulged their theories and prejudices with careless rapture. Dr. Starkie's monumental biography has ended the period of 'illuminations' about Rimbaud. With unflagging energy she has tracked down references to Rimbaud's childhood experiences, his adolescent reading, his wanderings in Africa, his alleged visit to Scotland (which turns out in fact to have been to Reading): she re-evaluates the accessible details of the criminal case which brought Verlaine to prison, and even examines and explains the variants of Rimbaud's signatures when he applied for Reader's tickets for the British Museum. And with all this necessary research, which leaves scholarship permanently in her debt, Dr. Starkie never loses sight of the primary business of the literary critic, which is to make the Rimbaud texts more intelligible.

When it is considered that Rimbaud's work was written (apart from his very early schoolboy verse) between his seventeenth and twentieth years, it is apparent that the poets' reading must have played an enormous part in his inspiration, even allowing for his searing experiences during his short stay in Paris in the war of 1870. Dr. Starkie examines the various authors who influenced Rimbaud—Ballanche, the Catholic visionary philosopher of the early nineteenth century, the Cabala, Baudelaire, Michelet and various writers on occultism and alchemy.

That was a not uncommon field of reading for other poets of Rimbaud's epoch. But whereas men like Hugo and Baudelaire came to such writings with adult minds and used them simply to diversify their inspiration (Hugo's use of magic theory having a strong erotic basis and Baudelaire relying more on drugs), Rimbaud made a serious attempt to practise the theories of the *voyants* and *illuminés*. Thus his debauches were an attempt to slough off the slavery of the body and its instincts—to go to Heaven by way of a very sordid Charing Cross.

Once the fact of Rimbaud's addiction to the theory and practice of magic is grasped (and his famous letters to Izambard and Démeny in 1871 reveal clearly the direction of his reading) a vital element of his poetry is clear. Dr. Starkie takes all his work and shows the importance of this recurring theme—the symbolical language, the hidden meanings, and most important, the gradual evolution of Rimbaud's mind from unbounded confidence in the rightness of his method to the bitter disillusionment which is the theme of *Une Saison en Enfer*. And, behind all the mystical doctrines working on the poet's precocious but still adolescent mind, she shows too the inherited strain of doggedness which Rimbaud took from his mother, rebel from it as he might throughout his life and to his bitter death.

As far as the material at present available to scholarship extends, Dr. Starkie has composed the definitive Life of the poet, and her work is a triumph of painstaking and brilliant research.

But it is scarcely possible that literary critics will rest content till some explanation is found for Rimbaud's astonishing cessation of all creative writing, his burning of much of his work, his indifference to the fame which it achieved when Verlaine was publishing fragments of the work of 'the late Arthur Rimbaud' because the poet, engrossed in gun-running, slave-dealing and honest trading in Africa, did not bother to answer letters. As Dr. Starkie shows, Rimbaud was pursuing his new life with daemonic energy, writing home for cheap text-books on every subject which could prove useful to a Jack-of-all-trades in the Tropics. But literary fame had ceased to interest him, and in his last weeks at home, when friends asked him to think once more of writing, he muttered disdainfully and changed the subject.

From Dr. Starkie's book it is clear that nearly all that Rimbaud was or did can be related to his intense, if heterodox spirituality. The clue to his sudden silence and his verdict on his writing, '*Et puis, c'est mal, tout cela.*' will almost certainly be found to be spiritual also. Claudel, in an unpublished letter quoted by Dr. Starkie, said, 'It is to Rimbaud that I owe, humanly speaking, my return to the faith', and Father Jarosseau, the Bishop of Harar, regarded Rimbaud in his later life as a saintly character. Though Claudel, at the time of his conversion, could have known nothing of Rimbaud's sources of inspiration, his verdict is reconcilable with the struggle recorded by Rimbaud's works. The urbane

scepticism of Gide quizzing Claudel about aspects of Rimbaud's life which seem to contradict the thesis of his spirituality merely proves (as Mauriac noted about Gide's most recent statement of his position) that the sceptics do not begin to comprehend the essential message of Rimbaud. Scepticism was the atmosphere of the *fin de siècle* against which Rimbaud revolted. That he revolted also (like Bloy) against the pietistic religion of the end of the Second Empire does not mean that his revolt against scepticism was the less sincere. It merely offers additional historical and psychological problems about Rimbaud's home life and education. Dr. Starkie sides with the views of Claudel, Rops and Rivière in rejecting the sceptical thesis that Rimbaud's return to the faith was insincere or forced upon him.

The definitive importance of Rimbaud in literature is best seen in Claudel's essay, *Sur le Vers Français*, read in conjunction with his study of Rimbaud. For Claudel, Rimbaud is the one poet since before the Pléiade who smashed the Alexandrine, with its '*déserts centimétriques . . . interminablement jalonnés de rimes alternatives et que blanchissent les ossements des explorateurs.*' Rimbaud awakened Claudel to the '*principe de la "rime intérieure" de l'accord dominant posé par Pascal . . . toutes les ressources de l'incidente, tout le concert des terminaisons.*' That was the technical achievement of Rimbaud: and if, as a recent protest by Pierre Emmanuel seems to imply, the younger poets are turning away from it, French verse may go back to the deserts and become a mechanical exercise from which (argues Claudel) all that can be shown is that *le Français sait compter*. If that tendency is real we may witness a decline in the influence and reputation of Rimbaud.

Such a devaluation will scarcely be possible after the interest which will certainly be aroused among French critics by Dr. Starkie's book. Under her erudite and enlightening guidance they and we will follow Rimbaud with greater comprehension and like him '*à l'aurore, armé d'une ardente patience, nous entrerons aux splendides villes.*'

F. M.

RECENT GERMAN CATHOLIC BOOKS

Selbstkritik der Philosophie. By Alois Dempf. Pp. x + 347. (Vienna, Thomas Morus Presse, 1947.)

Thomas von Aquin. Ordnung und Geheimnis. Brevier der Weltweisheit. Pp. 135.

Thomas von Aquin. Das Auge des Adlers. Brevier der Heilslehre. Pp. 184. Edited and translated into German by Josef Pieper. (Munich, Josef Kösel-Hegner, 1946 & 1947.)

Der ewige Jude. By Siegfried Behn. Pp. 319. (Kempfen-Niederrhein, Thomas-Verlag, 1947.)

Im Angesicht des Todes. By Alfred Delp, S.J. Pp. 181. (Frankfurt am Main, Josef Knecht, 1947.)

Entscheidungen. Neue Ordnung und innere Wandlung. Edited by Paul Bolkovac, S.J. Pp. 148. (Frankfurt am Main, Josef Knecht, 1947.)

ONE of the unintended benefits conferred by Hitler on philosophic thought was the seven years' enforced leisure enjoyed by the distinguished Catholic philosopher, Professor Alois Dempf of Vienna. One of the fruits of this period of leisure was his book on the 'self-criticism of philosophy', a difficult book to read, even, I suspect, for those whose native tongue is German, but a book which was very well worth writing. The book grew out of some introductory and preparatory work done by Professor Dempf with a view to the construction of a philosophic anthropology, which, he tells us, is already completed. He did not originally intend to essay the bold task of writing a philosophy of philosophy which should be at the same time a critique of the human reason; but that is what in fact his book came to be. It is a comparative history of philosophy, not in the sense that it simply draws attention to the similarities and dissimilarities between different systems or different periods of philosophy, but in the sense that it endeavours to establish the reasons for the recurrent succession of different types of philosophy.

The author did not, however, assume an *a priori* principle of philosophic development; he arrived at his principles as a result of studying the actual history of philosophy, both western and eastern. Moreover, he does not confine himself to a comparative study of philosophic thought taken in isolation from other elements of human culture; he sees philosophy as one of the activities of man, along with religion and politics, and he sees all three activities in their relation to human culture as a whole. The result is that his book is much more than a philosophy of philosophy in a narrow sense; it is also, for example, a philosophy of history and a philosophy of human culture. Its central theme is the intelligible character of the history of philosophy; but its author would maintain that the development of philosophy cannot be

properly understood if it is considered by itself alone, out of relation to human life in general.

The scandal of philosophy has been the constantly renewed conflict of systems, the contemplation of which may easily produce the impression that philosophic truth is unobtainable. But Alois Dempf believes that this conflict is intelligible and that the development of philosophy leads by typical, recurrent detours to a certain goal, to personalistic thought or a philosophy of life. Every period of philosophy begins with a philosophy of culture, a moral justification of the culture in which the philosophy arises. The next stage is brought about by the natural desire to find in the cosmos a foundation for the natural moral law recognized by the primitive cultural philosophy or outlook. It is in this process of discovering the cosmological law of nature that one-sided monistic cosmologies arise. The conflict of these cosmological systems leads to relativism and scepticism and is succeeded by the third stage, the attempt to found a new philosophy on a personalistic basis. For example, the primitive philosophy of ancient Greece, which developed out of the purely mythological outlook, was succeeded by an attempt to find the cosmological justification of the concept of *dike*, and in this way the early cosmologies of Greece arose. The conflict of cosmologies, however, produced a sceptical attitude towards them, which developed, with the Sophists, into an ethical scepticism and relativism. This relativism was in turn succeeded by the third phase, represented by Socrates and Plato, the search for certainty on a personalistic basis. The general rule for the development of a philosophic period is thus, according to Dempf, that philosophy is first cultural (*Kulturphilosophie*), then cosmological and finally anthropological.

Philosophy as an independent activity is, Dempf thinks, the result of a cultural crisis. For example, early Greek philosophy began with the conflict between the aristocracy and the 'bourgeoisie,' which led to the substitution of the idea of *dike* for that of *themis*. Furthermore, the style of a philosophic period depends on the development attained by the culture out of whose crisis philosophy arises. The conflict of the aristocratic and priestly classes gives rise to a theological philosophy; that of the aristocratic and bourgeois classes to a lay philosophy; that of imperialistic and national interests to a juristic philosophy. The evolution of philosophy in a given period proceeds through the three stages mentioned above; but its style or colouring depends on cultural factors, on the interplay of the other great forces in human life, religion and politics. Philosophers may hope to make philosophy not only autonomous, but also the determining factor in human history, that is, to realize the kingdom of the spirit or mind through the influence of philosophy alone; but philosophy is but one of the *Lebensmächte* or forces operative in human life and history, and a complete culture cannot be brought about by one force alone.

But though the history of philosophy must be interpreted in the light of the general cultural development of mankind, the construction of different types of systems is also dependent on factors peculiar to individual philosophers. In the anthropological phase, for example, the philosophies constructed on a personalistic basis are predominantly ethical, mystical or metaphysical in character according as will, emotion or intellect predominates in the philosophers concerned. Even in the preceding cosmological phase of professional philosophy (as contrasted with the class philosophy of the earliest phase) character typology is influential. The man in whom will predominates is inclined to subjective idealism, while the intellectualist is inclined to objective idealism, the 'imaginative' type (*Phantasietyp*) to naturalism and the calculative rationalist to materialism.

The foregoing remarks may help to show the ambitious scope of Dempf's work. In the history of philosophy, which includes European, Islamic, Indian, Buddhist and Chinese philosophy, Dempf discovers 13 periods which follow a normal line of development, these 13 periods comprising 6 theological, 2 bourgeois and 5 juristic types. In the historical data which he has amassed in the course of years of study and teaching he is satisfied that he can discern intelligible patterns which enable him to formulate a threefold critique; that of the historical reason, which discovers the laws governing the development of philosophical periods and makes manifest the true place and importance of philosophy in human history; that of the constructive reason, which shows how and why several types of monism instead of one arise in the cosmological phase; and finally that of the 'human reason', that is to say, of reason in the anthropological phase of philosophy. The fact that Dempf reserves his 'comparative history of philosophy in outline', the systematic application of his principles, to the latter part of his book must not be taken to mean that the principles of interpretation are *priori* in character; as I have already mentioned, they are the result of a study of the actual historical material.

I am not competent to pass any judgement in regard to Dempf's account of oriental philosophy. In regard to his account of western philosophers and their thought, I should hesitate to accept all his interpretations; but the interpretation he gives of this or that individual philosopher is of minor importance compared with the general theme of the intelligibility of the history of philosophy, and I do not propose to dwell on particular points. But I should like to make some general comments on the main theme.

I agree with Professor Dempf's rejection of that type of historicism (*Historismus*) for which history is a series of atomic events, a series of cultures, political organizations, systems of thought and so on, whose unique individuality prevents the historian from discovering general recurrent lines of development or anything approaching 'rules' of

'laws'. To protest against the use of the word 'law' in regard to historical development on the ground that its use would imply a denial of human freedom is one thing; it is, I think, a necessary protest against the materialistic theory of history; but to deny the working of historical laws in an analogical sense is quite another thing; it is tantamount to reducing the task of the historian to that of the chronicler. Whether or not a philosophy of history and a philosophy of the history of philosophy are possible, is not, of course, a question which can be decided *a priori*; it can be settled only in the light of the concrete facts. In my opinion Professor Dempf's comparative history of philosophy affords ample evidence that the question should be answered in the affirmative. One's judgement as to the degree of importance and influence to be attributed to this or that cultural element may not always coincide with that of the author; but that is a secondary matter in comparison with the acceptance of Dempf's general position, that a philosophy of the history of philosophy is both possible and necessary. The discredit into which Hegelianism has fallen tends to deter non-Marxist philosophers from attempting a philosophy of history or a philosophy of philosophies; but one can be very glad that Professor Dempf did not allow himself to be deterred from his task by fear of possible criticism. To any historian of philosophy at least Dempf's work affords abundant material for reflection and a lively stimulus to further consideration of the theme. Needless to say, the work gains in interest and importance from the fact that the author has been able to utilize the thought of writers like Dilthey.

A criticism which would immediately suggest itself to some people on reading Dempf's book would be that the author's treatment of philosophy leads to relativism and scepticism. I do not believe that the criticism is valid; but it is a possible criticism and one of obvious importance. I think, therefore, that it is desirable to make some observations on the subject. The author makes it clear that it is not his intention to teach relativism or to hold that no sure truth is attainable. Speaking of the monistic cosmologies he observes that it is the choice of problems which is dependent on the contemporary cultural situation and that the 'mythological' element in a cosmology of this sort is its absolutism, its over-hasty interpretation of the law or laws operative in one province of reality as the one and only law or set of laws dominating all reality. Subjective factors influence the choice of the type of monism; but obviously if we are in a position to discern the one-sidedness of each monistic philosophy, we cannot at the same time be condemned to relativism.

Moreover, Dempf does not mean to imply that the monistic cosmologies, which have formed a phase in past philosophic periods, must necessarily reappear in the future. He says expressly that it is the task of the critique of the constructive reason to lay bare the origins and the

insufficiency of the various types of monism. If it is able to do this, he says, then we cannot exclude the possibility that the periodic recurrence of the monistic philosophies will finally cease, just as their naïve and primitive forms, namely myth, have already come to an end. Again, when speaking of the personalistic philosophies Dempf remarks that it is the task of the critique of the human reason to make clear the subjective factors leading to the assertion of one-sided human ideals, in order that the way may be prepared for a clear recognition of the universal ideal, the complete and harmonious development of the human personality. To point out, for example, the one-sidedness of the Nietzschean ideal and to relate it to Nietzsche's own character and temperament is not the same thing as saying that no objective ideal is attainable. On the contrary, it is with a view to the attainment of our objective and complete ideal that attention is drawn to the one-sidedness of the incomplete ideal and that the subjective factors responsible for that one-sidedness are laid bare.

It is true that Dempf speaks not infrequently of the collapse or wreck of philosophies. The phrase, *das Scheitern der Philosophie*, might seem to suggest that for him philosophy is inevitably doomed to frustration, that all philosophies are hopelessly tainted with subjectivism and that they are simply perspectival, relative to their authors and to the culture in which they arise. But if one takes the personalistic philosophies as an example, one can see what Dempf means. Philosophy as a 'life-power' strives after the establishment of the kingdom of the spirit, the reign of truth and justice. But one philosopher upholds the ideal of knowledge as the means of realizing this kingdom, while another upholds the ideal of moral self-determination and another the mystical ideal. Each of these ideals, however, considered as an exclusive ideal, is and can be an operative ideal for certain men only, not for all. The Kantian moral ideal, for instance, could hardly be the operative ideal in the life of a man to whom the Plotinian or the Eckhartian ideal made a strong appeal.

What is more, quite apart from the comparative one-sidedness of the human ideals of individual philosophers, no philosophy is able to do more than affect the empirical consciousness and character. It can change a man's point of view; it can affect his actions and his observable character; but it cannot achieve the 'full change of heart, of the intelligible character', of the profound depths of the human personality. It is Christianity, not philosophy as such, which understands that the full change of heart, of the 'intelligible ego', is not the work of human self-determination but of divine grace. The 'wreck' of philosophy is the wreck of a philosophy which aspires to be the all-sufficient power in human life; it does not mean that no truth is attainable by philosophy or that philosophizing is not a permanent activity of the human spirit.

I do not pretend to have given an adequate account of Dempf's complex reflections; but I hope that I have given some valid reasons for saying that whether one agrees or not with the whole of his interpretation of philosophic development, one cannot with justice accuse him of being a relativist or a sceptic. If a writer professes to give a critique of the human reason, he will certainly be understood by some readers as maintaining a relativistic and subjectivist thesis; but it is precisely a critique of the human reason in Dempf's sense which should prevent the construction of over-hasty simplifications and one-sided systems, by showing how and why such systems have arisen in the past. It would be foolish to dismiss Dempf's account of the recurrent lines of development in philosophic periods simply by bringing the charge of relativism against him; the proper question to ask is whether his interpretation of the history of philosophy is or is not warranted by the facts. To discuss that question adequately a book would be necessary, not an article; but it is perhaps worth pointing out the rather obvious fact that Dempf does not maintain that exactly similar philosophic periods recur by a quasimechanical necessity. There is no compelling reason why philosophy, through self-criticism and self-knowledge, should not become more and more conscious of its potentialities, its limits and its function.

To turn to another author, Josef Pieper, who succeeded Peter Wust in the chair of philosophy at the university of Münster (Westphalia). Born in 1904, Professor Pieper has for long been a distinguished figure among German Catholic writers. With a deep reverence for St. Thomas he combines an open-mindedness and a feeling for living philosophical problems, which were clearly apparent in the lectures he gave last summer during the Catholic Academic Week at Bonn. Since the war he has published two 'breviaries' or collections of passages from St. Thomas, translated into German by himself. The passages are numbered, the references corresponding to the numbers being given at the end of the volumes. The object of these 'breviaries' is to introduce the reader to the spirit and thought of St. Thomas, the 'Common Doctor of Christendom', and the short texts chosen are meant to be pondered over, not to be read one after the other without reflection. The first of these volumes, which is entitled *Order and Mystery, a Breviary of Wisdom concerning the World*, is designed to throw into relief the two aspects of St. Thomas's picture of the world, the aspect of order and clarity and the aspect of mystery. As Professor Pieper says in his Foreword, the order itself is shot through and penetrated by mystery. There is an element of mystery in every creature; every creature points beyond itself and beyond the world. The second volume, which is entitled *The Eye of the Eagle, a Breviary of the Doctrine of Salvation*, carries the reader beyond the visible world to the spiritual realities which his natural eye and his unaided reason are unable to perceive. If the first

volume is predominantly philosophical, the second is predominantly theological.

No doubt it is better to read the actual works of St. Thomas than to read collections of passages; but in point of fact the number of lay people who study St. Thomas's works is comparatively small, and short collections of passages are most certainly of value, especially when they are chosen with the care and love manifested by Professor Pieper. A reader could only benefit from meditating on the texts selected. The second of the two volumes will help to show him or to remind him that Christian justification and sanctification do not mean simply ethical reformation or moral progress, but rather the infusion and growth of a new and divine life. Emphasis is laid on Sacrifice and the Sacraments. Finally one must draw attention to the printing, binding and whole get-up of these two books. No doubt it is what one has been led to expect of the publisher in question; but in the present circumstances of Germany it is all the more to his credit.

Another book which I have received from Germany is of a different type, though its author is, like Dempf and Pieper, a university professor of philosophy. Professor Siegfried Behn of Bonn published last year an imaginary and symbolic reconstruction of the story of the Wandering Jew. He calls his book *eine Legende*, a legend, and in his Foreword he distinguishes a legend from an apocryphal writing, from a myth and from a fable. It is not an apocryphal writing, since it does not profess to be the historic truth; it is not a myth, since a myth, says Professor Behn, treats of occurrences of this world even though it may involve the Olympian deities (who, as Schelling remarked, really belonged to the order of nature); and it is not a fable, since a fable is an imaginary construction which could not be historical, though it has its application to events of everyday life. A 'legend' concerns supernatural events and calls one's attention to eternal truth, though what is related may not have actually happened as described.

The story of the Wandering Jew or 'eternal Jew' has been a favourite theme in German literature, which helps to explain why Professor Behn should have chosen it as the subject for a work. The story is divided into three main books.

In the first book the Wandering Jew makes his appearance as Philokrates, secretary to Pontius Pilate. Saved as a child from the massacre of Bethlehem, Philokrates now passes as the son of Caiphaz. Regarding Christ as the enemy of Hellenism ('Thy word is a worm that devours the fresh fruit of the beauty of Greece') he helps to procure His death. Tamar, daughter of the High Priest, dies with the name of Jesus on her lips; but Philokrates is not to be won by her love and goes forth to his 'eternal' work as the murderer of God. 'I will quench the flames of the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth'.

In the second book he reappears as Ahasuerus, Chancellor of the Byzantine Emperor, whom he tempts to overthrow the crucifix and destroy the Church. The Empress, out of love for the Chancellor, murders the monarch; but Ahasuerus' designs are defeated, as the Goths break into Byzantium with the Holy Name as their war cry and he sees the end of the old world.

In the third book the eternal Jew reappears again as Juan Espera, first in Pyrenean Spain and then in Thuringia. Through the love of a Spanish girl his pride is conquered and he becomes a child in spirit and a Christian. The book ends with the death in the Lord of Inez and the former murderer of God, who has found peace after fifteen hundred years of unreconciled pride and hatred.

I do not feel competent to say much about *Der ewige Jude* from the literary point of view; and it would be out of place to treat a German literary work as though it were written in English. The story is finely and dramatically worked out, though it is necessarily presented episodically, and there are scenes of striking beauty. One of the book's chief merits seems to me to be this, that the natural tendency of the author of a symbolic work to make the symbolism obvious is completely avoided. There is no 'moral' sticking out like a great rock in the middle of a plain, and the book does not fall apart into two halves, the symbol and the symbolized. It is in and through the story of the Wandering Jew himself that supernatural truths and realities are revealed; they are not presented alongside the story, as it were. The characters are not lay figures or lifeless symbols, moving against the background of the supernatural world: it is rather that the eternal truths are rendered concrete or are perceived in and through a concrete dramatic story. In my opinion this is no mean achievement.

Incidentally, the story of the Wandering Jew, which has been traced back at any rate to a pamphlet of 1602, was first popularized in Protestant circles. By the more credulous, Ahasuerus, the eternal Jew, was regarded as a reliable witness to the absence in the primitive Church of the abominations of the 'whore of Babylon'. During his fleeting appearances he assured the Protestant ministers that their elucidation of the Sacred Text was correct. It is presumably with reference to this utilization of the legend that Professor Behn depicts Juan Espera as being questioned by an heretical clergyman of Thuringia and as bearing witness to the fact that Peter the fisherman was the Rock on which the Church was built and the first Pope.

As I have already passed from philosophy to legend, I may without gross inconsistency turn my attention now to a book which is neither philosophy nor legend. I refer to the notes written by Father Alfred Delp, S.J., between his arrest and execution, which have been edited by Father Paul Bolkovac, S.J., of Hamburg. The following facts I owe to Father Bolkovac's preface.

In the spring of 1942 Count Helmuth von Moltke asked for a sociologist with whom he could discuss the planning of a Christian social order, and Father Delp, who wrote on sociology for the *Stimmen der Zeit* (a Jesuit periodical), placed himself at the Count's disposal. The result of their discussions was that von Moltke was arrested in January 1944 and Father Delp in July of the same year. Their trial and that of their collaborators took place at Berlin from 9 to 11 January, 1945, the accusation being one of high treason, based on the fact that they had envisaged the possibility of a German collapse and had included this possibility in their plans for the rebuilding of a Christian social order in Germany. After being condemned to death Count von Moltke and Sperr were executed towards the end of January and Father Delp on 2 February, 1945. It is therefore untrue to say that Father Delp was executed for complicity in the 'July plot' (1944) and the attempted assassination of Hitler. The accusation of complicity was indeed brought against him; but on this charge he was acquitted.

Born on 15 September, 1907, Father Delp became a Catholic while at the Gymnasium and entered the Society of Jesus in 1926. He was a young man of great promise, and *Tragische Existenz* (1935), his small work on the philosophy of Heidegger and its antecedents, was well-known; but in his notes written in prison it is the spirit of faith and of confidence in God which is most manifest. 'Above all the Lord God has become so much more real.' While leaving himself in God's hands he continued to hope that he might regain his freedom and that he might help in that apostolic work which he saw to be so necessary, though at the same time he was evidently troubled by the thought that to continue to hope for freedom when there seemed to be no further ground for hope might mean a lack of conformity to God's will. 'I pray constantly for enlightenment and guidance.' In the course of the trial it became clear to him that there was no question of objective justice. 'When my process was begun, I saw at the first question the intention to destroy me.' 'A short time before I was reading in Plato: the injustice which is committed under the forms of justice is the greatest injustice.' Defence was simply turned into fresh ground for accusation. In his last letter to his fellow Jesuits Delp declared: 'The real reason of the condemnation is that I am and have remained a Jesuit. . . . A Jesuit is *a priori* the enemy and adversary of the Reich. Moltke, too, was very badly treated because he knew us, especially Röscher (the Jesuit Provincial). . . . It was no trial, but an act of the will to destroy.' Or elsewhere: 'My crime is that I believed in Germany even through and beyond a possible hour of distress and darkness; that I did not believe in that simple and arrogant trinity of pride and violence (Party, Third Reich, German People); and that I did this as a Catholic Christian and as a Jesuit.'

Among Father Delp's notes are meditations on Advent and Christmas and on the Our Father and the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, which show how the familiar truths and words opened to him something more of their riches while he awaited in prison the consummation of the antichristian hatred of his captors. 'It sounds strange in my situation, the word "Father". Yet it was with me all the time, even in the hateful and hate-filled room where men were mimicking the forms of justice.' There are also notes on our 'tasks at the present time', which contain many valuable observations on modern man and modern civilization, on the Church and her needs, and on the Christian's vocation in the present world. Delp saw clearly that the godlessness of many is more than a factual godlessness or unbelief; it is deeper than that, since from the human point of view a certain 'incapacity' for God appears to be often involved, against which the traditional apologetic struggles in vain. He saw, too, that this depends in great part on the cast and tone of our civilization; and he also realized that membership of the Church, even ecclesiastical office, is no certain guarantee against infection by the spirit and atmosphere of the time.

No doubt we all realize these things to some extent; but if one is compelled to stand back from life, as it were, if one is compelled to wait alone with God, one may be enabled to see them in a clearer light. As Delp says, the breakdown of Christendom meant more than the loss of a cultural tradition or system; man has become homeless and naked, and when a man or group of men endeavour to build a new home for mankind and to impose a definite pattern on human life, they will find many to follow them, even if they be but charlatans, building on sand. This is a book which might well be translated into English.

The editor of Delp's last notes, Father Paul Bolkovac, S.J., was born in the same year as Delp, 1907, and he is, as Delp also was, a collaborator on the *Stimmen der Zeit*. I have before me one of his publications, a collection of four essays entitled *Entscheidungen* (decisions). In his preface Father Bolkovac speaks of the necessity of setting before the German people in their present plight 'the outline of a new order which should come and can come'. Without a positive hope for the future they will succumb to the resignation of sheer fatigue or to a brutal nihilism (or, one may add, to any movement, however undesirable in itself, which appears to provide a way out of the present misery). The 'new order' is treated by four authors according to different aspects, and Father Bolkovac gives the spirit of this treatment in the following words: 'Germany belongs to Europe. The German question can be understood and solved only in connection with the European situation. We Germans must regard our destiny with the eyes of a European. . . . The general situation, in Germany and Europe, demands for the solution of its problems a spiritual revolution, which will make a road from the

European past to the European future. Germany must realize that. Then will the German, too, tread his hard path willingly and resolutely—for he will know the goal.'

Knut Erichson insists on the unity of Europe, on a solidarity which does not deny true patriotism but which demands the conquest of the 'old Adam' in the peoples of Europe, namely chauvinistic nationalism, aspirations after political hegemony, selfishness, intolerance, worship of man and of man's own creations. Ernst Kessler contributes an essay entitled 'Beyond Capitalism and Marxism'. The slogans 'Back to Individualism' and 'Foreword to Collectivism' are both wrong; there is a third way, that of 'personal socialism', which will ensure social security for all and, at the same time, personal freedom for the individual. The political form corresponding to the economic and social system of 'personal socialism' will be that of 'personal democracy'. The last two essays deal with moral and religious renewal. M. Faltemaier writes of the moral values which must lie at the basis of the new order, while Father Bolkovac treats of 'God's order', of the creative force of love, of religion, of Christ and of the Church. A spiritual revolution or rebirth is possible, because man is a free being and is not determined by historical forces beyond his control; but on the other hand a spiritual rebirth is impossible save through an integral Christianity. It is Either/Or, Yes or No.

These essays are of interest to others besides Germans, since the crisis of which they treat is not confined to Germany. Of the religious issue it is not necessary to write here, as any convinced Christian realizes that apart from Christ there is no healing for our maladies, even if he does not always realize clearly what an integral Christianity demands of the Christian in the modern world. But I should like to draw attention to one or two points.

The writer on 'personal socialism' has indeed laid his finger on one of the chief problems in the creation of a satisfactory social system, namely how to combine respect for personal freedom with a system which will ensure security for all, so far as that is possible. It is easy to go to one extreme and to support economic individualism in the name of personal freedom and it is easy to go to the other extreme and to support collectivism in the name of social security; but it is not so easy to combine 'socialism' with a due respect for personal freedom. To enunciate a general principle is within the power of most of us; but to say how it is to be applied in practice, in the concrete circumstances of a given historical situation, is extremely difficult. It is arguable at least that this can be done only by a process of trial and error, by a willingness to learn from experience and by a readiness to compromise on practical issues when no fundamental principle is involved. 'Democratic' method is abhorrent to adherents of the extreme Right and the extreme Left, it is true; but it seems to me to be the only reasonable

and normal method of behaviour for a rational and adult political community. Therefore, while it is admirable that Germans should have the true principles of a new social order placed clearly before them, it is to be hoped that they will not confine themselves to discussion of abstract principles, however valuable and true, but that they will play a proper part in practical political life and discharge their several responsibilities in a rational, energetic and tolerant spirit. I do not mean to imply the slightest criticism of the writers I have just been mentioning, since their aim was to outline the spirit of the new order, not to put out a party political programme; my reflections are prompted by the present German situation. In a situation of this sort some tend naturally to retreat on to the plane of theory and abstract discussion, while others tend to grasp at radical solutions in the practical field; but what the Germans need is to turn their hands to the practical tasks dictated by the given situation and its possibilities, while at the same time keeping the fundamental principles of the new order before their minds.

It is a matter for rejoicing that so many Catholic writers in Germany should insist on the idea of the European cultural heritage, on Germany's debt to Europe in general and on the contribution she can make to European culture. There have always been and there are now European-minded men and genuine Christians in Germany; and one must pay honour to those German writers who have the vision and nobility of character to rise above the present misery and distress and to give spiritual and intellectual guidance to their fellow-countrymen. The Germans are members of the European family, and it is necessary that the nation as a whole should realize that the normal relation between brothers is not one of master and slave: it is necessary that the nation as a whole should realize that the true European tradition is a Christian tradition. At the same time, however, there is a certain danger attending on the over-emphasis of the idea of European culture, of *das christliche Abendland*. Some Germans (and here I am *not* referring to Father Bolkovac and his collaborators) speak as though the world were divided into mutually irreconcilable culture areas, like Europe, Russia, the Far East, America. This is a point of view, of course; but I cannot help feeling that it is a dangerous point of view.

No doubt there are more or less distinct cultural areas; but if these areas are irreconcilable units, if no harmonious synthesis can be achieved by the dialectic of reason and good will, then it is only too probable that a unification of some sort will be achieved by violence, by the dialectic of force. I do not think, however, that the idea of a 'Crusade' on the part of *das christliche Abendland* is an idea which is likely to make a positively valuable contribution to the cause of human culture. War may, of course, be forced on us; but there is no need to invite it

by speaking in anachronistic terms of hermetically sealed cultural areas.

However, it is hardly fair to pursue this theme in connexion with a book, the authors of which intend to help the Germans to overcome parochial nationalism, and not to confine their vision to a given cultural area. The writers are Catholic Christians, and Catholic Christianity is not parochial.

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN REVIEWS

AFTER being in Germany for the first time in ten years, meeting German editors and writers and seeing them actually at work, reading local and national periodicals on the spot, the perusal of reviews that awaited my return was a particularly enjoyable experience—rather like drinking French wine after a holiday in the country, because one had come to need it, but with something lost because it no longer seemed so closely related to the normal course of life.

Certainly the Catholic periodicals reviewed in these pages are a highly important factor in the intellectual life of contemporary Germany and those who publish and contribute to them are well aware of their responsibility. At the *Katholikentag* in Mainz foreign visitors were expected but not obliged to join the discussion group on international co-operation, and I was glad to take advantage of this liberty to attend one of the journalists' meetings. Very noticeable here (as in the biographical notes given in some of the reviews) was the age-gap, from the over-forties to the under-twenty-fives. But in this particular discussion—on the ways of maintaining the succession in Catholic journalism—the young were as ready to learn and submit themselves to a severe discipline in order to uphold the best traditions of the past as the old were to insist on a high standard and considerable self-sacrifice. A very capable chairman directed the discussion skilfully, speeches were brief and to the point, and it was generally agreed that at all costs the journalist and publicist of the future must be equipped at least with a very good general education up to university level, followed by some years of apprenticeship.

The resolutions of the Mainz congress are now known. Based firmly on Catholic principle and experience of the past, they naturally look to the future. In anticipation of these resolutions, Anton Roesen of Düsseldorf published a survey of the condition of German Catholicism in the *Schweizer Rundschau* for July. After glancing at the development during the nineteenth century—the period of defence—and the more positive achievements of the first thirty years of the twentieth, he asks how the gigantic organization of political and social Catholicism was so quickly destroyed under National Socialism. One reason may have been that Hitler and his associates were more clever than they themselves realized. For a straightforward struggle, the open arrests of Bishops and lay leaders, German Catholicism was organized: it was not prepared for the indirect attack, the currency and immorality processes. Even here, however, there would have been more resistance but for two factors: the Concordat and the withdrawal of the episcopal prohibition against joining the Nazi party. These made it easy for Hitler to choose time, place and weapons for his war on the Church. The years of silence were not without fruit: there *were* martyrs, Catholics were

closely associated with the attempts to save the honour of Germany and bring to an end the war unleashed by Hitler's tyranny, Protestant and Catholic learned to understand one another and to co-operate in a manner unparalleled in German history.

There is still a strong spirit of co-operation among Christians, but there are serious divisions in the political sphere. Even now Socialists do not easily co-operate with the Christian parties (in his address to the Düsseldorf Congress of the S.P.D., in September, Kurt Schumacher spoke of the C.D.U. as a danger as great as Communism, and there are dissensions among the latter. But Dr. Roesen sees hope for the future in the European outlook of German Christians, in their efforts to restore the almost shattered institution of private property within just limits, in the new importance attached to the Catholic layman's work in the Church, and in the prospects of a Catholic university.

This survey needs to be supplemented by two articles of Fr. Ivo Zeiger, S.J. In the January issue of *Stimmen der Zeit* he describes Germany as a missionary country and calls for new methods to cope with the greatest transformation of the religious scene which has taken place since the peace of Westphalia: in spite of the upheavals caused by industrialization, the war of 1914-18, even Hitler's labour policy, the principle of *cujus regio, ejus religio* was largely valid until the enormous influx of refugees—perhaps thirteen million—from countries like Hungary or Czechoslovakia, territories ceded to Poland or annexed by Russia, or simply from the Russian zone. These are scattered without respect to Confession and very often as individuals rather than as even family groups and place a completely disproportionate burden on the normal parish, especially in those parts which were predominantly Protestant and where in fact the greater number of Catholic refugees are now found.¹ The same author writes in July very hopefully of Catholic youth:

Let us trust our young Church. She endures in silence, but she also works in silence. Those who knew the older youth-movements may be deploring the fact that the year 1945 has brought no new outburst of the spirit as did 1918, that in our youth no 'youth movement' in the classical sense has arisen; something has happened, something which will reveal itself as not less valuable: youth is getting to work, simply and practically; it is rebuilding without complaints or hesitation, in spite of ruins and hopelessness; it has set itself on the way of the Apostles to reach the souls of its young comrades.

It is becoming more and more obvious that the whole future of Germany and perhaps of Europe will be decided in Berlin. 'The struggle of

¹ The substance of this article, with the facts brought up to date and with sharper comments, was embodied by Fr. Zeiger in one of the most impressive and popular lectures at the Mainz Congress.

these three millions for their freedom can be set beside the great historical struggles for freedom,' writes *Die Furche* (18 September) and quotes with approval Jakob Kaiser's claim, 'The freedom of Paris lies in Berlin.' The *Rheinischer Merkur* (a weekly of very high quality, Catholic in inspiration and ranging over news items, comment, general articles and literary pieces in its contents) of the same date publishes an article by Karl Brammer on 'Berlin—A Prison'. After allowing representatives of the city council to describe the situation, the writer concludes: 'The people of Berlin are continuing their struggle calmly and without fuss. They have not got rid of one dictatorship in order to submit to another. Their decision is clear and simple. They will endure everything—everything that is, except the Russians. They know that what is in question is not only Berlin, not only Germany, but Europe.'

A more leisurely article in the April issue of *Hochland*, by Otto von Gablentz, is devoted to 'Berlin: Portrait of a City.' The general theme is that Berlin must be the capital of Germany, if there is to be any Germany at all in a revived Europe. The alternative, somewhat differently stated, is indicated in a remarkable prophecy of the Austrian Minister for War, von Kuhn, in 1870 (quoted in *Die Furche*, 24 July): 'The victory of Prussia will mean sooner or later the division of the world between America and Russia.' Von Gablentz thinks that it might not be too late to avert these consequences of the Prussian victory. For one thing Berlin was largely de-prussianized before the war; for another, it is admirably fitted to serve as a bridge between East and West. It is made to be a bridge: it has no centre, or rather it has too many centres—the Kurfürstendamm for shopping, Unter den Linden for the banks and ministries, Alexanderplatz for the police. The Brandenburger Tor, a symbol of Berlin and indeed thoroughly Prussian, is a gateway. But even the architecture lost much of its Prussian character after 1918, when new immigrants were changing the general appearance of Berlin. German Catholicism in the persons notably of Carl Sonnenschein and Romano Guardini made an outstanding contribution to the transformation. 'Perhaps one day the whole Weimar period will be seen in history in the same light as the years before Jena.' Germans now know that the fate of all of them is bound up with the fate of this city. At the moment they have little to do but wait on the decisions of the Americans, Russians, French and English. This, too, may be a considerable gain: dependent on the world-powers, Berlin is perhaps preparing to be the first 'colony' of the truly united nations.

Austrian prospects are scarcely more rosy than German. Nevertheless, *Die Wende*—which really does merit more than the casual mention hitherto given in this commentary—maintains an optimism which shows that youth for once has understanding as well as courage. Recent issues have been giving reports of the great demonstration on Trinity Sunday in Vienna, when 150,000 young men and women from all parts

of Austria declared their faith and their determination to realize it in all aspects of public life. Wolf Müller, their leader, made it clear that they stood for Catholicism in the fullest sense—to widen their ranks and extend their activities for the glory of God—but that keen participation in the life of the nation would not mean an immature commitment to party politics; it did mean love of country, patriotism not being a commodity to be farmed out by any party. Besides reports of this nature, *Die Wende* also publishes a survey of world events, sporting news, judicious film criticism, succinct but penetrating book reviews.

Existentialism is still the subject of numerous articles in the German reviews. Aloys Wenzl writes in the April *Hochland* on 'The Problem of Existentialist Philosophy' and Bernhard Welte in *Wort und Wahrheit* for June on Heidegger. The German language is perhaps better adapted than any other to the expression of this philosophy, but one cannot help thinking at times that language carries the writer far beyond the limits of fruitful thought: as one lecturer at the recent *Bonner Hochschulwoche* said, with a perfectly straight face, 'This is really so simple a matter that I'm rather lost to know how to make it difficult.' Nevertheless these articles are important and helpful. Herr Welte asks for a closer examination of the whole work of Heidegger, before concluding that he is a nihilist or an atheist. This commentator points out that Heidegger has said things lately which might be open to an interpretation akin to that which Gilson gives of St. Thomas Aquinas: that God is not *ein Seiendes* but *das Sein*, not an essence but the pure act of existence.

German Life and Letters for April brings us back to the English scene and German influence upon it. The opening article by Walter Schirmer traces the waxing and waning of that influence on literature, history and theology in the nineteenth century; he concludes that the scepticism taught by science is now turned against itself and leads to a revaluation in literature—evident from the contemporary interest in Hölderlin and Rilke—and a new understanding between peoples. The influence of Rilke on contemporary English poets is described by B. J. Morse in the July issue: the varied outlooks of the poets concerned show that this influence is not political, but essentially literary. Learning his technique, imitating his language, they could not fail to assimilate some of his ideas and thus become also not only heirs of the Symbolist movement but guardians of what might prove to be all that remains of the European spirit.

EDWARD QUINN

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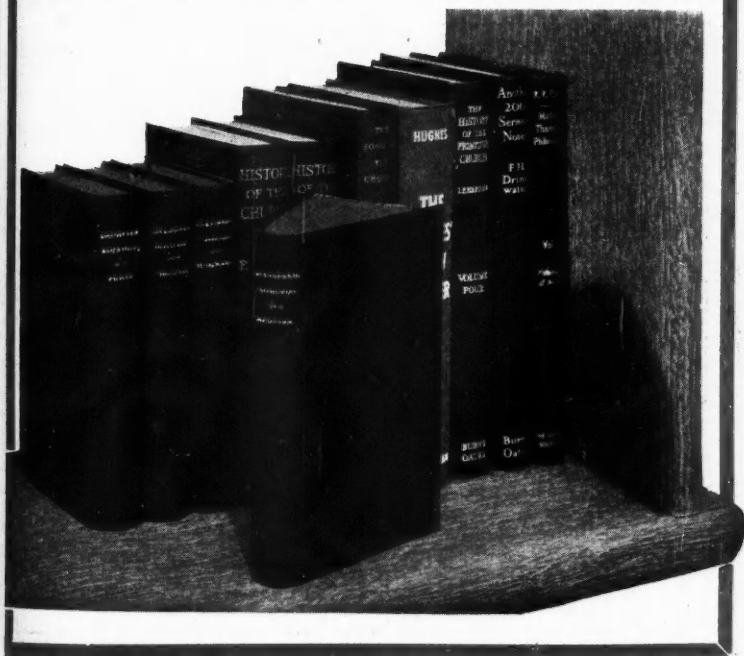
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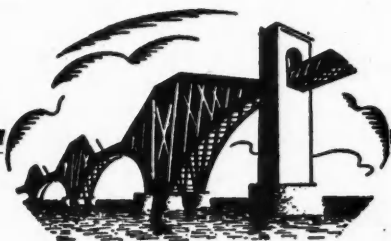
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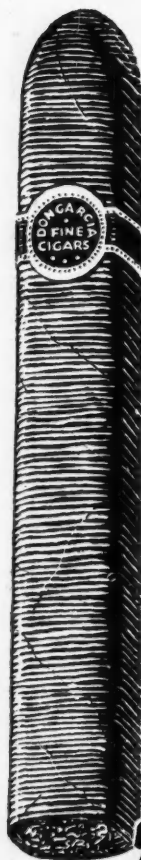
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